## 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

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

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

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)