Beautiful World

John Prine

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

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