

# Dustin Kensrue, Folk

You were once a sweet little girl  
So innocent and pure  
Your eyes were open and sure - anyone could look right in  
And I followed closely your gaze  
You looked up towards the sky  
And I watched your face drift away - other things had caught your eye

The magazines and media supplied you with their plastic protocol  
And maybe music television really is the devil after all

But all I can say is I knew you before you were beautiful back then  
Before you grew up  
Before you gave in...

You dream of sharing your heart  
Instead you share your bed  
And your heart beats empty and cold with all the tears that you have shed  
And you dream of bearing your soul  
Instead you bare more skin  
And you wear dark glasses to keep anyone from looking in

The magazines and media supplied you with their plastic protocol  
Oh and maybe music television really is the devil after all

But all I can say is I knew you before you were beautiful back then  
Before you grew up  
Before you gave in...

All you want is to hear is the words  
&quot;Dear Baby, I love you&quot;  
So you hike your skirt higher still  
'Til their eyes are all on you  
And you drive in fast foreign cars  
The color of your sin  
You tint your windows to keep anyone from looking in

Oh and all I can say is I knew you before you were beautiful back then  
Before you grew up  
Before you gave in...  
And all I can say is I knew you before you were beautiful back then  
You could be beautiful again...