

# Bacon Brothers, Not Born To Beauty

WRITTEN BY KEVIN BACON, MICHAEL BACON

He was headlining the Lazy Lounge  
And the crowd was growing thin  
It was me and two drunk salesman  
And a waitress named Corine  
He wasn't much to look at  
Drum machine and a bad toupee  
But he brought out a beat-up Strat  
And blew us all away  
He was born to do it  
He was born to play  
Like there was nothing to it  
Like he did it every day  
Not some well-pierced pretty boy  
That you find on every block  
Not Born To Beauty  
Not Born To Beauty  
Born to rock

Open mike in a village bar  
All the bands would play for free  
When the drummer took his solo  
I realized he was a she  
Now she was bigger than a houseboat  
She was lucky it was dark  
But you should've seen her hands float  
And she could bite you like a shark  
She was born to do it  
She was born to play  
Like there was nothing to it  
Yeah she did it every day  
Not some skinny pin-up  
She had time like a Swiss-made clock  
Not Born To Beauty  
Not Born To Beauty, yeah

Their clothes are out of style  
And the road shows on their faces  
The hair that once lived on their heads  
Has moved to other places  
Maybe they got day jobs  
To support this rockin' jones  
But the rhythm fits them like a skin  
And the blues is in their bones

Turn on your MTV  
And you won't find them there  
You can read that Rolling Stone cover to cover  
You won't find them anywhere  
But in basements and garages  
Hotel lounges, roadside bars  
Close your eyes and hear the tunes  
And you'll be seeing stars  
They were born to do it  
They were born to play  
Yeah there was nothing to it  
Yeah they did it every day  
Not too good to look at  
Less like Kirk and more like Spock  
Not Born To Beauty  
Not Born To Beauty  
Born to rock