

## **Linda Thompson** **"Beauty"**

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Beauty, you make me sad  
All you beautiful babies been had  
WhoÃ¢â¬Âll be able to love you for  
What you, what you really are?

Beauty, what is your face?  
What has it given the human race?  
All that it has given me is a longing for  
People and things I could never afford

Ah, beauty, now that the walls of Troy are tumbling  
down  
And poor Oscar WildeÃ¢â¬Âs verdict is out  
And the Hope diamondÃ¢â¬Âs up for auction

And what about Michael Jackson?  
And IÃ¢â¬Âm smoking again  
In the morning looking at

Beauty, look at me  
You who did line the apple once offered Eve  
I fear you line the world we see  
Filled with goodness only hidden by

Beauty, you make me sad  
You make me sad  
You make me sad

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