

The Curse Of Great Beauty

[Clem Snide](#)

Your tooth ache, an ivory tower
So let down your long perfect legs
I'll untie the knots with my lips and my tongue
And rub Ambisol into your hair 'cause those paper cuts kept you from writing
A poem so epic and true
About how you are cursed with a beauty so great
I'm sure that it's hard being you So put down that book it's too serious
I'll undress you as I make a joke
But please try not to laugh as I swim in your flesh
Just hold your breath 'til I finish So explain it again to me slowly
About the physical world you transcend
I'll just watch you lips and perfect white teeth
And the cigarette that doesn't belong there

Songwriters

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