

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