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Beautiful Grey ''I May Be Ugly''

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(Heaton/Rotheray) With a face like a crab's bus ticket And skin like a llama's door mat He was always gonna struggle Nature had seen to that

He dreamt of those old-fashioned movies Where Bogart gets the dame But a lorry load of Lorre Is still the score of pain

And he sings I may be ugly But I've got the bottle-opener He may be fat but he's got the cork-screw And in the party party politics of this ugly fame There is no orderly queue

With a chin like a tramp's juke-box And eyes like a rhino's ash-tray It was always going to be pantomime That made him sing and dance anyway

When you feel like London And you look like Hull You think Travolta pulled Newton - John Who did John Hurt pull?

And they compliment the compliment And it's driving you insane It's like talking to a helicopter When you know that you're a plane

Breath like a mountain goat's satchel Nose like a pool of sick But you always leave your flies ahoy 'Cause the world wants to suck your dick Let it suck!

And he sings I may be ugly But I've got the bottle-opener He may be fat but he's got the cork-screw And in the party party politics of this ugly fame There is no orderly queue

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