

## **Roches**

# **"Pretty And High"**

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(Words & Music by Margaret A Roche)

She came on the stage  
In a dress like the sky  
She had painted a sunset  
Around her eyes  
And all of the people  
Were charmed and surprised  
At how pretty and high and shy she was  
Pretty and high and shy

She at the window  
And the prince upon the bed  
They were for an hour  
Before he said  
If she had no place else  
She was welcome to stay  
But she'd better get back  
And she thanked him the same  
Leavin' him pretty and high and dry  
Pretty and high and dry

The prince was confused  
So he asked the magician  
The magician arrived  
At the answer profound  
If she takes off her dress  
The sky will fall down  
Cause she's pretty and high and a lie  
Pretty and high and a lie

I work at the circus  
And I sleep with the clown  
When I took off my dress  
The sky fell down  
If the sky falls down  
Then we play on the ground  
Cause I'm pretty and high and only partly a lie  
Pretty and high and only partly a lie  
Pretty and high and only partly a lie

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