Beauty

Bellows

Everything I thought was beautiful is spoiled
Everything I thought was pure has come to harm
Everything I thought was magical is ordinary
Somehow I need you in my lifeI can feel your arrogance consume me
You can feel my rejection of your space
Everything I loved about you now annoys me
A squirrel hole, a slap in my faceAt your show I was hiding in the bathroom
Overwhelmed with desire just to leave
And though I'm drunk I just drive away without you
You come through after I fall asleep
There is a vulture circling our little stream in the desert
The blooming of the marigolds, the flight of the frightened deer
There is beauty in the way we bloom and fade together
Beauty in the certainty of never reaching what I'm afterYou invite me in for a bump in your apartment
Creepy home we lived in once upon a time
I find it easy to confide in any stranger
I'm lonely, angry all the time
Unavailable to everyone I care for
Unconcerned for the people that I love
Unadorned you are crying in the corner
I'm wasted and I can only shrug(Say something beautiful and just disappear, or hate how you're living like everyone else here)I do not comfort you at all or dignify your failure
Was I expecting something better, something straight from the gut this time?
And I could shout, "why won't you look at me?" as you turn your shoulder
Beauty in the certainty of never reaching what I'm after
There is a vulture circling our little stream in the desert
And diving to the shore it eats the flesh of the dying deer
There is beauty in the way they bloom and fade together
Beauty in the certainty of never reaching what I'm after
Beauty in the dirty snow that settles in the dead of winter
Beauty in the evidence that you and I are tied togetherDriving home through the country in the nighttime
There is peace in the nothingness I likeAnd then the conversation turns to what we thought was ending
A friendship that years ago felt right
A love we wasted every time
And I'm ashamed to have put you through this fight
And I just rage at what became my life
That making something beautiful was not
Enough to raise you up out of this rut
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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