

Beautiful South, The, I May Be Ugly

Beautiful South, The
Quench

I May Be Ugly
(heaton/rotheray)

With a face like a crab's bus ticket
And skin like a llama's door mat
He was always gonna struggle
Nature had seen to that

He dreamt of those old-fashioned movies
Where bogart gets the dame
But a lorry load of lorre
Is still the score of pain

And he sings
I may be ugly
But i've got the bottle-opener
He may be fat but he's got the cork-screw
And in the party party politics of this ugly fame
There is no orderly queue

With a chin like a tramp's juke-box
And eyes like a rhino's ash-tray
It was always going to be pantomime
That made him sing and dance anyway

When you feel like london
And you look like hull
You think travolta pulled newton - john
Who did john hurt pull?

And they compliment the compliment
And it's driving you insane
It's like talking to a helicopter
When you know that you're a plane

Breath like a mountain goat's satchel
Nose like a pool of sick
But you always leave your flies ahoy
'cause the world wants to suck your dick
Let it suck!

And he sings
I may be ugly
But i've got the bottle-opener
He may be fat but he's got the cork-screw
And in the party party politics of this ugly fame
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