

## Beaut

Brooke Waggoner

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 p  
alest of nights

And a pack of sirens in the field to your left  
Caught your eyes and you were wise and moved on  
Yeh their looks all in your face, it was a mangled motley clutt  
er  
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

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