

# The Beauty Way

[Lucy Kaplansky](#)

My father made a pretty damn good living  
Playing music on the beauty way  
He's gonna die with some money in his pocket  
Wish I could do the same today, little darling  
Wish I could do the same today  
The white kid and a little transistor, tuned into Wolfman Jack  
I picked up a guitar, the sirens whisper  
And I'll never look back with longing  
And I'll never look back  
I worked the clubs along the same red crystals  
Polished a diamond in the rough  
By the time I hit LA I was hotter than a pistol  
But you never had enough, little darling  
You never really had enough  
I felt the lights on the big big stages  
Fire burning my soul  
I bet those nights when my guitar rages  
But it's not something you control little darling  
It's not something you control  
Red pale diving for a ride home sunset  
Probably what you could do with trash  
I wish I was lying like a cat in the sun instead of working like a dog for the cash, little darling  
I'm only working for the cash  
Sometimes I wish I could unplug this cord  
And my soul, lot of money I could save  
Every time I say hello, I quit the beauty way  
I turn my bones from the narrow grave, little darling  
Bones turned in their grave

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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