

Beautiful and Lost

Ron Pope

Ballerina in a music box,
With your pink shoes on,
Satin ribbons in your hair.
Dance to something soft and sweet,
Ghost of a little girl,
Who fell asleep there, right beside me.

You look so beautiful and lost.

But don't turn out the light this time.
Don't turn out the light on me tonight.

This is simple, this is new,
That's why I'm not scared of you,
But you're afraid in ways that I can't comprehend.
I do not pretend to live beneath your soft blonde hair, inside
your head,
Wrapped up in darkness,
Slow dancing with despair.

You look so beautiful and lost.

But don't turn out the light this time.
Don't turn out the light on me tonight.
Don't turn out the light...

Spinning harder now, you seem confused.
I close my eyes, but I'm still watching you.
If you're broken, I will gather up your pieces from the filthy
ground.

But don't turn out the light this time.
Don't turn out the light on me tonight.
Don't turn out the light...
You look so beautiful and lost.
You look so beautiful and lost.