

The Mr. T Experience "Sackcloth And Ashes"

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She looks pretty good in blue she's worn it out a lot. You
look good on
Paper too when actually you're not. She's not looking
anymore for
Someone to feel sorry for so don'cha come round no
more. She's got
Pretty fake eye-lashes, slanted plastic glasses.
Everyone who passes
Says she looks beautiful. But don't even think about
asking her to dance
Cause in your sackcloth and ashes you're never gonna
have a chance.
Sackcloth and ashes. She smeared you with her
fingerprints just because
She could. She's not sorry for her sins as long as she
looks good. How
Can she have so much fun knowing all the things she's
done. She's bad,
She's strong, or maybe she's stupid. But she's got
pretty party dresses,
Manic-panic tresses. She believes that less is more
where you're
Concerned. And you can only dream about the places
that she's been cause
In your sackcloth and ashes they're never gonna let
you in. One day
Maybe you'll be way beyond this silly habit you've put
on. Though and
Strong enough and wrong and wrong enough for long
enough to belong
There. But till that day comes along you'll be sullen and
regretful
Querulous and fretful carrying a head full of evil
thoughts and there'll
Be lots of girls and people who want to know where you
stand but in your
Sackcloth and ashes you'll never make them
understand. Sackcloth and
Ashes. Sackcloth and ashes. Sackcloth and ashes.
They're never gonna
Understand.

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