

## The Muggs - "Born Ugly" (2011)

### **01. Born Ugly**

i'm the truth that's as long as the tooth in my jaw  
i'm the schoolboy who's lost all his faith in the law  
the gods have been had/ our hopes on the line  
sun-dried on the vine

i'm the thunder who spoils all your slumber at dawn  
i'm the savior who's told his behavior is wrong  
the gods have been had/ flawed by design  
sun-dried on the vine

gun lobby heads/ tea party goons  
left by the right/ slaves to the news  
it's not what you say/ it's goals undefined  
harder to say/ easy to sing/ vision is gold/ ugly is king

lines in the sand/ holes in our shoes  
left by the right/ slaves to the news  
dreams left for dead/ flawed by design  
harder to say/ easy to sing/ vision is gold/ ugly is king

### **02. Blood Meridian**

long through the desert at noon/ out of the haze i see them clear  
i lost my saddles too/ burned by a crooked auctioneer

hard livin' on the plains abandoned  
banditos with their holsters free  
coyotes on a trail to skin my hide/ if my horses get through  
down on you

creep like a lizard of prey/ the air of surprise is on my side  
i'm aimin' for 3 this day/ just to keep myself alive

scalp huntin' in a burst of madness  
banditos with their holsters free  
coyotes on a trail to skin my hide/ if my horses get through  
down on you

horse tradin' on a foal abandoned  
banditos with their holsters free  
dust settles on the eve of abject time/ if my horses get through  
down on you

### 03. Home Free

don't blame the hunter/ just blame the beast  
it's not the hunger/ must be the feast  
so said the jeweller/ it's just a stone  
and if i wander/ will it lead me on home

are you running?

if not the farmer/ must be the seed  
don't blame the sermon/ must be the priest  
dance hall is empty/ for sake of art  
it's worth defending/ with every beat of my heart

are you running?

run from the weather/ endure the freeze  
don't let the ending/ dictate the means  
so said the jeweller/ it's just a stone  
and if i wander/ will it lead me on home

### 04. Clean Break Blues

hey boy watcha starin' at?/ aww you're knotted up with the blues  
warm shadows on the wall before you  
hey baby won't you marry me?/ yeah there's nothing better to do  
just end it when i start to bore you

send for the loons and stand 'em in line  
trash another room on somebody's dime  
struck by the way it seems/ don't let 'em say that i tried to warn ya  
blame it on the thought detectives/ wonder who's the most affected too

stone played like a broken kazoo/ a comb and paper machine  
up down ain't no in-between no  
lonestar swingin' in a dirty saloon/ i'm slingin' suds like a fiend  
last call if you know what i mean

treading lagoons or sailing the Nile  
the cleaner the break/ the quicker the smile  
struck by the way it seems/ the coast of Maine down to Macon Georgia  
blame it on the thought detectives/ wonder who's the most affected too

carry the tune/ hold it high off the ground  
warding off the loneliness with its sounds  
finding the perfect way/ to say i've tried but it's time i leave ya  
summon up the thought detectives/ wonder who's the most affected  
i gotta keep my heart protected too

## 05. Notes From Underground

i've been writing/ all night  
recognizing martin eden's plight  
is it morning?/ not quite  
blurring words/ the cadence just not right

just gotta ride it out/ no time to settle down  
i'm a fool and a fake  
there's ones who wanna believe/ there's ones who need to deceive  
i only know that i know nothing

i've been writing/ all night  
trying to channel dostoevskys' light  
is it sickness?/ or spite  
dying to make this bildungsroman fly

just gotta write it out/ the page a battleground  
i'm a fool and a fake  
there's ones who wanna deceive/ there's ones who need a reprieve  
i only know that i know nothing

## 06. Dear Theo

a peasants hue/ tills his fields all alone  
i'll paint him blue/ 'cause i'm a long long way from home

it's my state of mind/ crows rise from the fold  
with unfailing eyes/ know that my paint is my life  
my countryside  
i write to you/ 'cause i'm a long long way from home

all these starry skies/ i hope you see them too  
i'll paint 'em blue/ 'cause i'm a long long way from home  
i'm a long long way from home

## 07. Losing End Blues

are you goin' my way?/ hitch a ride  
i'm on the losing end/ i take my lumps in stride

one is not a number/ it takes a champ to figure my mind  
i won't leave ya/ the best is yet to come  
let's blow this scene and leave 'em behind  
hitch a ride

are you goin' my way?/ hitch a ride  
i'm on the losing end/ these scars are hard to hide

take my hand i need ya/ your touch can pull this thorn from my side  
i won't leave ya/ the best is yet to come  
your smile is all i need to survive  
hitch a ride

misery sure loves company

### **08. 6 To Midnite**

the lamp is burnin'/ fog it shrouds the street  
the carriage churnin'/ maiden claws the seat  
the wolf is howlin'/ a gruesome serenade

when i'm alone/ it takes two to pray

terror lurkin'/ horseman calls his steed  
the moon is scowlin'/ cue the wilhelm scream  
witches burnin'/ village had their say

when i'm alone/ it takes two to pray

6 to midnite/ fog it shrouds the street  
the night electric/ mud up to his knees  
heads are rollin'/ horseman wipes his blade

when i'm alone/ it takes two to pray  
i'm doin' three to four/ the devil's five and 6 away

### **09. Sturm Und Drang**

three's the reason/ 3 don't lie  
storms' horizon high tide  
ghost is keelin'/ to and fro  
hump submerged in the foam  
crew is reelin'/ now's the time  
all hands braced on the nine

a soul's just a toy to be played with  
bits of ferment on the move  
they can't believe what he's sayin'  
sold his poor heart for his muse

ghost in pieces/ wrenched and torn

cursed the day he was born  
london eden/ wolf's the sage  
drown the words on the page  
crew is reelin'/ now's the time  
all hands braced on the nine

i'll just agree what he's sayin'  
bits of ferment on the move  
what's there to keep me from playin'?  
sold my poor heart for a tune

### **10. Hats Off To Mr. Beardsley**

the helpless princess gave a little scream  
carrousel his cut was sharp and was deep

the barber left the room on pointed feet  
they promptly hanged him on meridian street

illustrations bourne of feverish dreams  
a fractured beauty that is not what it seems

herodias as an insolent queen  
the savoy's pages filled with jesters and fiends  
they just arrested oscar wilde as a crowd starts to boo  
oh what can they do?

the book is yellow but it's turning them green  
the masquerade portrayed as far from pristine  
i'd like to toast him 'cause i know it's only faith and taboo  
oh isn't it true?

### **12. Kitchen Sink Blues**

not much time/ much to say  
all these thoughts here i'd rather i'd rather not try to explain  
not much time/ much to say  
need the sun but i'd rather stand out in the rain

quite content to let dylan just take me to school  
like michel de montaignes' thoughts on riots and rule

not much time/ much to say  
i'd love to play the guitar like my man brian may  
not much time/ much to say  
love my people who hang at the cadieux cafe

walk through strawberry fields and watching 'em grow  
fills my heart just like smile and caroline no

not much time/ much to say  
posing questions can lead me deep down in malaise  
not much time/ much to say  
as for answers i'd rather not give them away

thank the ones who implore me to sing them a song  
screw the ones who dare tell me i can't sing at all!

### **13. Last Words**

you can't keep me down  
i know my sun will rise soon  
blessed be the sound  
of the tide vs. the moon  
i've strayed and i've sinned  
oh so lost in the blues  
just a voice on the wind  
i know the breeze will ring true