

Pretenders, My City Was Gone

I want you to love me
That's all I want from you
I want you to love me
One day

I know I'm a peasant
Dressed as a princess
But that doesn't mean you have
To take my clothes away

If I could show you
Some happiness
Then I would feel
Like a real princess
That to me would be success
My baby

I seen you dancin'
A natural beauty
You make this dive
Seem sublime
You really get
To the heart of the music
You're the poetry of time

If there's a method
To writing a song
How come I'm getting it wrong
You write the beautiful songs
Baby

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon baby
Take my hand
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon show me
To the love land

Can this really happen
In this day and age
Suddenly
To just turn the page
Like walking on stage
My baby