

On a dime we can turn around
We've got time, good for makin' lists
If we're makin' lists right now

Beautiful, beautiful, it's a settin' sun
Beautiful, beautiful, or a smokin' gun
Beautiful, beautiful, or a flamin' tongue
Beautiful, beautiful, or a smokin' gun

On your palm, on your palm, on your palm, on your palm
Fill your air with guns on my eye
If we're makin' lists, if we're makin' lists

There's a clock on the wall, it's a turnin' trick
But I know, all too well, just what makes it tick
Close your mouth, shut a door if your word's won't stick
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful

On your palm, on your palm, on your palm, on your palm
Take it in, take it out of your palm
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful

There's a circus that sits at the edge of town
If the sun has it's way she won't make a sound
Oxygen, gravity, it's a magic trick

Close your mouth, shut a door if your word's won't stick
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful
On your palm, on your palm, on your palm
Take it in, take it out of your palm
Fill your air with guns on my eye

Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful
On your palm, on your palm, on your palm
Take it in, take it out of your palm
Fill your air with guns in my eye