

## Eliza Doolittle

### "Beauty Way"

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My father made a pretty damn good living  
Playing music on the Beauty Way  
He's gonna die with some money in his pocket  
Wish I could do the same today little darling  
Wish I could do the same today

Doe eyed kid and a little transistor  
Tuned into Wolfman jack  
I picked up a guitar heard the sirens whisper  
And I never looked back little darling  
And I never looked back

I worked the clubs along the Sangre de Cristos?  
Polished the diamond in the rough  
By the time I hit L.A. I was hotter than a pistol  
But you're never hot enough little darling  
You never really hot enough

I felt the lights on the big, big stages  
The fire burning in my soul

I've had those nights when my guitar rages  
But it's not something you control little darling  
It's not something you control

Redtail diving for a rat on Sunset  
Coyote picking through the trash  
Oh I wish I was lying like a cat in the sun  
'Stead of working like a dog for the cash little  
Darling  
I'm only working for the cash

Sometimes I wish I could unplug this cord  
And my soul or my money I could save  
Oh but every time I say I'm gonna quit the Beauty Way  
I hear my bones just turning in their grave little  
Darling  
Bones turning in their grave

Hey yeah yeah  
Hey yeah

Hey yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

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