

Willard Grant Conspiracy, Beautiful Song

It all looks beautiful to me
It all looks beautiful to me
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It all looks beautiful to me
The rusted cars
The battle scars
I wonder where you are tonight
The road signs say
There some kind of giveaway
I hope it's not your heart

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A twisted fence
A swinging gate
An avalanche couldn't keep me down
There's miles of road
And miles to go
I hope you're still around

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When I'm away I see your face
And I can almost feel you breathing hard
It makes perfect sense
It's what I like the best
To find myself in your arms

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