

# Europe Looked Ugly

## The Boomtown Rats

Europe looked ugly the very last time that I saw her  
Tall and so empty, she sucks on her teeth and looks tired  
She picks up her skirt, still coiled and no longer worth knowing  
She grins toothlessly and see the light die in her eyes

I'm taking my time, I'm taking my time- I won't hurry  
I sit and I watch the last train to leave for a while  
And the buildings themselves seem to sag from the effortless standing  
Well the trees and the people are bent from the effort of dying

So I watched up from the window, and she opened her legs wide before  
me  
And the trails through the bile leave tracks like a steel slug on slime  
Well, me I keep thinking 'bout the iron that surrounds her, protects  
her  
'Cus a chastity belt for a whore seems almost too sublime

Oh, oh, oh  
What do we do now?  
Wo, oh-oh-oh-ohh  
What do we do now?  
With you and your stories  
We feel sorry for you  
With you and your stories  
We feel sorry for you  
Yeah we do

I don't like my body, the things that it needs just disgust me  
I don't like my mind, the things that I think aren't quite sane  
But I can still function normal, so long as my mouth moves  
I think it's the culture, I'm lucky they can't see my brain

Hey, hey, oh  
What do we do now?  
Wo-oh-oh-oh-ohh  
What do we do now?  
With you and your stories  
We feel sorry for you  
With you and your stories  
We feel sorry for you, and you, and you  
Oh, What do we do now?  
Wo-oh-oh-oh-oh, What do we do now?  
With me in your stories  
I feel sorry for you  
In three of my stories  
I felt you  
Yeah we do

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