

Rosanne Cash

"Beautiful Pain"

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Do you wanna be honest
Or do you wanna win?
You could have it all
If you could gracefully give in

Like when a martyr go sees a martyr
Lookin' in the mirror makes you cry harder
'Bout your glitterin' ball and chain
In love, in love with your beautiful pain

Excuses and all theories
Peak themselves and die
Even when they don't hold water
You try to keep them safe and dry

An' trade your moan for a positive tone
Reassured by ads about things you own
And so we go through this again
In love, in love with your beautiful pain

If everything went runnin' smoothly
You'd soon lose who you were
Oh, the pain and hurt, for that's your real
So go on, go back to her

You packed up all your troubles
You let me play the bars
An' hiked out to the meadows
And lay down on the fragrant moss

Put down your own tree
Then meticulously built a cross right there
And stared back at me
An climbed up on it again

In love, in love with your beautiful
In love, in love with your beautiful
In love, in love with your beautiful pain

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