

# Tim Minchin, Beauty

Beauty is a harlot  
She will dance with any bastard  
She's undiscerning in her choice of partners  
I could have her of course if I wish  
But I object to her promiscuousness  
Beauty just doesn't suit me

For beauty is a harlot  
An easy lay for lazy artists  
I won't be fooled by her vulgar charm  
It is the easiest trick in the book  
Music's the worm and beauty's the hook  
And I know you would swallow her whole  
But I'm not here to pander to souls

For beauty is a siren  
Trying to draw me from my chosen mission  
I won't be tempted by her seductive singing  
On principle I refuse to be party to her abuse  
It is not my job to squat in the gutter  
Sharing the teat with you beauty drunk suckers  
You paid to see satire and rage  
I swear I won't let beauty set foot on this stage

For beauty is a siren  
A spotlight hungry superficial harlot  
She will toy with your defenceless heart and leave you  
Tear streaked when the lights come on  
You look around to find her gone  
And despite your sighs you've not a clue  
That as you fell for her, she stole from you

For beauty is a harlot  
She will lie with any two bit artist  
And for all those other bastards  
She seems to come so easily  
But she comes too hard for me