

# You're The Reason Our Kids Are Ugly

Conway Twitty

Well you're the reason I'm ridin around on big-capped tires  
And you're the reason I'm hangin our clothes outside on wires

And you're the reason our kids are ugly, little darlin'  
Oh but looks ain't everything  
And money ain't everything  
But I love you just the same

Well you're the reason I changed to beer from soda pop  
And you're the reason I never get to go to the beauty shop  
I guess that we won't ever have, everything we need  
Cuz when we get ahead, it's got a double mouth to feed

And that's the reason my good looks, and my figure is gone  
And that's the reason that I ain't got no hair to comb

Conway, why in the devil don't you go and shave,  
or put on clean pair of pants?  
But Loretta, look at yourself. I wish you'd take  
them curlers outta your hair and go put on a little  
make-up and get outta that housecoat before supper.  
Well let me tell you somethin' Conway. Considering everything t  
hat  
I went through today, I look like a movie star.  
Yeah, Ruth Buzzley.  
Thank you.  
Besides that, all of our kids took after your part of the famil  
y anyways.  
Oh they did, hunh? What about the ones that's bald?  
Well I guess you could say they took after me.