

Beautiful Things

Corey Smith

I got a problem I hate to admit
Hell, no one likes talkin' about it
It's the painful condition of every man,
We'd all be saints here without it

It's these beautiful things
I'm like a moth to a flame
And it's burning my wings away

It's money and sex
It's money and drugs
It's the longing to look young forever
It's reachin' for more when you're all ready full
It's all this destructive behavior

It's these beautiful flames
I'm like a moth to a flame
And it's burning my wings away

And noone promises tomorrow
Our best laid plans might go to waste, oh they may
But I won't be afraid, No I won't be afraid
Cause I've got a little faith and a holy grace
And we've got love in our hearts
And I'm tryin real hard to do somethin good today