Oh, whoa, yeah.

Oh, yeah. She says: "Don't stare at me." She's afraid that I might see, Those five extra pounds she talks about. Man, I don't know what she's talking about. She looks through magazines. With every page she dreams of, Looking like somebody else. I wish she wasn't so hard on herself. Then she falls asleep with just my T-shirt on, An' even when her hair's messed up and her make-up's gone, You can't hide beautiful. You can't hide wonderful. There's nothing that she has to do, It just comes natural. She makes it look easy. I love what she does to me. No way to disguise, The way that she shines. You can't hide beautiful, oh no. She can take a simple dress, Put it on and turn some heads. Man, every time she moves she gets me: She doesn't even know she's sexy. And the way she thinks sometimes, Out of nowhere, she blows my mind. She makes me laugh and makes me dream. I love the way she looks at things. A little piece of heaven God gave to this world. She might think she's just an ordinary girl, But you can't hide beautiful. You can't hide wonderful. There's nothing that she has to do, It just comes natural. She makes it look easy. I love what she does to me. No way to disguise, The way that she shines. You can't hide beautiful, oh no. You can't hide beautiful, Oh no. She makes it look easy. I love what she does to me. No way to disquise, The way that she shines. You can't hide beautiful, oh no. You can't hide beautiful. She's so beautiful, oh yeah, yeah.

You can't hide beautiful.