

# Pretty Girls Make Graves

## The Smiths

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 up to lust, oh Heaven knows  
We'll soon be dust" Oh, 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 Oh really? 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 Hand in glove  
The sun shines out of our behinds

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