

Fono, Pretty You

If I do I do it for myself
If I fail then I blame no one else
Never lost just not so sure
Of where she's meant to be
Oh pretty you, pretty you, pretty you

She tracks back high in a gasoline dream
And the girl never knows
just what she means

Close your eyes and breathe in deep again
Hold your face and start to dream again
Lift your hands to shining eyes
That look so far away
Oh pretty you, pretty you, pretty you

She tracks back high in a gasoline dream
And the girl never knows
Just what she means

Inside, outside
Pretty you