

# Pretty In Pink

## The Psychedelic Furs

Caroline laughs and it's raining all day  
She loves to be one of the girls  
She lives in the place in the side of our lives  
Where nothing is ever put straight  
She turns herself round and she smiles and she says  
This is it, that's the end of the joke  
And loses herself in her dreaming and sleep  
And her lovers walk through in their coats

Pretty in pink, isn't she?  
Pretty in pink, isn't she?

All of her lovers all talk of her notes  
And the flowers that they never sent  
And wasn't she easy?  
Isn't she pretty in pink?  
The one who insists he was first in the line  
Is the last to remember her name  
He's walking around in this dress that she wore  
She is gone but the joke's the same

Pretty in pink, isn't she?  
Pretty in pink, isn't she?

Caroline talks to you softly sometimes  
She says, I love you and too much  
She doesn't have anything you want to steal  
Well, nothing you can touch  
She waves, she buttons your shirt  
The traffic is waiting outside  
She hands you this coat  
She gives you her clothes  
These cars collide

Pretty in pink, isn't she?  
Pretty in pink, isn't she?

All their favourite rags are worn  
And other kinds of uniforms  
That kid, you are really free

Like individuality  
You are what you want to be  
Until tomorrow

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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