

## Rare, Precious and Gone

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Cry baby boy, not tears of joy  
The one you held is no longer your toy  
She's got her new boots  
And her make up on  
You can call her your friend  
But never 'lover' again  
She's made it clear as air that this affair  
Is at an end  
So what are you doing holding on?  
Can't you see  
She's rare, precious and she's gone  
She's rare, precious and she's gone  
She was soft in your hands, now she's shattered your plans  
I'm sympathetic but you've got to understand  
You tried to squeeze her  
Into someplace she just don't belong  
She was being sincere when she breathed in your ear  
As long as there were stars in the night sky  
She'd be near