

Being Pretty Ain't Pretty

Pistol Annies

I fought it all for a while
But I went out of style again
I don't read the magazines
And I can't keep up with the trends

The red on my nails keeps chipping off
The pink on my lips just adds to the flaws
I ain't good at fake lashes
Every time I wear high heels I fall

Being pretty ain't pretty, it takes all day long
You spend all your money just to wipe it all off
You spray on your perfume, you spray on your tan
Get up in the morning, do it over again
Being pretty ain't pretty at all

Mama was simple
Sweet as the day is long
Daddy always said she looked better
With no makeup on

She wouldn't be caught dead
Bleaching her reds
But I'd spend the house payment
On new cowboy boots
How the hell did the apple
Fall so damn far from the tree

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