

## Francesca Battistelli

### "Beautiful"

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As I lie in the desert,  
Longing to be picked back up.  
I lift my eyes to heaven,  
And I call your name aloud.

Can you make it beautiful?  
Can you help me love this place?  
'Cause I feel inadequate  
For the trial that I face.

But I'd give all I know to be called a child of yours.  
Though it may cost my soul I can't think of wanting  
more,  
Wanting more.

You're my cool refreshing fountain  
When the desert air is warm.  
You're my tall and mighty mountain  
In the middle of the storm.

Can you make it beautiful?  
Can you help me change my view?  
'Cause I feel inadequate,  
But I feel much closer to you.

And I'd give all I know, to be called a child of yours.  
Though it may cost my soul, I can't think of wanting  
more.  
And I would give all I know, to be called a child of  
yours.  
Though it may cost my soul, I can't think of wanting  
more,

Can you make me beautiful?  
Can you help me love this face?  
'But I won't give up the race.

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