

Ugly

Fantasia

[Fantasia]

Couldn't have been but a hundred pounds soakin' wet

All stressed out and worried

(Podunk, Missouri)

And I don't know how or why or when her daddy left

But he drove off in a fury

(She grew up in a hurry) Now skinny jeans and Maybelline

Make pretty girls do crazy things

Teenage tears and bathroom mirrors

Will stick with you throughout your years Picket fence, two car garage and a man that she don't love

But he makes six figures

And she thought he'd fix her

But that iron gate feels more and more like an old bird cage

Than a way to keep out the danger So she takes to liquor All the champagne brunches and upper class shine

Can't keep a woman satisfied

Swimming pools and bow and braids

And the baby thinks mama's the live in maid

If you as me, I think it's ugly, (so....) Gimme a rusty old rain silo

Gimme good food that sticks to my bones

Thank you for that good good man who loves me

With dirt on my hands and scrapes on my knees

The feeling at night when I wash it all clean

I'm telling ya girls, its a beautiful thing

Trust me, it's far from ugly Eighteen wheels and an open road

I sing my songs all across the country

'Cause these people trust me... So give me

Gimme a rusty old rain silo

Gimme good food that sticks to my bones

Thank you for that good good man who loves me

With dirt on my hands and scrapes on my knees

The feeling at night when I wash it all clean

I'm telling ya girls, its a beautiful thing (Trust me, it's far from ugly...)

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