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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