

Imperfect

Stone Sour

Some things are better off forgotten
We bury them in places that we really only visit by ourself
Oh and you were a version like no other
Oh they never tell you what to do when all you see is gone
What's the sense in anything when what they say is wrong?

Oh what do you want to hear?
Do you wanna know how many times
I tore myself apart 'cos you're not here?
Oh why do you want to know?
Does it make you feel alive?
I had to die to finally let you go

Stop me... I find myself believing
Oh a story gets rewritten so blasphemy's permitted once again
Oh and you were so perfectly imperfect
Oh they never tell you what to do when all you have are lies
What's the sense in anything? It's just one more goodbye

Oh what do you want to hear?
Do you wanna know how many times
I tore myself apart 'cos you're not here?
Oh why do you want to know?
Does it make you feel alive?
I had to die to finally let you go
Oh yeah

Oh what do you want to hear?
Do you wanna know how many times
I tore myself apart 'cos you're not here?
Oh why do you want to know?
Does it make you feel alive?
I had to die to finally let you go

Oh, whoa-oh...
Finally let you go...