

## The Pretty Things

### "Baron Saturday"

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Oh! baron saturday  
Sorrow, he'll show you games to play  
He bends his mouth up to your ear  
The words won't disappear  
He'll take your eyes out for a ride  
Through an eyeglass of tears it's not clear.

Oh! baron saturday  
White visions black, mister malady  
'neath a sky of milk  
You're drinking silk  
You've fast the runcible spoon  
On satin plates  
Young maidens wait  
To be devoured in the glare of the moon.

Except for baron saturday

Your life was cool  
Good senses rule  
Throw your life away.

Oh! baron saturday  
Let him steal your mind away  
He'll show you the grave  
Of someone who was saved  
From living their life in a year  
He'll show you the grave.  
Of someone who was saved  
From taking his life with a knife.

Except for baron saturday  
Your life was cool  
Good senses rule  
Throw your life away.

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