

Cursive, The Lament Of Pretty Baby

I saw something I was not supposed to see
A ghostly memory that keeps on haunting me

(The kitchen door was open a crack,
So naively we peeked inside)

Oh, darling sister, have they hurt you, have they hurt you?
Oh, Pretty Baby, they won't touch you
They won't touch you again
We will fix this incident

I don't want to be seen as a pretty thing
'Cause it's the pretty things that we're always breaking...

(And now she whispers into the mirror:) I'm broken.

Oh doctor, doctor, can you fix me, can you fix me?

Oh Pretty Baby, you're so naive -- but it comes off so cute
We don't want to fix you
We love you just the way you are
The butterfly pinned to the page
The nightingale locked in the cage -- won't you sing for me?
Sing for me, uh-huh
Yeah, we love you just the way you are
Crushed 'neath fashion magazines
Trampled by circus pony dreams -- won't you kiss me?
Won't you kiss me, uh-huh

Oh please, mister, can't you fix me, can't you fix me? (uh-huh)
Someone, anyone, won't you fix me, won't you fix me? (uh-huh)
Oh, someone, please, the moon has raped me
I can feel it inside me
Oh, mama, please let someone fix me!
Let them fix me, uh-huh
Let them fix me, uh-huh

So cry yourself to sleep
Cry yourself to sleep 'cause I am strong and you are weak
Wait, you are strong, and I am weak
Fuck -- just cry yourself to sleep