

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions "Pretty Gone"

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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 and 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 until 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, yes and tell
She is gone, she is pretty gone, she's under your
thumb
Oh you little man but you don't know what you want

Until 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?

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