

Pipettes, The

"Sex"

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He said we could talk about gossip
We could talk about lies
He said we could talk about rumours
We could do whatever I like
Then he said "lets stop with all the talking, why not try
something new?
Because there's no need for any talking in what we're
about to do"

Rest your pretty head, your pretty head
(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Don't trouble your pretty head, your pretty head

You know I'm all for conversation
I'm really quite a romantic you know
But why not get right to the point, its not that often we
are left alone
No offence but when you get going, you really can be
quite a bore
Now please don't take this the wrong way
But my ears are getting sore

Rest your pretty head, your pretty head
(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Don't trouble your pretty head, your pretty head
(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Oh rest your pretty head, your pretty head
(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Don't trouble your pretty head, your pretty head

We spent a winter and a spring, just listening not
talking
Come weather, rain or shine
No-one ever told you then the conversations in my
head helped me to pass the time

Oh rest your pretty head, your pretty head
(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Don't trouble your pretty head, your pretty head
(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Oh rest your pretty head, your pretty head

(Just rest, just rest, just rest your pretty head)
Don't trouble your pretty head, your pretty head

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