

Under It All

Bobby Bare

All the powder and paint that hides her sweet face
Isn't her as she really should be
She's distant and cold but under it all
She's the same girl that used to love me

All the booze drinking men
That she calls her friends
Aren't the friends she used to bring home
She's not what she's been called and under it all
She's the same girl that I've always known

She may dance too close and too long

And do some things that seem wrong
Or seem hard and bad
And that's what's so sad
'Cause she's soft down under it all

All the things that she says
And the way she may dress
Doesn't mean she's really gone bad
She's not really at fault and under it all
She's really quite homesick and sad
She's not really at fault and under it all
She's really quite homesick and sad