

# Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Better Beautiful

I run a little insurrection that moves in the direction that beauty is  
beauty in  
spite of  
perfection  
see the crosses at the roadside  
see the thornbush ablaze in bloom  
put your feet in the sand, a lukewarm beer in your hand  
momma, let down your hair  
yes, Ive chipped a tooth  
no need to call home  
I dont have to be anywhere

we can hear the bossa nova  
we can sway the night away  
the steps to the dance are best left up to chance  
better beautiful than perfect, anyway  
and while the moon wanes and waxes  
death and taxes are lurking out there  
Life is grand, Love is real and Beauty is everywhere

And so the clear blue sky  
no, she never made a sound  
though she was blindfolded, gagged and bound  
now see the poppies pushin up through the bones on the ground  
but the bodys never found

chorus

can you hear the bossa nova?  
let us sway the night away...