

# Lisa

## Burt Bacharach

How can anyone so beautiful be mine, love? Beautiful, beautiful hands are meant to hold  
And yet your hands are untouched I'm told  
Standing like a statue carved out of stone  
Lovely and alluring and alone How can anyone so beautiful be mine love, so unloved? Everyone envies you  
They say you have wealth and fame  
When you walk on the street  
Everyone whispers your name, Lisa, Lisa, Lisa Beautiful, beautiful girls have broken hearts  
Being unwanted is how it starts  
Some men are afraid to reach for a star  
So, you must be worshiped from afar How can anyone so beautiful be mine love, so unloved?

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