

## Jennifer Grassman "Pretty Girls"

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Blood bought on the fair ground  
What was lost is not found and no one cares  
Poison slow and painful  
To cause necrosis of the heart and the soul.

Something tells me you are crazy  
Your girl's living in a maze,  
She sets off flares on her lost island  
Wonders when you'll feel the burn.

And that's where all the Pretty Girls have gone  
Gone where every girl in every century goes,  
Yes that's the high all the Pretty Girls are on  
Drinking down corrosives as they wallow in  
The lust of men in devil's clothes,  
No one claims to know.

The life-lines are all wasted  
Upon corpses and killers and no on shows  
Panic for the children  
Who are lost out in a sea where evil flows,

And Goya's painted faces  
Kissing angels that trade Heaven in for Hell,  
Peace is bought through bleeding  
It's the cheapest and the slowest way to go.

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Your girl's living in a maze  
She sets off flares on her lost island  
Wonders when you'll feel the burn.

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Gone where every girl in every century goes,  
Yes that's the high all the Pretty Girls are on  
Drinking down corrosives as they wallow in  
The lust of men in devil's clothes.  
No one claims to notice.

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