

# The End Of The End Of The Ugly

Sonic Youth

You're not telling what you feel  
You're just say you can't deal  
You're just lying like a peel  
You're just saying it ain't real

Mum told you  
And I'll tell you  
You better pick it up  
You left your room

I'm not telling you what or feel  
I'm just saying I can't deal  
You're just lying like a peel  
I'm just saying you ain't real

Your mum told you  
And I'll tell you  
You better straighten up  
It's such mess inside

You're so hot  
You're bad  
You're tangled

Television pants shock gello price phone bill fax paper  
Cranberry juice dirty sock cd's tapes highschool yearbook  
Comb and all those let ups

Your mum told you  
And I'll tell you  
If I make you cry  
I'll poke your eye

I'll tear you limb for limb  
Lying in your room  
What we said is true  
And as such were through