

The Jayhawks, Pretty Thing

Taking pictures of the boys
Passed out in your bed
True collector till the end

You burned your bridges well
With games of kiss and tell
Left me twisting in the wind

You occupy your days
Walking through a maze
Convincing everyone you've got a lot to say

You're such a pretty thing ...
I taught you everything you know

When you first came to town
Buying drinks until you drowned
So many wasted nights

The blood lay an your hands
Trying to make amends
But you're spilling on your dress

The gypsy's on the move
But the caravan remains
New backdrop but same old play

You're such a pretty thing...
I taught you everything you know