

Whitlams "Beauty In Me"

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Cross-legged on the front lawn she's had a bad pill
The lights of the city they can all go to hell
It'll all come good if she can put in the hours

She wants to get into film but it's gonna take years
She wishes she wrote songs like the ones that you hear
The boy's are all 20 and they leave her on the edge

And she's telling herself "They'll see,
They'll see the beauty in me
They'll see the beauty it's in my soul"

Her lift is waiting she'll be there soon
Rocking forwards and backwards eyeballing the moon
Unwired like a child of the rich

She's pretty and long and part of the scene
Playing with her phone like it's a rosary
Should get up and take them all on now

First she can tell them why she's so sad
Why this girl is crying
Of all the excuses she's ever had
Well she's nearly 20 and so very old
T. Freedman

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