

Al Stewart, Pretty Golden Hair

In England's pleasant green
Like a picture postcard scene
To childhood spread with fond maternal care
From the day that he was born
Proud relations came to fawn
And compliment his pretty golden hair

In boyhood sent away
To a boarding school to stay
Its crumbling proud traditions forced to bear
And his friends in this new world
Said he looks more like a girl
With those blue eyes and pretty golden hair

Fades secluded youth
Into manhood's search for truth
His mother's eyes now wet had turned to stare
For he said I must be bound
This day for London town
For I believe my fortune's waiting there
So like an eager cutting knife
He plunged in a new life
Oh never known beforehand anywhere
And the thought that he might trip
In his ignorance and slip
Never struck beneath his pretty golden hair

Ah the days soon grew thin
And boredom fast set in
His job was thrown away without a care
For a man who softly said
You'll earn twice as much instead
With those blue eyes and pretty golden hair

Well London town possessed
Of many a tempter's nest
And thus he fell with scarce another care
As so easily he slipped
Into prostitution's grip
Foundationed by his pretty golden hair

Ah but the years quickly flew
And his mind slowly grew
From early freedom into deep despair
As the money ceased to roll
A tired and lonely soul
Poured curses on his pretty golden hair

Ah the years stole their time
Now the living's hard to find
And early friends have vanished in the air
And the gay parties's ease
Changed to public lavatories
Have turned to grey his pretty golden hair

Oh his life was only used
And his body just abused
By those who never think and never care
But though his file said suicide
No, that wasn't why he died
It was murder by his pretty golden hair