

Whitlams, The

"Beauty In Me"

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Crosslegged on the fronlawn
she's had a bad pill
lights of the city they can all go to hell
and it'll all come good
she can put in the hour

she wants to get in the film
but it's gonna take years
wish she wrote songs like the ones that you hear
boys are all twenty
they leave her on the edge

and she's tellin herself
they will see
they will see the beauty in me
they will see the beauty
it's in my soul

they will see the beauty in me
they will see the beauty in me
they will see the beauty
it's in my soul

her lift is waitin
she'll be there soon
rockin forwards and backwards
eyeballing the moon
on why like a child in the rich

she's pretty and long and hot it seems
playing with the phone like it's rosary
she'd get up and take 'em all on now

and she's tellin herself, they will see
they will see the beauty in me
they will see the beauty
it's in my soul

they will see the beauty in me
they will see the beauty in me
they will see the beauty

it's in my soul

first, she can tell them why she's so sad
why this girl is crying
with all the excuses that she's ever had
well she's nearly twenty and so
very old

crosslegged on the frontlawn
she's had a bad pill
lights of the city they can all go to hell
it'll all come good she can put in the hour

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