Something Pretty

The Holy Smokes

Here I am, where Ive been
Ive walked a hundred miles in tobacco skin,
And my clothes are worn & gritty.
And I know ugliness,
Now show me something pretty.
I was a dumb punk kid with nothing to lose
And too much weight for walking shoes.
I could have died from being boring.
As for loneliness,
She greets me every morning.At the most Im a glare,
Im the hopeless son whos hardly there.
Im the open sign thats always busted.
Im the friend you need, but cant be trusted.At the most Im a glare,
Im the hopeless son whos hardly there.
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