

# Born Beautiful

## Kind of Like Spitting

They were born beautiful, so right away  
They swore that they'd get themselves a house one day  
And read to each other, despite all the others  
That have passed through their back gates  
They were both radiant, and far away  
Living on a diet of romance and faith  
'Til history crept in and wouldn't leave them  
It's a classless kind of fate  
It holds its ground in the way that death just makes you wait  
New fears to edit  
The cutting room floor is where their hopes are  
Because it's not pretty  
And if you had to watch a movie of it  
I'm sure you'd both be horrified and bored  
All the hope that gets shafted  
To bet on the good life  
For all the granite etched in  
They may as well have been man and wife  
All the fits he'd throw  
Feeling her anger grow  
It never gets found, lost in used to be's  
You're left with so much wasted energy  
So now to cold satellites that have crashed to earth:  
Welcome home.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damlyrics.com/>