

The Psychedelic Furs, Pretty In Pink

Caroline laughs and it's raining all day
She loves to be one of the girls
She lives in the place in the side of our lives
Where nothing is ever put straight
She turns herself 'round and she smiles and she says
"This is it, that's the end of the joke"
And loses herself in her dreaming and sleep
And her lovers walk through in their coats

She's pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?

All of her lovers all talk of her notes
And the flowers that they never sent
And wasn't she easy?
Isn't she pretty in pink?
The one who insists he was first in the line
Is the last to remember her name
He's walking around in this dress that she wore
She is gone but the joke's the same

Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?

Caroline talks to you softly sometimes
She says, "I love you" and too much
She doesn't have anything you want to steal
Well, nothing you can touch
She waves, she buttons your shirt
The traffic is waiting outside
She hands you this coat
She gives you her clothes, these cars collide

Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
</lyrics>

In album version:
</lyrics>
Caroline's on the table screaming
Confidence is in the sea
And all their favorite rags are worn
And other kinds of uniform
They kid you you're really free
And you know what you want to be
Case of individuality
Until tomorrow

And everything you are you'll see
In pure shiny buttons
They put you in this gear
And driveways broken
Doorbell sings in chimes
It plays anything goes
Bells toll in rhyme
</lyrics>

In single versions:

<lyrics>
All their favourite rags of war
And other kinds of uniform
That kid you you are really free
Like individuality
You are what you want to be
Until tomorrow