

# Somewhere Beautiful

Wade Bowen

Looking down at the strip from my hotel room,  
It must be a full moon, cause their all out tonight  
All the insecure boys in their muscle cars,  
Young girls in their pushup bras under neon lights,  
They come here for freedom, freedom from anything  
And for miles and miles down this road, you can hear them sing  
With their voices, and their engines, and their pounding radios  
It seems like round here, no one knows

No one knows that there's more  
Beyond these dead skies and these filthy streets  
Take my hand and let me pull you  
Out of the blindness of your weary soul  
To somewhere beautiful  
To somewhere beautiful

Is there any way to learn from what you've been told  
Or do you really have to hold the experience  
Cause you can hear me now, and come out clean  
Trust me, I could spare you the consequence  
I can tell by your eyes, that there ain't no getting through  
Cause you're hell bent on doing exactly what you've gotta do  
So welcome to a long line of sinners and saints  
Is there anyone around here who ain't

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Take my hand, and let me pull you  
Out of the blindness of your weary soul  
To somewhere beautiful  
To somewhere beautiful

Don't you know that there's more  
Beyond these dead skies and all these filthy streets  
So take my hand, let me pull you  
Out of the blindness of your weary soul  
To somewhere beautiful  
To somewhere beautiful  
Yeah, to somewhere beautiful...