

Pretty Things

"S. F. SORROW IS BORN"

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For ten weeks now, number three stood empty
Nobody thought there would be
Family laughter behind the windows
Or a Christmas tree

Then a couple from up north
Sorrow and his wife arrived
Before the sun had left the streets
They were living inside

Then before too long
The street it rang with the sound
From number three there came the cry
"S. F. Sorrow is born"

S. F. Sorrow is born
S. F. Sorrow is born
S. F. Sorrow, S. F. Sorrow
S. F. Sorrow is born

The sunlight of his days
Was spent in the gray of his mind
As he stole love with a tongue of lies
The world is shrinking in size

S. F. Sorrow is born
S. F. Sorrow is born
S. F. Sorrow, S. F. Sorrow
S. F. Sorrow is born

Aah, S. F. Sorrow
Aah, S. F. Sorrow
Aah, S. F. Sorrow

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