

My Beautiful Girl

Youth Lagoon

I hold your hand while you're holding up the candle
You understand what you're bold enough to handle
You understand what to say

My beautiful girl
My beautiful girl

A dollar-store, rubber Jesus on the mantle
You stash your pills at the bottom of his sandals
His feet are wearing away

My beautiful girl
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My beautiful girl

For the world
You've come this far
Deep into the dark we go
Hell was painted on your arms
People live with scars I know

Your mama screamed when you thought she couldn't scream more
Your daddy's deaf so he never heard the screen door
You walk the old desert road

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