

# Hawksley Workman, Prettier Face

Closed eyes  
Closed heart  
Now baby that ain't much of a start  
Some other time  
Some other place  
And maybe with a prettier face  
See me fall down  
See me rise up  
Drinking just to empty the cup  
Whatever this is  
Oh baby I've had enough  
And nothing's for sure  
And nothing's maintained  
And nothing's gonna grow to replace  
As beauty is made  
As beauty is torn down  
You and me out drunk on the town  
Waking up tired  
Waking up sore  
Waking up and asking what for  
Gaining in strength  
In popular thought  
Oh baby I've had enough  
I can't hide these uncried tears  
No more.