Maria Mena, Ugly

Look at us now, generation next
damaged somehow, but we try our best.
And we're all the same, but that doesn't make us right.
And where do you turn?
Where do you sleep at night?

So now you think we're ugly,
like I don't have enough to worry about.
Why do you think I'm ugly?
Which magazine did ya read so you could judge me now?

Look at us stare,
jealous of what they wear.
Dad gives you money, but he's never there.
And we cry out for love, never get enough of that.
And now you're into drugs and all that "other" stuff.

And now you think we're ugly,
like I don't have enough to worry about.
Why do you think I'm ugly?
Which magazine did ya read so you could judge me now?

So now you think we're ugly,
like I don't have enough to worry about.
Why do you think I'm ugly?
Which magazine did ya read so you could judge me now?

People have said to me
they think they're better then me, and I agree, yeah.

People changing me
telling me what to think and who to be.

No wonder why we're confused...
are you me?

So now you think we're ugly,
like I don't have enough to worry about.
Why do you think I'm ugly?
Which magazine did ya read so you could judge me now?

So now you think we're ugly, ugly, ugly, ugly