

## **The Psychedelic Furs**

### **"Pretty In Pink"**

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Caroline laughs and it's raining all day  
She loves to be one of the girls  
She lives in the place in the side of our lives  
Where nothing is ever put straight  
She turns her self round and  
She smiles and she says  
This is it  
That's the end of the joke  
And loses herself in her dreaming and sleep  
And her lovers walk through in their coats

Pretty in pink isn't she  
Pretty in pink  
Isn't she

All of her lovers all talk of her notes  
And the flowers that they never sent  
And wasn't she easy  
And isn't she pretty in pink  
The one who insists he was first in the line  
Is the last to remember her name  
He's walking around in this dress that she wore  
She is gone but the joke's the same

Pretty in pink isn't she  
Pretty in pink  
Isn't she

Caroline talks to you softly sometimes  
She says "I love you" and "too much"  
She doesn't have anything you want to steal  
Well nothing you can touch  
She waves  
She buttons your shirt  
The traffic is waiting outside  
She hands you this coat  
She gives you her clothes  
These cars collide

Pretty in pink isn't she  
Pretty in pink  
Isn't she

\*caroline's on the table screaming  
Confidence is in the sea  
And all their favorite rags are worn  
And other kinds of uniform  
They kid you you're really free  
And you know what you want to be  
Case of individuality  
Until tomorrow  
And everything you are you'll see  
In pure shiny buttons  
They put you in this gear  
And driveways broken  
Doorbell sings in chimes  
It plays anything goes  
Bells toll in rhyme

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