

The Rumours

"Pretty"

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Descending the stairway
You lead us to ruin
Remember the last time you felt it was coming back

The silent crescendo
It gives us a gentle blow
It tempts you to falter
And leads you from what you know

You judged me wrong, so here's your song
Count your blessings
You're such a waste
Soon you'll taste all my hatred

Pretty
You are just a little bit ugly inside
Still you fix your hair under the electric glare
Leave me wasted
But it really is you who should cry
I feared you, but it's just a memory
This violence unending
Leaves wounds still unending
What you feel, it must be sickening
You ask for forgiveness
Forever won't bring this
I see you, I know you're so
thump thump *thump thump*

Pretty
You are just a little bit ugly inside
Still you fix your hair under the electric glare
Leave me wasted
But it really is you who should cry
I feared you, but it's just a memory

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