

The Dead Milkmen

"Pain For Pretty"

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Smoke another cigarette, watch the rain
Put me on the outskirts of a mental train
What's done's been done, you can't change that
I couldn't make the window, I couldn't go back

Is there no getting free
Something's dying inside me
Pain for pretty can't you see
Changes... oh, no, no

Watching the predictions, it looks like snow
I'd like to travel south but I can't go
December's on the crest, almost gone
Shadows on the pavement never looked so long

Maybe it's my attitude, I can't get straight
Take me like I am or throw me away
Trying to kill the dream that's inside me
I don't want to end up your casualty

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