

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

