

Rebeka, Perfect Man

I'm not sure if I live in my gestures
I'm not sure if I'm real on the streets
taking pills, drinking tea in the morning
changing my eyes into eyes of a stranger
and I keep watching latest movies
being all those doubters and believers
drinking shots to our love
being present
I know there's no norm
do I need it?
I worship a smile which I give rise to
that I
that I give rise to
so who's the best?
who beats the rest?
who wins the prize
of the perfect man?
so who's the perfect man?
tell me who's the perfect man?
and I swim and swim in the ocean
and I'm lost and I'm drowned in emotions
where's the light where is the lighthouse keeper?
tell me please why there's no fuckin' teacher
I don't know who I am and who I was
step by step, I'm composed of new answers
this world seems to be so so much different
oh I thought it would be all much easier
I worship the song which I give rise to.