

# Jude, Charlie Says

Tortilla chips are on my lips  
and no one's pressed against my hips  
Bad beat poet late at night  
The city gets bright I can see  
The neon lights don't work on me  
I am no watcher in the fight

Charlie says nobody's got a strange and hidden power  
and no one is really beautiful  
They're all just mediocre men of the hour

If sex was love I'd be so set  
I'd know the most that we could get  
I never had the tits and ass  
to go and take a master class

Charlie says nobody's got a strange and hidden power  
and no one is really beautiful  
They're all just mediocre men of the hour  
mediocre models of the hour  
mediocre men  
mediocre men...

You take me places and you make cool faces  
when all sex erases the lonely past  
and you found me when I was first and ten against eleven men  
who could kick my ass, but anyway  
it's probably gonna pass....

I do not know but it's been said  
the hero Hogan was found dead  
with something wrapped around his head  
the price he paid was more than bread

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and no one is really beautiful  
no one is really beautiful  
no one is really beautiful  
they're all just mediocre men of the hour  
mediocre jokers of the hour

If what you're looking for is an action star  
I'm a superstar stud with a formula car  
and a cleft in my chin and a facial scar moving hard  
If the squeaky wheel gets the grease  
then I'm a rode hard Harley on my hands and my knees  
I'm begging for your love please

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mediocre men of the hour  
mediocre models of the hour....