

# Hawksley Workman, You Are Too Beautiful

I walked through the airport alone  
I looked at my phone 'cause it keeps me company  
I called you as I hired the car  
To ask you how far is it there from you to me  
And I wrote directions on the back of an old magazine

But you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
Yeah, you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
If you could see the thoughts I see  
If you could see my faults, baby, you'd agree

I write this so lovingly on an old girlfriend's guitar that she wants me to return  
On the 12th floor, you took off your clothes, New York in the snow  
And our bodies left to burn  
Soft and to revel at the sun  
Pierce the moments of spring

'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
Yeah, you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
If you could see the thoughts I see  
If you could see my faults, baby, you'd agree

If you could see the thoughts I see  
If you could see my faults  
If you could see my faults, baby, then you'd agree

'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
If you could see the thoughts I see  
If you could see my faults  
If you could see the face I see  
If you could see my face  
If you could see my face