

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