

# 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