

# Looks

## Maston

You say you don't look at me  
I say you don't look so good  
I went out in the cold to buy a paper  
Pushing every button in the elevator  
But I know, I got my looks  
And you got yours  
Must have learned them  
From a million stars  
Oh looks  
Oh man  
Oh looks  
Oh man I get 'em on the bus  
And I get 'em on the streets  
And I get them from you  
Always looking for a reason  
Looking for a cure  
What can I do? I'm just so tired with you  
And I wish the lights would dim  
'Cause I can see what this is leading to  
And it looks real grim  
But I know, I got my looks  
And you got yours  
Guess you just weren't  
What I was looking for  
Oh looks  
Oh man  
Oh looks  
Oh man I get 'em on the bus  
And I get 'em on the streets  
And I get them from you  
Always looking for a reason  
Looking for a cure  
What can I do? What can I do?  
What can I do?  
What can I do?  
What can I do?

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