Amanda Rogers "This Beauty"

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When your words
Come too easily for me to believe
And this paint goes on too thinly
To peel away
I will find
A silver lining sometime
Blur my vision
And I'll be fine
And I'll be fine...

From the pages of the magazines
I hate the way they look at me
With every smile and every laugh
There's something I will always lack
And maybe, just maybe
I'm imperfect to me
And I'll be seen

When your words
Run forever in my mind
And those greens
And those blues
Seem too perfect to true
I will light a fire every time
I think to myself
I will be fine
I will be fine

From the pages of the magazines
I hate the way they look at me
With every smile and every laugh
There's something I will always lack
And maybe, just maybe
I'm imperfect to me
And I'll be seen

And I'll go home I will be And I'll be strong for showing me

This beauty is not clear to me This beauty is not clear to me To me, to me, to me...
To me, to me, to me...

From the pages of the magazines
I hate the way they look at me
With every smile and every laugh
There's something I will always lack
And maybe, just maybe
I'm imperfect to me
And I'll be seen

From the pages of the magazines
I hate the way they look at me
With every smile and every laugh
There's something I will always lack
And maybe, just maybe
This beauty will be clearer to me
To me, to me, to me...

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