

Pretty Things, She Don't

She doesn't see the yellow light, falling on formica table tops
She doesn't see the empty chairs in her life
Of all these sad cafes, I think she's seen quite a lot.
And heard all this road house stuff going down.

And I say she don't have to worry.
She don't have to care,
She don't have to worry
'cause I'll be there.

I feel like I'm such a fool, keeping something up here
The reasons that I do just ain't clear
I try I try I try to keep satisfied

But it isn't what I want,
And nothing's gonna keep me from the other side

And I say she don't have to worry.
She don't have to care,
She don't have to worry
'cause I'll be there.

It seems like a hopeless case of just plain wasted time
I don't feel another day makes any sense.

She don't need to worry.