I Would Like To Call It Beauty

Corinne Bailey Rae

So young for death,
We walk in shoes too big
But you play it like a poet,
Like you always did.
And I lay face upturned on the palm of God,
Pushed on by the fingertips of dreams,
They haunted me,
Consoling me.

And I would like to call, call it beauty,
Strained as love's become, it still amazes me
And I would like to call it beauty

You slept a sigh like the angels speak,
And we danced into tomorrow on bleeding feet
And I had thought that I would die here
But you pushed me on,
You pushed me on,
You pushed me on

(Oh) And I would like to call it beauty,
Strained as love's become, it still amazes me
And I would like to call it beauty

You can keep it all locked up in your leaden chest
Or you can lay mouth open on the water's edge
But all your angels and your God will stitch and wash you

Oh I would like to call, call it beauty,
Strained as love's become, it still amazes me
And I would like to call it beauty

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