AND NOW OUR LIFE CAN GO ON.

We moved in, got married, and had the girls.

We weren't ready, but that's just how life unfurls.

There's always something new in store.

It was hard, but we made it

All work out.

Even the times that you got sick.

I did fine, but honey, there's not a doubt that you're the one who made it stick.

Because your smile means ev'rything's o-kay.

Ev'rything's o-kay.

Ev'rything's o-kay.

Because your smile means ev'rything's o-kay!

Ev'rything's o-kay, and now our life can go on.
Then, one morning came; a Tuesday like any other.

The kids got up to pest their hard-working mother.

She served my coffee just the way I like it every day:

Two creams, two sugars.

Every thing's okay.

Every thing's okay.

Every thing's okay!

We spent the morning lying on the bed.

Kids played in the living room while you told me what the doctor said.
caught it too late, it already spread. "With tears in her eyes, she held me and said, "Smile,

Because your smile means ev'rything's okay. Ev'rything's okay.

Ev'rything's okay, and now our life can go on."

Because your smile means ev'rything's okay. Ev'rything's okay.

And now our life can go on.
1. I've got a job that honestly sucks. I give up my week-ends for two-hund-red bucks, the

9 car rides are length-y, I can't stop to eat be-cause dressed up like this means a free meet-and-greet. I

17 get to the house, but park two blocks too far be-cause "Prin-ces-ses should n't ar-rive in a car." The

25 child-ren are cra-zy, the mom's full of Sass 'cause dad's in the cor-ner just og-ling my ass. I

33 pray for the day when this will all go a-way. Peo-ple will praise you as pre-tty,

41 child-ren will claim you as cute, but what would they say when the dress goes a-way and

49 un-der the wig there are roots? I have to deal with the feel-in-gs

57 when all the "pre-tty" wipes clean. The com-pli-ments flush down the drain with the blush, and I'm
You're Beautiful

[Music notation]

left with no-body but me. And, sometimes I don't feel so pretty. I'm stuck with the thoughts in my head. I look at myself in the mirror, and I imitate all that he said: "You're beautiful," people will say so blind ly. "You're beautiful," if they see it, why can't I?

I had a dad who acted a loon. Like, just for a laugh, he'd howl at the moon. The kids, we all loved it. My mom, not so much."

Long with the life that he led which was lush. A night on the town for a drink with the boys, and the o-
cas-sio-nal house call from one of his toys. My mother, she had it the day I turned ten. We left, and I'd never see dad-ky again. From the back of the car, he just kept get-ting smal-
You're Beautiful

Some people grow up just "perfect", others apparently not.

The lesson to learn here is your life will burn unless you work with what you got.

Dad-dies can take you just part ways, mom-mies can finish the chore.

But there comes a time when her help hits the line and the problems to solve become yours.

I can't pretend that my history in life has a hold on my heart.

But, maybe to tackle this mis'try I have found a quick way to depart:

"You're beautiful" when you are feeling lonely.

"You're beautiful" helps to not feel the grief.

"You're beautiful" even if you don't think it.
"You're Beautiful" Lie until you believe.
1. Do you have a secret you’re afraid to share?

When you face the mirror, can you do anything but stare?

When you meet your own eyes, has there ever been anything more certain than in your life?

Do you see it there?

You don’t close your eyes except when you have to blink.

Then, you realize you’re closing them longer than you think,

’cause you’re in your own world, and difference is what connects the people in your mind. You don’t have to shrink.
I just want to be frank:

What's seen isn't always wanted. I just want to be real:

I know what's right for me.

All my life I've searched for a way to say what my heart always whispered.

And that's what I'll be.

If they give suggestions and you still go your way, when you lay to rest, at least you have chosen the price to pay.

'Cause you know who you are,
AND NO-ONE SHOULD EVER MAKE YOU MOVE OR MAKE YOU STAY.

NEVER FALL ASTRAY.

For the longest time,
I colored inside the line. And, I blindly
thought that what I was doing was just fine.
Then, I realized that making a choice will always be a waste of time,

If it isn't mine,
I just want to be frank:

A scene isn't always needed. I just want to be heard,

So I'll let you hear me now!

In a world where others can be anything they set out to be, well, so can we!
We could be what we want to be.

We can see who we want to see ourselves be.

And just be free.