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.

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