

Tankard, Ugly Beauty

Woman of my dreams, so blond and beautiful
I just got to have that lady, so sweet and dressed to kill
We went out on a date
I took her to my place
She whispered in my ear
She'd do anything for me
When she got undressed I found to my surprise
Padded bra and cotton stuffing, a whip and Jelly thighs
She was not what she was cracked up to be

What you see is awful beauty
Don't you be a sucker for some caudy illusion
What you get is pretty ugly
Look behind the picture for a different conclusion

Going on a trip, I've got to get away
Makes me feel so free and easy when I lay myself I line
No troubles anymore
I float above the floor
But no I'm crashing down
The world is spinning round
Need another kick, I got the Junkie blues
Down and out I feel like dying, my mind is so confused
Lies and self-delusion, heaven is hell

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Everybody's dream, money and luxury
All my wishes and desires, I buy'em just like that
Ten cars and twenty whores
Wild parties, been galore
A golden toilet seat
But still I feel like shit
Now I realize you can't buy hapiness
Everybody loves my money, but my life is a mess
Everything that glistens need not be gold

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