

Social Distortion, Pretty In Pink

[Originally by Pscyhedelic Furs]

Caroline laughs and
It's raining all day
She loves to be one of the girls

She lives in the place
In the side of our lives
Where nothing is
Ever put straight
She turns herself round
And she smiles and she says
'This is it'

'That's the end of the joke'
And loses herself
In her dreaming and sleep
And her lovers walk
Through in their coats

Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?

All of her lovers
All talk of her notes
And the flowers
That they never sent
And wasn't she easy
And isn't she
Pretty in pink
The one who insists
He was first in the line
Is the last to
Remember her name
He's walking around
In this dress
That she wore
She is gone
But the joke's the same

Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?

Caroline talks to you
Softly sometimes
She says
'I love you' and
'Too much'
She doesn't have anything
You want to steal
Well
Nothing you can touch
She waves
She buttons your shirt
The traffic
Is waiting outside
She hands you this coat
She gives you her clothes
These cars collide

Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?