

# 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  
Always 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 ...