

Beautiful South "I May Be Ugly"

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With a face like a crab's bus ticket
And skin like a Lama'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
(La la la)
But I've got the bottle opener"
He may be fat but he's got the cork screw
(La la la)
And in the party party politics of ugly fame
(La la la)
There is no ugly queue
(La la la)

With a chin like a tramp's jukebox
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 Hall
You think Travolta pulled Newton John
(La la la)
Who did John hurt Paul?

And he sings I may be ugly
(La la la)
But I've got the bottle opener

(La la la)
He may be fat but he's got the cork screw
(La la la)
And in the party party politics of ugly fame
(La la la)
There is no ugly queue
(La la la)

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

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

And he sings I may be ugly
(La la la)
But I've got the bottle opener
He may be fat but he's got the cork screw
(La la la)
And in the party party politics of ugly fame
There is no
(La la la)
There is no
There is no
(La la la)
Is no ugly queue
(La la la)

[Incomprehensible]

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