

# Patrick Park - Something Pretty

Tom: C

Here I am, where I've been  
 I've walked a hundred miles in tobacco skin,  
 And my clothes are worn & gritty.  
 And I know ugliness,  
 Now show me something pretty.  
 I was a dumb punk kid with nothing to lose  
 And too much weight for walking shoes.  
 I could have died from being boring.  
 As for loneliness,  
 She greets me every morning.  
 At the most I'm a glare,  
 I'm the hopeless son who's hardly there.  
 I'm the open sign that's always busted.  
 I'm the friend you need, but can't be trusted.  
 At the most I'm a glare,

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## Acordes

