

# You Are Too Beautiful

John Coltrane; Johnny Hartman

I walked through the airport alone  
I looked at my phone 'cause it keeps me company  
I called you as I hired the car  
to ask you "how far is it there from you to me?"  
and I wrote directions on the back of an old magazine  
CHORUS:  
but you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
yeah you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
if you could see the thoughts I see  
if you could see my thoughts baby you'd agree  
I write this song lovingly on  
an old girlfriend's guitar  
that she wants me to return  
on the 12th floor you took off your clothes  
New York in the snow and our bodies left to burn  
soft gentle rebel  
let the sun pierce the moments of spring  
CHORUS  
if you could see the thoughts I see  
if you could see my thoughts  
if you could see my thoughts baby then you'd agree  
'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
'cause you are too beautiful to be in bed with me  
if you could see the thoughts I see  
if you could see my thoughts  
if you could see the face i see  
if you could see my face  
if you could see my face

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