

Jennifer Nettles, Beautiful Song

I danced with beautiful.
Lived with her for a while.
She was so damn simple.
Like the color of a smile.

I thought we were beautiful.
At least we mirrored that way.
But we got too complicated.
And beautiful just couldn't stay.

I thought I saw her on a corner of second love the other day.
She was wearing that dress that made her feel lucky.
And God was she looking lucky, and I wish I were lucky that way.
But I'm not.

Cause your words, they tell me you're alright.
But your voice translates a thousand sighs.
And you sell me your emotions for that brothel in your head.
Cheap as the words you said.

A difference between loving and being in love.
That difference is you standing before me.
You know your tongue it doesn't drop manna for me anymore.
I'm not that lucky.

Baby what are we to do now?
My God we've nothing to lose.
We can't get much further over on this side.