

What Is Really Beautiful

Kath Bloom

While people play their games of fear
We will pass away
Look at you, you're older than last year
You're afraid, you are, you are, you are
Business men will always count their men
On their deathbeds do they have regrets?
While horses pound across the plain
Men will blow up other men again
What is really beautiful to us?
Tell me, tell me
What is really beautiful to us?
You see, you see
What is really beautiful to us?
You see, you see
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me
While machine guns always grace us
I cannot forget the tenderness I've seen
In the trenches you can pine away
Waiting for the chance to have your day
While the monster cowers in the dark
Business men will find a place to park
What is really beautiful to us?
Tell me, tell me
What is really beautiful to us?
You see, you see
What is really beautiful to us?
Ha, tell me
Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me
While people play their games of fear
We will pass away
Look at you you're older than last year
You're afraid, you are, you are, you are
What is really beautiful to us?
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Tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me