

## Pretty Things

# "She Was Tall, She Was High"

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And as she weaves her way, through city streets,  
The dawn arrives.  
In concrete glades of metal grass,  
Steel cords are woven tight.  
But she is free, f ...r...double e,  
She was tall, she was high,  
Lord she almost touched the sky,  
Today, I said today,  
She was tall, she was high,  
Lord she almost made me cry,  
Today, she spends her time.  
Beside grey lakes of lead she's harnessed to  
A kneeling form,  
Before the storm subsides, she's flown  
And leaves the body torn.  
But she is free, f ...r...double e,  
She was tall, she was high .....

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