You Ain't Gonna Die
(You're Gonna Ugly Away)

You got the disposition of a sewer rat.
You make love like a crippled vampire bat.
You smell something like a mildewed bathroom mat.
When you laugh, ripples flow down your fat.
  You ain’t gonna die, you ain’t gonna die.
  You ain’t gonna die, you’re gonna ugly away.

Every time you move, for you it’s a major chore.
You got to turn sideways to go through a door.
You’re conversation’s filled with assorted snorts.
You got the complexion of an infected wart.
  You ain’t gonna die, you ain’t gonna die.
  You ain’t gonna die, you’re gonna ugly away.

Ug, ug, ugly away.
You’re gonna ug, ug, ugly away.
You’re gonna ug, ug, ugly away.
You’re gonna ug, ug, ugly away.
  You ain’t gonna die, you ain’t gonna die.
  You ain’t gonna die, you’re gonna ugly away.

So take your acid breath and your hairy arms
And get yourself a ride to the nearest freak farm.
And get yourself a job cleaning out the barn.
And maybe some cow will dig all of your charms.
  You ain’t gonna die, you ain’t gonna die.
  You ain’t gonna die, you’re gonna ugly away.

Opus 17 (1968)
YOU AIN'T GONNA DIE
(YOU'RE GONNA UGLY AWAY)

YOU GOT THE DIS-CO-SITION OF A
SEW-ER RAT

YOU MAKE LOVE LIKE A CRIP-PLED
MAJ-OR

YOUR MOUTH SEEMS TO WANT TO HAVE A
BATTLE SHIP

YOU'RE GONNA UGLY AWAY

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