

The Smiths, Pretty Girls Make Graves

Upon the sand, upon the bay
There is a quick and easy way, you say
Before you illustrate
I'd rather state
I'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am
And Sorrow's native son
He will not smile for anyone
And pretty girls make graves

End of the pier, end of the bay
You tug my arm and say: "Give in to lust
Give it up to lust..
Oh heaven knows we'll soon be dust.."

I'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am
And Sorrow's native son
He will not rise for anyone
And pretty girls make graves

I could have been wild and I could have been free
But Nature played this trick on me
She wants it now
And she will not wait
But she's too rough
And I'm too delicate
Then on the sand
Another man, he takes her hand
A smile lights up her stupid face
(and well, it would..)
I lost my faith in womanhood
I lost my faith in womanhood
I lost my faith...

<i>Hand in glove
The sun shines out of our behinds</i>