

Beautiful

Anna Waronker

Beautiful, don't you think you'll rest your weary head
And beautiful, don't you think it's okay to play dead
For a while

You're a sight for sore eyes
You're a sight for sore eyes to me

Beautiful, come and ease your aching heart to me
And beautiful, do you think you'll ever get some sleep?

You're a sight for sore eyes
You're a sight for sore eyes
You're a sight for sore eyes to me, to me

Beautiful, beautiful
Beautiful, beautiful