

# Mark Eitzel, Everything Is Beautiful

The thinnest rope won't hang you  
It'll break and you'll be  
Just another pen stroke  
For the sunset  
Or the dawn  
Or the dawn

A little girl child of x or y  
Who doesn't speak  
Who doesn't know at least at the right time  
And that's all anybody wants  
Not angel wings  
Not invisible things

And everything's beautiful  
But babe not you or me

Like a tower ready to fall  
Spinning over the ground  
Like the gorilla ride  
There's moments and minutes  
There's seasons and there's dreams  
Glued onto dreams  
And everything's beautiful  
But babe not you or me  
And everything's beautiful  
But babe not you or me

You're the girl in the paperweight  
I barely know you  
You're so quiet  
Is there nothing  
In this weird perspective  
That'll let me breathe in  
The smell of Eden  
In your eternally open eyes  
I barely see you  
I barely see you

And everything's beautiful  
But babe not you or me  
Yeah everything's beautiful  
But babe not you or me  
I barely see you  
I barely see you  
I barely see you

And everything's beautiful  
But babe not you or me