

Beauty

Matthew Good

There's beauty in the butterfly
But also in the moth
There's beauty in the sinner before and after he got lost
There's beauty in the traitor if freedom's on the line
There's beauty in the outcast if beauty saves your life
And I keep on moving

Maybe there's beauty in the mother
And in the father and the ghost
But then there's beauty in all others if decency's the boast
There's beauty in the struggle
And beauty in the cost
If along the way the purpose was that beauty wasn't lost
Well there's beauty in the simple and in the fury of extremes
There's even fury in injustice if in return nobody swings
So I keep on moving

Well there's beauty in the boxcars and the wisdom of their saints
There's beauty in the moment and in the turning of the page
There's beauty in the knowing and in the wishing that you could
Like magic ain't a miracle
Just your cards misunderstood
Well there's beauty in our doing
Though diminished in our name
The same beauty in a snowfall is also in a flame
There's beauty in creation as there's beauty in its loss
There's beauty in the sinner before and after he got lost
And I keep on moving