

Lisa

Burt Bacharach

How can anyone so beautiful be mine, love?

Beautiful, beautiful hands are meant to hold
And yet your hands are untouched I'm told
Standing like a statue carved out of stone
Lovely and alluring and alone

How can anyone so beautiful be mine love, so unloved?

Everyone envies you
They say you have wealth and fame
When you walk on the street
Everyone whispers your name, Lisa, Lisa, Lisa

Beautiful, beautiful girls have broken hearts
Being unwanted is how it starts
Some men are afraid to reach for a star
So, you must be worshiped from afar

How can anyone so beautiful be mine love, so unloved?