

Beautiful Thing

Sister Hazel

Well I'll follow you wherever
When you lead me by my nose
On another big adventure- I suppose
Then you lay me down in clover
With their petals on my back
I should make some time
To do more things like that...

Won't you sing to me your poetry,
Won't you take me to your home,
Won't you be for me forever
So I'll never be alone
And just one thing...
If you're my queen...
Then it's a beautiful thing...

Well I'm buried in my bedroom
Under fourteen feet of clothes
I could drown in all this clutter I suppose

But then you're standing in my doorway
With a suitcase on your back
And it blows my mind
When you do things like that

Yeah, reminding me
Well I might be poor
But summers free...
For me, I didn't know I was sleeping

[Pre chorus/ chorus]