

Charlie Says

Jude.

Tortilla chips
Are on my lips
And no one's pressed
Against my hips
Bad beat poet late at night

The city gets bright I can't see
The neon lights don't work on me
I am no watcher in the fight

Charlie says nobody's got the strange and hidden power and
No one is really beautiful
They're all just mediocre men of the hour

If sex was love I'd be so set
I'd know the most that we could get
I never had the tits and ass
To go and take a master class

Charlie says nobody's got the strange and hidden power and
No one is really beautiful
They're all just mediocre men of the hour
Mediocre models of the hour
Mediocre men
Mediocre men

You take me places and you make cool faces when our sex erases the lonely past and
You found me when I was first and ten against eleven men who could kick my ass
But anyway, it's probably gonna pass

I do not know but it's been said
The hero hogan was found dead
With something wrapped around his head
The price he paid was more than bread

Charlie's says nobody's got the strange and hidden power and
No one is really beautiful
No one is really beautiful
No one is really beautiful
They're all just mediocre men of the hour
They're all just mediocre jokers of the hour

If what you're looking for is an action star
I'm a superstar stud with a formula car
And cleft in my chin and a facial scar, movin' hard
If a squeaky wheel gets the grease
I'm a road hog harley on my hands and my knees
I'm begging for your love please

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No one is really beautiful
No one is really beautiful
They're all just mediocre men of the hour

Mediocre men of the hour
Mediocre models of the hour