

Hawksley Workman, Your Beauty Must Be Rubbi

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

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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

cacophony, cacophony

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, you're just as I found you

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don't be a stranger to the danger that is kissing you x2
your beauty must be rubbing off
(repeat until end)