Caroline laughs and it's raining all day she loves to be one of the girls she lives in the place in the side of our lives where nothing is ever put straight she turns her self round and she smiles and she says this is it that's the end of the joke and loses herself in her dreaming and sleep and her lovers walk through in their coats pretty in pink isn't she pretty in pink isn't she all of her lovers all talk of her notes and the flowers that they never sent and wasn't she easy and isn't she pretty in pink the one who insists he was first in the line is the last to remember her name he's walking around in this dress that she wore she is gone but the joke's the same pretty in pink isn't she pretty in pink isn't she

Caroline talks to you softly sometimes she says "i love you" and "too much" she doesn't have anything you want to steal well nothing you can touch she waves she buttons your shirt the traffic is waiting outside she hands you this coat she gives you her clothes these cars collide pretty in pink isn't she pretty in pink isn't she