

I May Be Ugly

The Beautiful South

With a face like a crab's bus ticket
And skin like a llama's door mat
He was always gonna struggle
Nature had seen to that

He dreamt of those old-fashioned movies
Where Bogart gets the dame
But a lorry load of Lorre
Is still the score of pain

And he sings
I may be ugly
But I've got the bottle-opener
He may be fat but he's got the cork-screw
And in the party party politics of this ugly fame
There is no orderly queue

With a chin like a tramp's juke-box
And eyes like a rhino's ash-tray
It was always going to be pantomime
That made him sing and dance anyway

When you feel like London
And you look like Hull
You think Travolta pulled Newton - John
Who did John Hurt pull?

And they compliment the compliment
And it's driving you insane
It's like talking to a helicopter
When you know that you're a plane

Breath like a mountain goat's satchel
Nose like a pool of sick
But you always leave your flies ahoy
'Cause the world wants to suck your dick
Let it suck!

And he sings
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But I've got the bottle-opener
He may be fat but he's got the cork-screw
And in the party party politics of this ugly fame
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