

Hawksley Workman, Clever Not Beautiful

Sharks follow my trail, and it won't be long
They've fallen for the oldest trick in the book
It never goes wrong oh no
Mask and snorkel and a bottle of ketchup
Oh those desperate old sharkfins start to circle me in anger
Oh be clever not beautiful, oh be clever not beautiful
If your goal is plain survival well then be clever not beautiful
(Ha) Poets lock up your words, your tongues are all tied
Oh let read in every history book that the poets all tried to lull us
With lilting, songs of a struggle to mountain up a notion
That we were something more than animals
Be clever not beautiful, oh be clever not beautiful
If your goal is plain survival well then be clever not beautiful
Not like your face, as you roam in the garden
Not as the earthworms gather beneath your feet
You give it all away(all away) for free
As we sun our winter bellies(winter bellies)
In your spring(yaa)
Ooh be clever not beautiful, oh be clever not beautiful
If your goal is pure survival well then be clever not beautiful
Oh be clever not beautiful oh be clever not beautiful
If your goal is plain survival well then be clever not beautiful
Be clever not beautiful