

# Beautiful

Eminem

Lately I've been hard to reach  
I've been too long on my own  
Everybody has their private world  
Where they can be alone

Are you calling me?  
Are you trying to get through?  
Are you reaching out for me?  
I'm reaching out for you

I'm just so fucking depressed  
I just can't seem to get out this slump  
If I could just get over this hump  
But I need something to pull me out this dump

I took my bruises, took my lumps  
Fell down and I got right back up  
But I need that spark to get psyched back up  
And in order for me to pick the mic back up

I don't know how or why or when  
I ended up this position I'm in  
I'm starting to feel dissin' again  
So I decided just to pick this pen

Up and try to make an attempt to vent  
But I just can't admit  
Or come to grips with the fact that I may be done with rap  
I need a new outlet

And I know some shit's so hard to swallow  
But I can't just sit back and wallow  
In my own sorrow but I know one fact  
I'll be one tough act to follow

One tough act to follow  
I'll be one tough act to follow  
Here today, gone tomorrow  
But you'd have to walk a thousand miles

In my shoes, just to see  
What it's like, to be me  
I'll be you, let's trade shoes  
Just to see what it'd be like

To feel your pain, you feel mine  
Go inside each others' minds  
Just to see what we'd find  
Look at shit through each others' eyes

Don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful  
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you  
So don't let 'em say you ain't beautiful  
They can all get fucked, just stay true to you

I think I'm starting to lose my sense of humor  
Everything's so tense and gloom

I almost feel like I gotta check  
The temperature of the room

Just as soon as I walk in, it's like all eyes on me  
And so I try to avoid any eye contact  
'Cause if I do that then it opens the door  
For conversation, like I want that

I'm not looking for extra attention  
I just wanna be just like you  
Blend in with the rest of the room  
Maybe just point me to the closest restroom

I don't need no fucking man servant  
Trying to follow me around and wipe my ass  
Laugh at every single joke I crack  
And half of 'em ain't even funny like

Ha! Marshall you're so funny man  
You should be a comedian, god damn!"  
Unfortunately I am  
I just hide behind the tears of a clown

So why don't you all sit down  
Listen to the tale I'm about to tell  
Hell, we don't gotta trade our shoes  
And you ain't gotta walk no thousand miles

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Nobody asked for life to deal us  
With these bullshit hands we're dealt  
We gotta take these cards ourselves  
And flip 'em, don't expect no help

Now I could've either just sat on my ass  
And pissed and moaned  
Or take this situation in which I'm placed in  
And get up and get my own

I was never the type of kid  
To wait by the door and pack his bags  
I sat on the porch and hoped and prayed  
For a dad to show up who never did

I just wanted to fit in  
Every single place, every school I went  
I dreamed of being that cool kid  
Even if it meant acting stupid

And Edna always told me  
Keep making that face and it'll get stuck like that  
Meanwhile I'm just standing there  
Holding my tongue tryna talk like that

'Til I stuck my tongue on that frozen stop sign pole  
At 8 years old  
I learned my lesson then  
'Cause I wasn't trying to impress my friends no more

But I already told you my whole life story  
Not just based on my description  
'Cause where you see it, from where you're sittin  
It's probably 110% different

I guess we would have to walk a mile  
In each others shoes at least  
What size you wear? I wear 10's  
Let's see if you can fit your feet

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So

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I've been too long on my own  
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Are you reaching out for me?  
I'm reaching out for you

Yeah, to my babies  
Stay strong, daddy will be home soon

And to the rest of the world  
God gave you shoes to fit you  
So put 'em on and wear 'em  
Be yourself man, be proud of who you are  
Even if it sounds corny  
Don't ever let anyone tell you you ain't beautiful