

# Hawksley Workman, Your Beauty Muse Be Rubb

look at those buggers who are looting the crash site  
taking the ring off your sweet little finger  
that i gave to you, when we got married  
you're under water now, you're getting back to where you came from  
no stealing of your beauty that could naturally flow  
from the center of all that you are, all that you are  
your beauty must be rubbing off  
your beauty must be rubbing off on me  
if we had children they'd be lovely and beautiful  
and posses a peace and strength and a depth in their eyes  
and a soundless in heart, even as they cry  
and we as lovers bloom like lilies in midnight  
to taste our bellies before god  
we are witness to currents we cannot control, cannot control  
your beauty must be rubbing off  
your beauty must be rubbing off on me  
your beauty must be rubbing off  
your beauty must be rubbing off on me  
it's all the faces that you never have, or that you never had  
to the shivers you couldn't shake the planes  
you didn't make the hooks that didn't take off at night  
in your window as you fight with the curtains  
to cover up your nakedness from the neighbour's gaze such a sweet display  
of nothingness of everything of nevermind  
these thing are fine the sweet tooth sunsets forgets tonight  
cacphony, cacaphoney  
so let me say that you look lovely in all of this  
and let me say that the death that i fear  
could in part be a fear that i'd lose you, your just as i found you  
your beauty must be rubbing off  
your beauty must be rubbing off on me  
your beauty must be rubbing off  
your beauty must be rubbing off on me  
don't be a stranger to the danger that is kissing you x2  
your beauty must be rubbing off  
(repeat until end)