

# Sasha, Pretty Thing

Wake up, break up, step out of your dream  
Never gonna get my loving, life's not what it seems  
Claiming she's from Hollywood  
but she's a southern girl  
Trying to make a living  
In a mad and crazy world  
Money's all that matters  
in her narrow mind  
Once you start to talk to her  
She's of the simple kind  
Oh you pretty thing - you're superficial  
Oh you pretty thing - born artificial  
Wake up, break up, step out of your dream  
Never gonna get my loving, life's not what it seems  
You better wake up, break up, got to get a life  
Never gonna get my loving, 'cause you can't make it right  
Waiting in the hotel lobby  
Hanging at the bar  
Checking out the V. I. P.'s  
Pretending she's a star  
Girl, you're looking good to me  
But looks ain't everything  
You won't get my sympathy  
nor my diamond ring  
Oh you pretty thing - you're superficial  
Oh you pretty thing - born artificial  
Oh you pretty thing - you're superficial  
Oh you pretty thing - born artificial  
Music: Michael B. & di Lorenzo  
Lyrics: Michael B., di Lorenzo & Pete Smith & JX Jones