

# Something Pretty

Patrick Park

Here I am, where I've been  
I've walked a hundred miles in tobacco skin,  
And my clothes are worn & gritty.  
And I know ugliness,  
Now show me something pretty.

I was a dumb punk kid with nothing to lose  
And too much weight for walking shoes.  
I could have died from being boring.  
And as for loneliness,  
She greets me every morning.

At the most I'm a glare,  
I'm the hopeless son who's hardly there.  
I'm the open sign that's always busted.  
I'm the friend you need, but can't be trusted.

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