

## Beautiful Pain

Rosanne Cash

Do you wanna be honest  
Or do you wanna win?  
You could have it all  
If you could gracefully give in

Like when a martyr go sees a martyr  
Lookin' in the mirror makes you cry harder  
'Bout your glitterin' ball and chain  
In love, in love with your beautiful pain

Excuses and all theories  
Peak themselves and die  
Even when they don't hold water  
You try to keep them safe and dry

An' trade your moan for a positive tone  
Reassured by ads about things you own  
And so we go through this again  
In love, in love with your beautiful pain

If everything went runnin' smoothly  
You'd soon lose who you were  
Oh, the pain and hurt, for that's your real  
So go on, go back to her

You packed up all your troubles  
You let me play the bars  
An' hiked out to the meadows  
And lay down on the fragrant moss

Put down your own tree  
Then meticulously built a cross right there  
And stared back at me  
An climbed up on it again

In love, in love with your beautiful  
In love, in love with your beautiful  
In love, in love with your beautiful pain