

# Underneath

Bebo Norman

I saw her in a crowd, maybe in a cloud  
Her daddy would be so proud, little miss beauty queen  
But then she fell down, underneath her gown  
No backbone could be found, it was all skin and nicotine 'Cause underneath these empty things  
We're made of, we're made of  
Underneath these empty things  
We're made of one love Just past three a.m., I saw a preacher man  
He had Heaven in his hand on satellite TV  
And he'll fix your sorry life and then he'll fix the price  
'Cause Heaven sure is nice but salvation isn't free 'Cause underneath these empty things  
We're made of, we're made of  
Underneath these empty things  
We're made of one love And now could it be instead  
That we've lost our innocence?  
But one day this pain will end  
Hope is coming back again  
And we can live forever, live forever Well, I have heard it said that maybe God is dead  
Or some would say instead, He just up and went away  
But I saw Him in a cloud, I saw Him in a crowd  
Yeah, He just looked around and He loved us all anyway 'Cause underneath these empty things  
We're made of, we're made of  
Underneath these empty things  
We're made of one love Underneath these empty things  
We're made of one love  
Underneath these empty things  
We're made of one love

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>