

Beauty Way

Eliza Gilkyson

My father made a pretty damn good living
Playing music on the Beauty Way
He's gonna die with some money in his pocket
Wish I could do the same today little darling
Wish I could do the same today

Doe eyed kid and a little transistor
Tuned into Wolfman jack
I picked up a guitar heard the sirens whisper
And I never looked back little darling
And I never looked back

I worked the clubs along the Sangre de Cristos?
Polished the diamond in the rough
By the time I hit L.A. I was hotter than a pistol
But you're never hot enough little darling
You never really hot enough

I felt the lights on the big, big stages
The fire burning in my soul
I've had those nights when my guitar rages
But it's not something you control little darling
It's not something you control

Redtail diving for a rat on Sunset
Coyote picking through the trash
Oh I wish I was lying like a cat in the sun
'stead of working like a dog for the cash little
darling
I'm only working for the cash

Sometimes I wish I could unplug this cord
And my soul or my money I could save
Oh but every time I say I'm gonna quit the Beauty Way
I hear my bones just turning in their grave little
darling
Bones turning in their grave

hey yeah yeah
hey yeah
hey yeah yeah yeah
yeah yeah yeah yeah