

# 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  
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