

Beautiful, Pt. II

Jon Foreman

Oh oh oh...

She's looking in the mirror
She's brushing on her bravest eyes
Makeup makes her feel like she's less vulnerable

She painted even clearer
Cover up the ache inside
Cover up the pain she could never control

The illusion is finest trick
It's to convince her that he don't exist
And then nobody cares for her when
she's a girl who's scared
she's alone in the world
she don't fit

You look like a funeral
But I see right through
You're so beautiful
You're just used to being used
Stuck in a crucible
of consume and consume
You're so beautiful
You're so beautiful

She's looking for the window
She's looking for her mama's eyes
Looking for the face that she's never known

She's looking like a widow
Ever since the demons try
Even since the demon died in your bones

Under the veil that she wears
She's still feeling lonely and scared
She's still feeling every bed to be left on her own
In a city with nobody there

You're trying to look like a funeral
But I see right through
You're so beautiful
You're just used to being used
You're stuck in a crucible
Of consume and consume
You're so beautiful
You're so beautiful

Ahhhh
(So beautiful)
Ahhhh
(So beautiful)
Ahhhh
(So beautiful)

You look like a funeral
But I see right through

You're so beautiful
You're so beautiful