Owen, Ugly On The Inside

The lightening in this room Doesn't do a thing for you and your complexion

I'm sorry but it's the truth You look like the goddamn living dead

But honestly I don't care How you do or don't your hair

You're ugly on the inside

The makeup that you use to catch some eyes And hide your imperfections
Does little to conceal
An ego that's been bruised many times
But you've left it at home
With your underwear

But honestly I don't mind Who you do or don't today

You're still ugly on the inside

You've got time to change

Now go ahead and drink those drinks Drunk again Someone will drive you home