

# Marc Almond, Ugly Head

Oh I bet your life  
You're sick of the sight  
Of those eat in, take out, throw up pizza bars  
Love's just got to pass your way in time  
You smell of prison, smell of crime  
I just didn't want to say I told you so  
Someone called "Hey yesterday boy!"  
Take your well worn body away from my sight  
Friends run like rats from a sinking ship  
Leaving you naked to the night  
Now you're known as the last resort  
By the vultures on the make  
They say  
'You have to eat the hamburger  
To appreciate the steak'  
You always feel the sting of words  
As children are so cruel  
They called you Ugly, Ugly Head  
When you were at school  
You've tried to make the best of things  
But it seems you've given in  
They call you Ugly, Ugly Head  
Something makes you feel the living sin  
Things must feel so insecure  
When you're on your last legs  
You're swimming in the coffee pot  
Drowning in the dregs  
But you haven't got the sense to die  
(Or get a decent job)  
To look into a mirror  
Or at the very worst some kind of God  
You need something to believe in  
I just wish it was yourself  
Try to summon up the guts  
To rectify your ailing health  
For there's something round the corner  
Waiting just out of sight  
That'll stop you feeling low and limp  
And naked to the night  
You always feel the sting of words  
As children are so cruel  
They called you Ugly, Ugly Head  
When you were at school  
You've tried to make the best of things  
But it seems you've given in  
They call you Ugly, Ugly Head  
Something makes you feel the living sin  
Ugly, Ugly, Ugly  
Ugly, Ugly, Ugly  
Ugly, Ugly, Ugly  
Ugly Head!