George Michael, Flawless

'Cause you're beautiful (Like no other)
'Cause you're beautiful (maybe tonight, they'll see you tonight)
Beautiful .... beautiful
And it's no good waiting by the window
It's no good waiting for the sun
Please believe me, the things you dream of
They don't fall in the laps of no-one
And it's no good . . . Waiting, waiting
And it's no good . . . Waiting
You've got to go to the city
Always the same
Always the same dreams yeah yeah
Always the same (yes you're movin' up)
Well you've got to think of something
'Cause your job pays you nothing
But you've got the things God gave you
So the music may yet be your saviour
Got to be a way, some way
Got to be some way to make your way to the light (All the girls say)
Got to be some way, today, today, maybe tonight, maybe tonight
And it's always the same . . .
Always the same dreams yeah yeah
Always the same (yes you're movin' up)
You're beautiful, you are, and you know it
You're wasted here, you're a star
In this small town of hand-me-downs who don't even know it
Sometimes it brings you down
Sometimes it eats you up
Sometimes you think that your head's going to blow
It doesn't get better . . .
Don't you know, you've got to go to the city
You've got to reach the other side of the glass
I think you'll make it in the city baby
I think you know that you are more than just
Some fucked up piece of ass
Got to be a way, some way
Got to be some way to make your way to the light (All the boys say)
Got to be some way, today, today, maybe tonight,
They'll see you tonight
And it's always the same
A lways the same
Always the same dreams yeah yeah
Always the same (yes you're movin' up)
Cause you're beautiful (like no other)
Cause you're beautiful (take me, make me)
Cause you're beautiful (maybe tonight, they'll see you tonight)
Beautiful .... beautiful
And it's no good waiting by the window
It's no good waiting for the sun
Please believe me, the things you dream of
They don't fall in the laps of no-one
And it's no good . . . Waiting, waiting
And it's no good . . . Waiting
You've got to go to the city
You've got to go to the city,
They're going to find you there
'Cause you're beautiful
'Cause you're beautiful
Sometimes it brings you down
Sometimes it eats you up
Sometimes you think that your head's going to blow and
It doesn't get better . . .
Don't you know, you've got to go to the city
You've got to reach the other side of the glass

I think you'll make it in the city baby
I think you know that you are more than just
Some fucked up piece of ass
More than just ...
Sid you've got to think of something
'Cause your job pays you nothing
But you've got the things God gave you
So the music may yet be your saviour
Do you want a saviour, saviour
Say that you do,
You know you're wasted here, wasted here
And there ain't no miracles happening any time soon ...