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 elevatorBut I know, I got my looks
And you got yours
Must have learned them
From a million starsOh looks
Oh man
Oh looks
Oh manI 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 grimBut I know, I got my looks
And you got yours
Guess you just weren't
What I was looking forOh looks
Oh man
Oh looks
Oh manI 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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