

Crocketts, The

"Survival If The Prettiest"

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It is my saving grace
I bow to no one
Even on dismal days
I never make haste
To judge a brain
By it's face
Roll me over
And kiss my mouth
I'll tell you what I
Was dreaming about

Sometimes you have just got to lose to win
Yesterday's frog will be tomorrow's prince

Survival of the prettiest
Give a warm welcome to truth
It's not what's inside you
It's the survival of the prettiest
But every flower withers and dies
And everyone is equal in time
Ww decline, wither and die

A toast for temptation
My eyes are often gripped by
The beauty of beautiful bodies
But the flesh is just
The first choice for falsified fools

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