Ugly

Stephanie Quayle

Couldn't have been
But a hundred pounds
Soaking wet
All stressed out
And worried
Podunck Missouri
I don't know how
Or why
Or when
Her daddy left
But he drove off
In a fury
She grew up in a hurry
Now skinny jeans
And Maybelline
Make pretty girls
Do crazy things
Teenage tears
And bathroom mirrors
Will stick with you
Throughout your years
Trust me
It's all so ugly
Picket fence
Two car garage
A man
She don't love
But he makes six figures
She thought he'd fix her
That iron gate
Feels more and more
Like an old bird cage
Than a way to keep out the danger
So she takes to liquorAll the champagne brunches
And upper class shine
Can't keep a woman satisfied
Swimming pools and bows and braids
And the baby thinks mama's the live in maid
If you ask me

I think it's uglySo give me a rusty old grain silo
Give me good food that sticks to my bones
Thank you for that good good man that loves me
With dirt on my hands
And scrapes on my knees
The feeling at night when I wash it all clean
I'm telling you girls it's a beautiful thing
Trust me
It's far from Ugly18 wheels
And an open road
I sing my songs
All across the country
Because these people trust meSo give me a rusty old grain silo
Give me good food that sticks to my bones
Thank you for that good good man that loves me
He loves me with dirt on my hands
And scrapes on my knees
The feeling at night when I wash it all clean
I'm telling you girls its a beautiful thing
Trust me
It's so far from Ugly
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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