

Charlotte Martin, Pretty Thing

Am I treading in your flow
Well maybe I don't wanna know
That we are gone before we go
And you are upside down
Waiting in the sweet debris
To shock you into loving me
I'm not the way I used to be
And I am still alive
And I am still alive

I am not your pretty thing
I am not your pretty thing
I am not your pretty thing
Your seventeen or prom queen anymore

I might be too good for you
And maybe you could get a clue
I'll let you salt my wounds
So tell me who's pretty now
I don't know how a creep can sleep
And why your talk is always cheap
And what you're sowing you will reap
You sure get around
And you sure get around

I am not your pretty thing
I am not your pretty thing
I am not your pretty thing
Your seventeen or prom queen anymore

And you can't have the sun at the same time as the rain
And you can't be wild and then be tame
'Cause I just found out you were caught bein' nasty
With a whole lot to say, a whole lot to say
That's insane
I am sane, I am sane
I am sane, I am sane

I am not your pretty thing
I am not your pretty thing
I am not your pretty thing
Your seventeen or prom queen anymore

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Your seventeen or prom queen anymore