Pretty Hurts – Beyoncé

(Uh huh huh)
(Uh huh huh)
(Uh huh huh)

Mama said, "You're a pretty girl
What's in your head, it doesn't matter
Brush your hair, fix your teeth
What you wear is all that matters"

Just another stage, pageant the pain away
This time I'm gonna take the crown
Without falling down, down, down

Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst
Perfection is a disease of a nation,
Pretty hurts, pretty hurts
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst
Try to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs the surgery

(Uh huh huh)

Blonder hair, flat chest
TV says, "Bigger is better"
South beach, sugar free
Vogue says, "Thinner is better"

Just another stage, pageant the pain away
This time I'm gonna take the crown
Without falling down, down, down

Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst
Perfection is a disease of a nation,
Pretty hurts, pretty hurts (pretty hurts)
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst
Try to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see

It's the soul that needs the surgery

Ain't got no doctor or pill that can take the pain away
The pain's inside and nobody frees you from your body
It's the soul, it's the soul that needs surgery
It's my soul that needs surgery
Plastic smiles and denial can only take you so far
Then you break when the fake facade leaves you in the dark
You left with shattered mirrors
And the shards of a beautiful girl

Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst
(pretty hurts)
Perfection is a disease of a nation,
Pretty hurts, pretty hurts
Pretty hurts, we shine the light on whatever's worst
Try to fix something but you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs the surgery

When you're alone all by yourself
And you're lying in your bed
Reflection stares right into you
Are you happy with yourself?

You stripped away the masquerade
The illusion has been shed
Are you happy with yourself?
Are you happy with yourself? (yes, uh huh huh)