



PRETTY FACE

Once a pretty face, now, bags and wrinkles
Soon to be a pile of bones

Life is so short and so much to do
Never and end to the tasks
So many people, we're always alone
Hiding behind our masks
Once a pretty face, now, bags and wrinkles
Soon to be a pile of bones

When we get to the end, will it have been worthwhile?
Have we ever been touched in our hearts?
Did we reach out for someone or work for ourselves?
You know the selfish, they die in the dark.
Once a pretty face, now, bags and wrinkles
Soon to be a pile of bones.

Appearance means little, what counts is inside
The outside goes when you die
Dare to be different, search out your heart
You know the heart moves on when you die
Once a pretty face, now, bags and wrinkles
Soon to be a pile of bones.

The reason we feel we're always alone
We think we truly exist
It's true we exist, but not on our own
When interdependence is known
Once a pretty face, now, bags and wrinkles
Soon to be a pile of bones.

You look in the mirror and you think that it's you
Really you're just passing through
If you try to find you, you cannot be found
Then rest in that space, unbound
Once a pretty face, now, bags and wrinkles
Soon to be a pile of bones.