

## **Born Beautiful**

(David Buehrer)

I knew the girls in my dream, they are sisters I've known many years  
They just wanted to talk  
One said I feel dried up inside  
It was her that I knew best – but I didn't quite understand

She didn't try to explain, the dream became surreal  
She referred to some chemical he and she once used

Maybe it's the curse of being born beautiful  
Do they even know that they are beautiful

She said it brought needed water, but look at the ground now  
I began to understand  
As she uncovered the dry, dust-filled passages  
Where the water once flowed

They were gray – filled with dry clay  
That crumbled out and scattered in the ditch

Maybe it's the curse of being born beautiful  
Do they even know that they are beautiful  
I told them they are beautiful  
Maybe they will learn that they are beautiful

I felt they were asking for my help, but they were too exhausted  
About to give up hope  
They're not crying anymore, they've been drained long ago  
Livin' out routines

They were gray – filled with dry clay  
That crumbled out and scattered in the ditch

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