

Mark Eitzel, Everything Is Beautiful

The thinnest rope won't hang you
It'll break and you'll be
Just another pen stroke
For the sunset
Or the dawn
Or the dawn

A little girl child of x or y
Who doesn't speak
Who doesn't know at least at the right time
And that's all anybody wants
Not angel wings
Not invisible things

And everything's beautiful
But babe not you or me

Like a tower ready to fall
Spinning over the ground
Like the gorilla ride
There's moments and minutes
There's seasons and there's dreams
Glued onto dreams
And everything's beautiful
But babe not you or me
And everything's beautiful
But babe not you or me

You're the girl in the paperweight
I barely know you
You're so quiet
Is there nothing
In this weird perspective
That'll let me breathe in
The smell of Eden
In your eternally open eyes
I barely see you
I barely see you

And everything's beautiful
But babe not you or me
Yeah everything's beautiful
But babe not you or me
I barely see you
I barely see you
I barely see you

And everything's beautiful
But babe not you or me