

Sparks, Looks, Looks, Looks

(Ron Mael)

Looks, Looks, Looks

You had sense, you had style, you had cash galore

Looks, Looks, Looks

You employed her and dressed her in formal fashion

Still you bore her because you ain't got a Nose that's straight, a set of perfect teeth

You got a built-in seat, that makes you look effete

You know that looks, looks, looks, are why you rely on books

Looks, Looks, Looks

>From the eye to the brains just one inch or two

Looks, Looks, Looks

>From the eye to the heart's only slightly farther

The smart grow smarter, but still can't compete

And they know deep down that they are scarred for life

And that a face can launch a thousand hips

It's gonna be all right

If it ain't, don't blame me, it's your looks

At night she masquerades her passion covered by a veil of calm

Say, put on your shoes

Say, put on your shoes

No use one look at her and anyone can tell that she's on fire

Spot her error

Spot her error

Spot her error

Well, now she's all over you

Looks, Looks, Looks

No, it's not very hard to make history

Looks, Looks, Looks

Just some cavalry and a good uniform that fits in places

where everyone tends to look and marvel

At the way you lead them on and

Look and marvel at the way you win because of

Looks, Looks, Looks

As long as you're long on looks

Spot her error

Spot her error

Spot her error

Well, now she's all over you

Looks, Looks, Looks

Far away, close at hand, it's the only thing

Looks, Looks, Looks

On the seas in the sand, any place is laced with

those who have it

And those who can only look