

Beautiful

Richard Marx

You've got to get up every morning
With a smile on your face
And show the world
All the love in your heart.
Then people gonna treat you better.
You're gonna find, yes you will,
That you're beautiful as you feel.

Waiting at the station with the workday wind a blowin',
I've got nothing to do but watch the passers by.
Mirrored in their faces I see frustration growing,
And they don't see it showing. Why do I?

I have often asked myself
The reason for the sadness
In a world where tears are just a lullaby.
And if there's any answer,
Maybe love can end the madness.
Maybe not, oh, but we can only try.