

Ugly Guys With Beautiful Girls

Sparks

Ugly guys with beautiful girls
You always know what the story is.
Beautiful girls with ugly guys
What do they take us for anyway?
What do they take us for anyway?

Ugly guys with beautiful girls
Ugly guys with beautiful girls

As they walk down the street arm in arm, I see
them and once again feel the need to ask
myself the question, the question that has
weighed heavily on me of late. How is it
possible that a guy and a girl so dissimilar
in physical appearance, there being such a
disparity in how attractive each is, be nonetheless
in what would appear to be some sort of relationship?

It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.
It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.
It ain't done with smoke and mirrors.

Ugly guys with beautiful girls
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How do we explain this? An attraction of
opposites? No, that theory has been refuted
by many experts in the fields of human psychology.
A much greater attraction seems to come from
one more similar to oneself. Personality, perhaps?
Without intending to sound judgmental, I would
say that he doesn't look like what was once called
a "live wire" or "the life of the party." He appears
rather expressionless. His movements are stiff
and even awkward. Perhaps he is a person of
some intellect—an expert in science, the arts,
political
theory. No, I think not. See how well tailored his
clothes are, how well cut his hair is.

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(Ugly Guys With Beautiful Girls con't.)

I must confess to you, my listeners, that I have been
a little less than honest in pretending I had no
answers
to my previous questions. You see, I lost someone
very dear to me, someone very beautiful, to someone
much like him.

Ah, you ask, surely there must have been other areas where you were deficient and he was not. No, I don't believe so. My shortcomings were of an economic nature. He was rich. I was not.

You see, I underestimated the appeal to her of things--
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imported things on wheels, large things with manicured lawns and Olympic swimming pools, things to wear around her neck that would glisten in the night light. Things. Still,

I am not bitter. Rather, I am an observer who saw first hand how life may not be fair. Would things have turned out differently between me and her had I moved up the corporate ladder quicker, been born of more noble stock,

or done better on one of our journeys to Las Vegas?

Perhaps. In fact, I'm certain of it. Things would have turned

out differently between me and her. I know this now. It ain't

done with smoke and mirrors.

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