

Sparks, Ugly Guys With Beautiful Girls

Ugly guys with beautiful girls
You always know what the story is.
Beautiful girls with ugly guys
What do they take us for anyway?
What do they take us for anyway?

Ugly guys with beautiful girls
Ugly guys with beautiful girls

As they walk down the street arm in arm, I see them and once again feel the need to ask myself the question, the question that has weighed heavily on me of late. How is it possible that a guy and a girl so dissimilar in physical appearance, there being such a disparity in how attractive each is, be nonetheless in what would appear to be some sort of relationship?

It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.
It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.
It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.

Ugly guys with beautiful girls
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How do we explain this? An attraction of opposites? No, that theory has been refuted by many experts in the fields of human psychology. A much greater attraction seems to come from one more similar to oneself. Personality, perhaps? Without intending to sound judgmental, I would say that he doesn't look like what was once called a "live wire" or "the life of the party." He appears rather expressionless. His movements are stiff and even awkward. Perhaps he is a person of some intellect-an expert in science, the arts, political theory. No, I think not. See how well tailored his clothes are, how well cut his hair is.

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(Ugly Guys With Beautiful Girls con't.)

I must confess to you, my listeners, that I have been a little less than honest in pretending I had no answers to my previous questions. You see, I lost someone very dear to me, someone very beautiful, to someone much like him.

Ah, you ask, surely there must have been other areas where you were deficient and he was not. No, I don't believe so. My shortcomings were of an economic nature. He was rich. I was not.

You see, I underestimated the appeal to her of things---imported things on wheels, large things with manicured lawns and Olympic swimming pools, things to wear around her neck that would glisten in the night light. Things. Still,

I am not bitter. Rather, I am an observer who saw first hand how life may not be fair. Would things have turned out differently between me and her had I moved up the corporate ladder quicker, been born of more noble stock, or done better on one of our journeys to Las Vegas? Perhaps. In fact, I'm certain of it. Things would have turned out differently between me and her. I know this now. It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.

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