

# Beautiful

The Ergs!

Its over  
I know that  
I knew that before it even was

I know dead love  
Doesn't grow back  
But my naive advisers swear it does

I'm not the only fool around  
Who's been a slave to a hint of meaning  
Once you start to fool around I have direction,  
I have desperate leaning  
oh oh, feeling like I'm seeing things...

It's not my fault, I love you so  
It wasn't my wish for you to let me go  
I promise that I'll try to keep this cool  
Tell me though, must you be so Beautiful?

Your lover  
How is he?  
Does he do it just the way you want to?

What happens when he's busy?  
Do you get lonely when he doesn't want you?

It drives me crazy when you tell me that you really wanna be  
Just my chum...  
Ive got a bottle fully of healthy dripping love and you wont even try some  
oh oh, quick, phone the asylum

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I can handle your sweet voice  
On the telephone line  
I can handle your beat choice  
To leave me alone, Fine!

I can handle the fact you said you'd found me rather dull  
but must you be so mercilessly Beautiful??

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