

Psychedelic Furs, The "Pretty In Pink"

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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 herself 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 clothes

She's 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 unbuttons your shirt
The traffic is waiting outside
She hands you her coat
She gives you her clothes
These cars collide

Pretty in pink
Isn't she
Pretty in pink
Isn't she

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