

You're so pretty and I'm so lame  
You're ever-changing, I stay the same  
You give good sermon, I say bad grace  
My food for the soul, it leaves a bad taste

You save yourself, I'm saved by the bell  
Never lift my head up, no story to tell  
You save yourself, I'm saved by the bell  
Never lift my head up, no story to tell

I got cellulite on my thoughts and dreams  
I got cellulite on my thoughts and dreams  
But I'm not so clear, these potions and creams  
I got cellulite on my thoughts and dreams

You've got convictions, I've got fenced art  
I'm nowhere near the cliff, but I can see the drop  
I'm all sound and fury, I'm smoke without fire  
I see your watermark when I hold you to the light

You're so pretty and I'm so lame  
Cleanliness is closer to godliness they say  
Well now what does that mean  
If you can be God then I can be clean

I got cellulite on my thoughts and dreams  
I got cellulite on my thoughts and dreams  
But I'm not so clear, these potions and creams  
I got cellulite on my thoughts and dreams

What if I breathe, see what I see..

You're so pretty and I'm so plain  
You score in extra-time, I've seen better days  
You dust off your canvas, throw off your riot gear  
Don't need no tear gas, 'cos these are for real

Feel what I feel, see what I see