

The Sweetest Perfection - Depeche Mode

Em
The sweetest perfection
C
To call my own
Am
The slightest correction
H
Couldn't finally hone
Em
The sweetest infection
C
Of body and mind
Am
The sweetest injection
H
Of any kind

G
I stop and I stare too much
C
Affraid that I care too much
Am
And I hardly dare to touch
H
For fear that the spell may be broken
G
When I need a drug in me
C
And it brings out the thug in me
Am
Feel something's tugging me
H
Than I want the real things not tokens

The sweetest perfection ...

Things you'd expect to be
Having effect on me
Pass undetectedly
But everyone knows what has got me
Takes me completely
Touches so sweetly
Reaches so deeply
I know that nothing can stop me

B Am F D

B
The sweetest perfection
Am
An offer was made
F
An assorted collection
D
But I wouldn't trade

The sweetest perfection ...