

Marc Almond, Unborn Stillborn

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!