

Baby, make me feel like the way that you do  
You look so pretty, awfully pretty  
Sitting in your throne size stoop  
But I'm an ugly kid  
Ugly enough to not want to exist  
I'm an ugly kid and you're that pitch perfect angel  
Singing your classic smashing hit  
Now I'm glad I exist

Your eyes twinkle like all your tears from last night  
But if I make you cry again  
I think that I might just die  
I'm such a fucking ugly kid  
Ugly enough to just want to just quit  
I'm an ugly kid  
And you're like a summer sunset in Stockholm  
I'm like being stuck in fucking Bakersfield  
And walking home

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Nothing helps make up minds like roses or  
A lot of time but I'll just be sitting here  
Not close to you or somewhere near  
'Cause if you get too close to lovely bird it flies away  
A bird I should of been glad to see  
Instead of sad it wants to leave  
Should be happy, even if it's all without me

Baby, make me feel like the way that you do  
You look so pretty, awfully pretty  
Sitting in your throne size stoop, stoop, stoop, stoop, stoop  
(He's an ugly kid, such an ugly kid)  
Listen to this fucking trumpet, holy shit  
Stoop, stoop, stoop, stoop, stoop  
(He's an ugly kid, such an ugly kid)

That was a story of the kid  
Who fuckin', was real chunky growin' up  
And then he gets older and guess what?  
He's a little less chunky!