

Lloyd Cole, Pretty Gone

somebody somewhere must pay
not you you just walk away to the foot of her stairs
she at the top with her head in the clouds
and was she easily lead
well can you tell me that you were not
you unwashed and undressed
she with her head full of your cigarettes
she is oh such a pretty one wrapped up in needlecord and coincidence
and you don't know what to want
until it's gone gone gone pretty gone
somebody somewhere must pay
somebody else will confess all your sins
you'll be saved
then you'll step on that face
she will laugh she will kiss yes and tell
she is gone she is pretty gone she's under your thumb
oh you little man but you don't know what you want
until she's gone gone gone
pretty dress full of nothingness to confess
she is nothing less
she was half way to holiness when you said
wont you put on your dress and come down to magazine avenue
wont you put on your dress and come down?