

# Undress the World

The Milk Carton Kids

Somewhere outside London where the wheels turn on nothin' I know she's cold  
Plagued by thoughts that linger, simple nothing bigger, nothing whole  
"Manalive," you tell yourself, "I'm stuck I just can't seem to pick a hole"  
The sights or sounds or places, God I know the face... still untold

Go on hold me  
Go on hold me  
Hold on, Beautiful

Witness what I listen. There's a world here you're missin' to behold  
A fiery night under the skies could warm your heart and hide away the cold  
Venture out a little further and somehow you might find the courage to go  
'Cuz if you stand there long enough, you will realize you're really on your own

Go on hold me  
Go on hold me  
Hold on, Beautiful

This time be my only girl  
We could undress all the world  
I'll unearth your fears  
Then you'll see

Go on hold me  
Go on hold me  
Hold on, Beautiful

Go on hold me  
Go on hold me  
Hold on, Beautiful