Bacon Brothers, Not Born To Beauty

WRITTEN BY KEVIN BACON, MICHAEL BACON

He was headlining the Lazy Lounge
And the crowd was growing thin
It was me and two drunk salesman
And a waitress named Corine
He wasn't much to look at
Drum machine and a bad toupee
But he brought out a beat-up Strat
And blew us all away
He was born to do it
He was born to play
Like there was nothing to it
Like he did it every day
Not some well-pierced pretty boy
That you find on every block
Not Born To Beauty
Not Born To Beauty
Born to rock

Open mike in a village bar
All the bands would play for free
When the drummer took his solo
I realized he was a she
Now she was bigger than a houseboat
She was lucky it was dark
But you should've seen her hands float
And she could bite you like a shark
She was born to do it
She was born to play
Like there was nothing to it
Yeah she did it every day
Not some skinny pin-up
She had time like a Swiss-made clock
Not Born To Beauty
Not Born To Beauty, yeah

Their clothes are out of style
And the road shows on their faces
The hair that once lived on their heads
Has moved to other places
Maybe they got day jobs
To support this rockin' jones
But the rhythm fits them like a skin
And the blues is in their bones

Turn on your MTV
And you won't find them there
You can read that Rolling Stone cover to cover
You won't find them anywhere
But in basements and garages
Hotel lounges, roadside bars
Close your eyes and hear the tunes
And you'll be seeing stars
They were born to do it
They were born to play
Yeah there was nothing to it
Yeah they did it every day
Not too good to look at
Less like Kirk and more like Spock
Not Born To Beauty
Not Born To Beauty
Born to rock