

A Beautiful Mess

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You've got the best of both worlds
You're the kind of girl who can take down a man
And lift him back up again You are strong but you're needy, humble but you're greedy
Based on your body language and shoddy cursive I've been reading
Your style is quite selective but your mind is rather reckless
Well, I guess it just suggests that this is just what happiness is Hey, what a beautiful mess this is
It's like picking up trash in dresses Well, it kind of hurts when the kind of words you write
And kind of turn themselves into knives
And don't mind my nerve you could call it fiction
'Cause I like being submerged in your contradictions, dear
'Cause here we are, here we are Although you were biased I love your advice
Your comebacks they're quick and probably
Have to do with your insecurities
There's no shame in being crazy depending on how you take these
Words I'm paraphrasing this relationship we're staging And what a beautiful mess, yes, it is
It's like we're picking up trash in dresses Well, it kind of hurts when the kind of words you say
Kind of turn themselves into blades
And the kind and courteous is a life I've heard
But it's nice to say that we played in the dirt, oh dear
'Cause here we are, here we are Here we are, here we are
Here we are, here we are
Here we are, here we are
Here we are, we're still here And what a beautiful mess this is
It's like taking a guess when the only answer is yes And through timeless words and priceless pictures
Well fly like birds not of this earth
And tides they turn and hearts disfigure
But that's no concern when we're wounded together
And we tore our dresses and stained our shirts
But it's nice today, oh, the wait it was so worth it

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