

The Libertines US "Pretty Picture"

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Uncomfortable?
Oh, this silly gun!
Don't worry...
I never load it.
If you can't trust yourself,
Who can? I said,
To your red puddle on the floor.

Not a pretty picture. A demented thought, that's all.
Medium green and Mars black paint.
You hung it on the wall.

If you only knew.
What I think about sometimes!
But, don't worry...
I'd never try it.
I walk through the store,
Killing everyone,
And then rush home
To paint all about it.

Not a pretty picture. Sometimes I get, well, you know...
Excited. You've watched me... Emotional. Emotional.

Not a pretty picture. A demented thought, that's all.
Medium green and Mars black paint.
You hung it on the wall.

Sometimes, you'll ask me.
How did I catch this black plague;
And, if I suffer,
Why don't you see it?
Time this
With your wristwatch.
For every second we live,
We die.
With a familiar puzzled look,
You turn away.

Not a pretty picture. You needn't know about my Ma.
Dear mother, who has scarred me, is hanging on the
wall.

Not a pretty picture. A demented thought, that's all.
Medium green and Mars black paint.
You hung it on the wall.

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