Ugliness

Iggy Pop

Ugly Ahho Ugly Come on! Yeah! Hey! All right You got an ugly ass guy He got a problem with his dick You got a song with no soul Fucking don't mean a thing He got an ugly bouzy house He got a girlfriend on TV That girl's something He can't sing for shit And I'm trying to be a person But they all say I'm worthless I'm trying to be a person But they all make me nervous This is my description of an ugliness Ugliness, ugliness, ugliness You got a dog face chic With basketball tit's Porno sucks That's the truth of it You got a bunch of dumb fat guys In a wrestling uniform Trying to fake they're playing music They ought to be killed And I'm trying to be a person But they all say I'm worthless I'm trying to be a person But they all say I'm worthless This is my description of an ugliness This is my description of an ugliness

Ugliness And here comes the middle part Here comes They got the chics, the money cars and all But they ain't got no motherfuckin' balls They got the chics, the money cars and all But they ain't got no motherfuckin' balls They got a fungus on their dick They got bald heads and tupees They're in total control, total fucking control They're even parked in my space You got a song with no soul No truth, no love Because the music sucks That's why little kids blow up Everybody needs a gun To express feelings That should be expressed by a real musician And I'm trying to be a person But they all say I'm worthless I'm trying to be a person But they all say I'm worthless This is my description of an ugliness Ugliness, ugliness, ugliness I got to go out from here They got the car, the money house and all But they ain't got no motherfuckin' balls You see the cocksuckers on MTV And they ain't even got a good VCD Four times ugliness, ugliness, ugliness Here we gotta go Ugliness

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