

The Pretenders, Precious

I like the way you cross the street
'Cause I'm precious.
Moving through the Cleavland heat,
How precious.
You're taking nights and all the kicks:
You're so precious.
But you know I ain't shittin' bricks,
'cause I'm precious.
He's picked at fifth and Euclid Avenue:
Was real precious.
Hotel, still and comin' into view.
How precious.
Pity that you bruised my hip,
'cause I'm precious.
You shouldn't let your manners slip:
You're too precious.
Make me wanna -
Make me wanna -
Maybe make it.
We were bound, bound, bound, bound to show it.
We want to do it, do it, do it, do it on the pavement.
Maybe, maybe I'm going to have a baby.
We want to do it - do it all night.
I was feeling kind of ethereal.
'Cause I'm precious.
I got my eye on your imperial.
You're so precious.
Now, Howard the Duck and Mister Strausbow Straid:
Precious.
Trapped in a world that they never made.
But not me, baby - I'm too precious.
F**k off!