

Ms. Third Ward, your first question
What is your aspiration in life?
Oh, well, my aspiration in life would be
To be happy

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
You're tryna fix something
But you can't fix what you can't see
It's the soul that needs a surgery

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

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Perfection is a disease of a nation
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Pretty hurts
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You're tryna fix something
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It's the soul that needs a 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 my soul, it's my 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 façade leaves you in the dark
You left with shattered mirrors and the shards of a beautiful past

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When you're alone all by yourself
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)
And you're lying in your bed
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)

Reflection stares right into you
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)
Are you happy with yourself?
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)
You stripped away the masquerade
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)
The illusion has been shed
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)
Are you happy with yourself?
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)
Are you happy with yourself?
(Pretty hurts, pretty hurts)

Yeah, yes
Ah-ah, ah