Pretty Hurtsâ˜

â˜ Beyonce

Mama said, you're a pretty girl
What's in your head it doesn't matter
Brush your hair, fix your teeth
What you wear is all that mattersJust another stage
Pageant the pain away
This time I'm gonna take the crown
Without falling down, downPretty hurts
Shine the light on whatever's worse
Perfection is the disease of a nation
Pretty hurts
Shine the light on whatever's worse
Tryna fix something
But you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs the surgeryBlonder hair, flat chest
TV says bigger is better
South beach, sugar free
Vogue says
Thinner is betterJust another stage
Pageant the pain away
This time I'm gonna take the crown
Without falling down, down, downPretty hurts
Shine the light on whatever's worse
Perfection is the disease of a nation
Pretty hurts
Shine the light on whatever's worse
Tryna fix something
But you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs the surgeryAin't no doctor or therapeutic that can take the pain away
The pain's inside
And nobody frees you from your body
It's the soul that needs surgery
It's my soul that needs surgery
Plastic smiles and denial can only take you so far
And you break when the paper signs you in the dark
You left a shattered mirror
And the shards of a beautiful girlPretty hurts
Shine the light on whatever's worse
Perfection is the disease of a nation
Pretty hurts

Shine the light on whatever's worse
Tryna fix something
But you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs the surgeryWhen you're alone all by yourself
And you're lying in your bed
Reflection stares right into you
Are you happy with yourself
It's just a way to masquerade
The illusion has been shed
Are you happy with yourself
Are you happy with yourself
Yes

Songwriters
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