

The Heavenly States "Pretty Life"

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This is the best, the best of the blessed
It didn't test the camera
I couldn't take another picture from the fire
But it's taking hold, the paper and gold
The foolish thoughts we inspire
I somehow overthrow the places I've grown to admire
Oooo
Sit on the throne, and talk on the phone
Everybody's doing fine
You'd be better off dead and the rest is a throwaway
line
A lock of the curls of a beautiful girl standing by my
side
She could've thrown me off like the deadest weight
She's all right

There is a mountain of lovers uncouncted to dig up and
throw away
You're one of those lovers it'll hurt to uncover one
day
You are the west and the west is a test
Dig it up please and play nice
There's no way to measure but pleasure to pleasure
It's just fine

As you yell out the window
As you stare at the wall
Through the red of the engine light
She will carry us all
It's a pretty life
Til you're smashing the rock into roll
It's a pretty life
Til your're smashing the rock into roll
Through the glass of the window
Through the stone of the wall
Through the red of the engine light
She will carry us all
It's a pretty life
Til you're smashing the rock into roll
She a pretty wife
Til you're smashing the rock into roll

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