

# UGLY

slowthai

Toy soldiers in lines fall like dominoes  
One mans trash is cash, for some it's liquid gold  
Said that you love me, you make me feel ugly  
You said that you love me, but you make me feel ugly

TV screens, adverts, and the grown men  
Crying like infants for no reason  
People make mountains out of mud hills  
Boys with their toys, and flexing their muscles

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y

When pigment's a depiction of class  
When your body has to be wine glass  
You drop your guard, you realise it's hard  
It's ugly  
Loving is brittle, plastic but soft in the middle  
The same as Skittles  
When vultures perch with a piercing grin  
Your boss won't fuck off and you're on the brink  
The rent is due and you're overspent  
The world is ugly  
The world is ugly, the world is ugly, the world is ugly

U-G-L-Y  
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U-G-L-Y

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y

I'm sick of toying with a broken idea  
I'm sick of thinking there's a reason I'm here  
We're just puppets in a simulation  
We're just puppets in a simulation  
With a pipe dream like a pipe bomb in the 80s  
White screen, being brainwashed to a regime  
Stuck getting lead like we're dogs out the kennel  
All this trauma in the name of a medal

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y

You will notice when I'm not around  
10 minutes to late to say you're sorry  
At first they love you, then they're stubbing you out  
We kill each other for some juice and a bit of clout

In progress we test man-made devices  
Getting tired of migrants, the only ones trying  
You will stare in admiration  
You will stop what you're doing  
Cut the tension with a butter knife  
You are not in control  
The moment the world stands still  
You are not in control the moment the world stands still  
You are not in control, you are not in control, you are not in control  
You are not in control

U-G-L-Y  
U-G-L-Y  
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