

Cher, Young And Pretty

Come from the suburbs into the city
They say you can make it
If you're young and pretty
Dreams must be tall
Ain't it a pity
But they say you can make it
If you're young and pretty

So I sit inside my dressing room
Waiting for the band to play
And I wonder what is left to loose
Where is anyone, any way

Outside a neon, face from exhaustion
Screaming with promise of what's inside
But nobody's watching
I go for the money, my wallet's a liar
Nothing inside cause the world is on fire

So I give them that old routine
No one listens, any way
When I fight for what it means
God I wish I had someone here today

So I give them that old routine
No one listens, any way
When I fight for what it means
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Come from the suburbs into the city
They say you can make it
If you're young and pretty
Come from the sidelines into the city
They say you can make it
If you're young and pretty

They say you can make it
If you're young and pretty