

Sheryl Crow

"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.

Instrumental Break.

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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