

Mike Scott, Rare, Precious And Gone

Cry baby boy, not tears of joy
the one you held is no longer your toy
She's got her new boots and her make up on
you can call her your friend
But not your lover again
she's made it clear as air that this affair is at an end
So what are you doing holding on?

Don't you see she's
rare, precious and she's gone
She's rare, precious and she's gone

She was soft in your hands, now she's shattered your plans
I'm sympathetic but you've got to understand
You tried to squeeze her somewhere
she just don't belong
She was being sincere when she breathed in your ear
as long as there were stars in the night sky she'd be near
Even angels get it wrong!

Won't you see she's
rare, precious and she's gone
She's rare, precious and she's gone

It's a subtle trap
seeding guilt in her mind
But she ain't taking your crap
this time
Boy you're out on a line...

She's a queen among women, a child among queens
the finest thing that your lovesick eyes have ever seen
She's a rose without a thorn
she's a peach, she's a prize
A gift in disguise
she's graceful and colourful and when she grows
she'll be wise
But most of all my friend, she's gone
gone, gone gone!

She's rare, precious and she's gone
rare, precious and she's gone
Yes, she's rare, precious and she's gone
she's rare, precious and she's gone
Gone, gone gone...