

Ugly

Fantasia

Couldn't have been but a hundred pounds soakin' wet
All stressed out and worried
Podunk, Missouri
And I don't know how or why or when her daddy left
But he drove off in a fury
She grew up in a hurry

Now skinny jeans and Maybelline
Make pretty girls do crazy things
Teenage tears and bathroom mirrors
Will stick with you throughout your years

Picket fence, two car garage and a man that she don't love
But he makes six figures
And she thought he'd fix her
But that iron gate feels more and more like an old bird cage
Than a way to keep out the dangerSo she takes to liquor

All the champagne brunches and upper class shine
Can't keep a woman satisfied
Swimming pools and bow and braids
And the baby thinks mama's the live in maid
If you as me, I think it's ugly, (so...)

Gimme a rusty old rain silo
Gimme good food that sticks to my bones
Thank you for that good good man who loves me
With dirt on my hands and scrapes on my knees
The feeling at night when i wash it all clean
I'm telling ya girls, its a beautiful thing
Trust me, it's far from ugly

Eighteen wheels and an open road
I sing my songs all across the country
Cause these people trust me

So give me
Gimme a rusty old rain silo
Gimme good food that sticks to my bones
Thank you for that good good man who loves me
With dirt on my hands and scrapes on my knees
The feeling at night when i wash it all clean
I'm telling ya girls, its a beautiful thing
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