

Beautiful

Francesca Battistelli

As I lie in the desert,
Longing to be picked back up.
I lift my eyes to heaven,
And I call your name aloud.

Can you make it beautiful?
Can you help me love this place?
'Cause I feel inadequate
For the trial that I face.

But I'd give all I know to be called a child of yours.
Though it may cost my soul I can't think of wanting more,
Wanting more.

You're my cool refreshing fountain
When the desert air is warm.
You're my tall and mighty mountain
In the middle of the storm.

Can you make it beautiful?
Can you help me change my view?
'Cause I feel inadequate,
But I feel much closer to you.

And I'd give all I know, to be called a child of yours.
Though it may cost my soul, I can't think of wanting more.
And I would give all I know, to be called a child of yours.
Though it may cost my soul, I can't think of wanting more,

Can you make me beautiful?
Can you help me love this face?
'But I won't give up the race.

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