

# Pretty Hurts

Beyoncé

Mama said, you're a pretty girl  
What's in your head it doesn't matter  
Brush your hair, fix your teeth  
What you wear is all that matters

Just another stage  
Pageant the pain away  
This time I'm gonna take the crown  
Without falling down, down

Pretty hurts  
Shine the light on whatever's worse  
Perfection is the disease of a nation  
Pretty hurts  
Shine the light on whatever's worse  
Tryna fix something  
But you can't fix what you can't see  
It's the soul that needs the surgery

Blonder hair, flat chest  
TV says bigger is better  
South beach, sugar free  
Vogue says  
Thinner is better

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This time I'm gonna take the crown  
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Ain't no doctor or therapeutic that can take the pain away  
The pain's inside  
And nobody frees you from your body  
It's the soul that needs surgery  
It's my soul that needs surgery  
Plastic smiles and denial can only take you so far  
And you break when the paper signs you in the dark  
You left a shattered mirror  
And the shards of a beautiful girl

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When you'r alone all by yourself  
And you're lying in your bed  
Reflection stares right into you  
Are you happy with yourself  
It's just a way to masquerade  
The illusion has been shed  
Are you happy with yourself  
Are you happy with yourself  
Yes