

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