Ugly

Maria Mena

Look at us now, Generation Next, damaged somehow.
About how we try our best, and we're all the same,
But that doesn't make us right,
And where do you turn and where do you sleep at night?Look at us stare,tell us of what they wear.
Dad gives you money, but he's never there.
And We cry out for love, never get enough of that.
Now you're into Drugs, and all that other stuff.People have suddenly, they think they are better than me.
And I agree, people changing me
Tell me how to think and who to be.
No wonder we are confused, Are you me?So now you think we're ugly,
Like I don't have enough to worry about.
Why do you think I'm ugly?
Which Magazine did you read so you can judge me now?So now you think we're ugly,
Like I don't have enough to worry about.
Why do you think I'm ugly?
Which Magazine did you read so you can judge me now?So Now you think we're
Uh uh uh ugly.
Ugly, ugly.
Uh uh uh ugly.
Uh uh uh ugly.
Uh uh uh ugly.

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