

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.

YOU AIN'T GONNA DIE (YOU'RE GONNA UGLY AWAY)

(OPUS 19)

WORDS &
MUSIC
BY ROBERT J.
MARKS II

C7 G7

C7

YOU GOT THE DIS-FOR-SI-TICH OF A SEW-ER RAT YOU MAKE LOVE LIKE A CRIP-PLD
 (-) EV-RY TIME YOU MOVE FOR YOU IT'S-A MAJ-OR CHOR-E YOU GOT TO TURN SIDE-WAYS TO GO
 (YOU) HAVE THE DAIN-TY FIG-URE OF A BAT-TLE SHIP YOUR MOUTH SEEMS TO WANT TO HAVE A

F7

VAM-PI-RE CAT YOU SMELL SOME-THING LIKE A MILL-DEWED BATH ROOM MAT SNORTS YOU
 THRU A DOOR YOUR YOUR CON-VER-SA-TIONS FILLED WITH A SORT-ED MEN-TAL FIT YOUR
 FISHOOK IN IT YOU WALK LIKE YOU'RE IN SOME KIND OF

C7 G7

WHEN YOU LAUGH RIP-PLES FLOW DOWN YOUR FAT } YOU AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU
 GOT THE COM- PLEX-ION OF AN IN-FEG-TED WART }
 SKIN'S A- BOUT AS SMOOTH AS A CATCH-ER'S MIT

F7 G7 C G7

AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU AIN'T GON-NA DIE YOU'RE GON-NA UG-LY A-WAY } REPEAT TWICE
 YOU

C7

UG UG UG-LY A-WAY YOU'RE GON-NA UG UG

F7

UG-LY A-WAY YOU'RE GON-NA UG UG UG-LY A-WAY YOU'RE GON-NA

C⁷ G⁷ F⁷

US UG UG-LY A-WAY YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU

G⁷ C G⁷ C⁷

AINT GON-NA DIE YOU'RE GON-NA UG-LY A-WAY SO TAKE YOUR A-CID BREATH AND YOUR

HAIR-Y ARMS AND GET YOUR-SELF A RIDE TO THE NEAR-EST FREAK FARM AND

F⁷ C⁷

GET YOUR SELF A JOB CLEAN-ING OUT THE BARN AND MAY-BE SOME COW WILL DIG

G⁷ F⁷

ALL OF YOUR SHIT YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU AINT GON-NA DIE YOU

G⁷ C C

AINT GON-NA DIE YOUR GONNA