

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

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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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they're all just mediocre men of the hour
mediocre men of the hour
mediocre models of the hour....