

Brooke Waggoner

"Beaut"

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I caught a glimpse of the moon a glowin' and a
gleamin' in your eye
Yes it shined like the moon in the middle of the river
On the palest of nights

And a pack of sirens in the field to your left
Caught your eyes and you were wise and moved on
Yeah the looks in all your face, it was a mangled motley
clutter
And you uttered things and moved and traveled on
Yes you uttered things and moved and traveled on

I don't go strong, I don't go strong honey
I don't move far, I don't move far honey
I don't go strong, I don't go strong honey
I don't move far, I don't move far honey

And a pack of sirens in the field to your left
Caught your eyes and you were wise and moved on
Yeah the looks in all your face, it was a mangled motley
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And you uttered things and moved and traveled on
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