

John Prine, Beautiful World

Some of us spend hours
In front of a Friday night mirror
Trying to understand the kinda world
where the beautiful prosper
Slicking up the kinda hair
That the magazine's say's a lost cause
Picking out the kinda girl in your mind
To go walking with you

Yesterday I met a girl
She made Marilyn Monroe look like . . . me
All she had to do was walk in the room
And my problems were starting
Then she'd at me and she'd smile
And I feel feel such a pain in my heart
Wanting her to come and whisper to me
"You're the man of my dreams";

Beautiful world, beautiful world
Sending me dreams, touching my hair
Making me cry . . . So I feel alive
Beautiful world, why do I hide?

I dunno why
I should spend so much time feeling so bad
I got everything a sinner could hope to get
this side of Eden
Maybe some day I'll wake up
And I'll do what I should
Write a song to make Heaven and Earth
Go waltzing in time

repeat chorus