

# Adrian Belew, Pretty Pink Rose

She's just been to Russia and they're dying their faces  
They're dying over there

A pretty pink rose

That r'n'r lady takes a space-ship ride she's out of this world

A pretty pink rose

And we're living for you my love, we're living for you  
And we're dying for you my love  
Pretty pink rose

She tore down Paris on the tail of Thom Paine  
But the left wings broken the right insane

A pretty pink rose

Have a nice day, it's a killer, turn a cheek  
It's a christian code

A pretty pink rose

And we're living for you my love, we're living for you  
And we're dying for you my love

Pretty pink rose

She's the poor man's gold she's the anarchist crucible  
Flying in the face of the despot cannibal

She's a pretty pink rose

Never let it rain, never let it rain on the heart of the pretty pink rose

Pretty pink rose

And we're living for you my love, we're living for you  
And we're dying for you my love, pretty pink rose

Get me thru the pain, thru the pain of the thorn on the pretty pink rose

Never let it rain, never rain never rain, the pretty pink rose

Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart, of the pretty pink rose

Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart

Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart, of the pretty pink rose

Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart

Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart,, of the pretty pink rose

Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart