

# Zita Swoon, Pretty Girl

Talkin' bout a pretty girl  
She got blues behind her eyes  
You'd think that sadness and beauty is  
an unexpected combination  
But you can find it almost anywhere  
you go

I'm talking 'bout a pretty girl  
Life ain't easy, even when you're cute  
People wanna put her in a frame  
She can't walk the streets  
without them calling her names

The thing about a pretty girl  
She carries something people crave  
She's like a promise someone broke  
She's like a room you're not allowed  
to go  
She moves like everybody  
wants to move  
She looks like everybody  
wants to look

Talking 'bout a pretty girl  
Boys don't leave her on her own  
They all want a piece of the cake  
she puts on the table  
She makes them all feel like they  
should do more than they are able

I wanna go to bed now and fall asleep  
I wanna wake up in the morning  
in a quiet breeze  
I don't need the agitation  
of a dog in heat  
Don't wanna jump around the room  
on my tired feet  
Lord, give me the power  
of a peaceful mind  
I wanna leave these rusty ideas behind  
Daddy, teach me  
'bout love and sensitivity  
Teach me  
'bout intelligence and positivity  
Oh, teach me

Talking 'bout a pretty girl  
She lives deep inside of me  
Maybe she lives the life I will lead  
in another lifetime  
Maybe I got a little taste of being free  
And that's how I know that  
she can never be  
She can never be that free  
Not that pretty girl  
If not even me