

*"Ms. Third Ward, your first question: what is your aspiration in life?"*

*"Oh, 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.

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 (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.

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 past.

Pretty hurts (Pretty hurts, 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).

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 (Pretty hurts).

It's the soul that needs a surgery.

When you're alone all by yourself, when you're lying in your bed.

Reflection stares right into you: are you happy with yourself?

Stripped away the masquerade, the illusion has been shed.

Are you happy with yourself? Are you happy with yourself?

Yeah, yes, ah, ah.