

# Spiritual Front, Thank God That I'm Pretty

Thank God I'm pretty  
The occasional free drink I never asked for  
The occasional admission to a seedy little bar  
Invitation to a stranger's car  
I'm blessed with the ability to render grown men tongue-tied  
Which only means that when it's dark outside  
I have to run and hide  
Can't look behind me  
Thank God I'm pretty  
Thank God I'm pretty  
Every skill I ever have will be in question  
Every ill that I must suffer clearly brought on by myself  
Though the cops would come for someone else  
I'm blessed, I'm truly privileged to look this good without clothes on  
Which only means that when I sing you're jerking off  
And when I'm gone you won't remember  
Thank God I'm pretty  
Thank you, God  
Oh, Lord  
Thank you, God  
Oh, oh  
And when a gaggle of faces appears around me  
It's lucky I hate to be taken seriously  
I think my ego would fall right through the cracks in the floor  
If I couldn't count on men to slap my ass anymore  
I know my destiny's such that I must stocking and curl  
So everybody thinks that I'm a fucking Suicide Girl  
Oh, oh  
Thank you, God  
For the occasional champagne I never asked for  
The occasional admission to a seedy little bar  
Invitation to a stranger's car  
I'm blessed with the ability to render grown men tongue-tied  
Which only means that when it's dark outside  
I have to run and hide  
Can't look behind me  
Thank God I'm pretty  
Thank God  
Thank God  
Thank you  
Thank you  
Thank you  
Thank you  
Thank you, God