Mike Doughty, Looks

You say you don't look at me
I say you don't look so good
I went out in the cold
to buy a paper
Pushing every button in the elevator

But I know
I got my looks
and you got yours
Must have learned them
from a million stars
Oh looks
Oh man
Oh looks
Oh man

I get em on the bus
and I get em on the streets
and I get them from you
Always looking for a reason
looking for a cure
What can I do
I'm just so tired of you

And I wish the lights would dim
Cause I can see what this is leading to
and it looks real grim

But I know
I got my looks
and you got yours
Guess you just weren't
What I was looking for
oh looks
oh man
oh looks
oh man

I get em on the bus
and I get on the street
and I get em from you
Always looking for a reason
Looking for a cure
What can I do
What can I do
What can I do
What can I do
What can I do