

# Hefner, The Greedy Ugly People

I had her on the carpet, twistin' and squirmin' about  
Trying to guess what she needs  
Trying to guess what the fuss was about  
She had a conscience that surely did need prickin'  
I was there for the pickin'  
As she would soon find out

The greedy ugly people are not like us  
They don't feel the love  
that she and I would die without  
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I had her on a chair in the middle of the living room  
And then we went to the bedroom  
where we were makin' spoons  
When we went out she started clickin' her heels  
She started stickin' her chest out  
'Cause she was starting to feel

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Love don't stop no war  
don't stop no cancer  
it stops my heart...