

Pretty Gone

Lloyd Cole

Somebody somewhere must pay
Not you, you just walk away
To the foot of her stairs
She at the top with her head in the clouds

Was she easily led?
Well, can you tell me that you were not
You, unwashed and undressed
She with her head full of your cigarettes

She is oh such a pretty one
Wrapped up in needlecord and coincidence
And you don't know what to want
'Til it's gone, gone, gone
Pretty gone

Somebody somewhere must pay
Somebody else will confess all your sins
You'll be saved then you'll step on that face
She will laugh, she will kiss she and tell

She is gone, she is pretty gone
She's under your thumb
Oh you little man
And you don't know what you want
'Til she's gone, gone, gone

Pretty dress
Full of nothingness
To confess, she is nothing less
She was half way to holiness
When you said

Won't you put on your dress
And come down to Magazine Avenue
Won't you put on your dress and come down?