

Tara Blaise

"For Your Own Good"

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There goes the prettiest girl in town
And her style and her luck, oh it weighs her down
And a road, and a car, and a voice calling
"Let it be, let it be, let it be morning."
Who made that dress for you?
Oh, you're a credit, for all you do
And the ice, and the knife, and the tall orders
And the fool in the night, and the cut corners

For your own good; tell you that you should
For your own good

Here come the happiest days of your life
Falling and falling like leaves and you might
Let it fall, let it break, let it spill onto the street, and the
crowd
And they stare, but you cant hear them speak
Oh, you're a pretty girl, you're a pretty girl; sweet
And you run, and you hide, and you seek
And you run, and you hide, and you grow older
"Let it be, let it be, let it be over."

For your own good; tell you that you should
For your own good

Twice times four
We all want more
I'm just a girl
Take on the world

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