

No Address, Pretty Girl

She's just a pretty girl
who comes around here
to make you smile

Red wine all stains your lips
and baby I'd like to wipe it off
But I can't bare to touch you now

Your eyes are looking down
right into the pavement

And I hope you know

that I tried to change your mind

Twenty floors up baby says
she just sometimes wants to jump
She holds a drink, she holds a dream
but that's not all

Hand in your pockets
jingling on your keys and I can't stop it