Pretty Things

Gretchen Peters

I knew a girl who said that beauty kills
Dulled the pain with wine and pills
Took that slow ride down the hill to nowhere
She said Pompeii crumbled and Athens fell
Heathens stormed the citadel
A girl like me ain't got a chance in hell against 'emOh pretty things, pretty things gone to ruinRained three days, when we awoke
Sun came out and the levee broke
Like some cruel and cosmic joke God's playing
Now I don't pretend that I believe
I know there ain't no guarantees
Still morning finds me on my knees and praying
Oh pretty things, pretty things gone to ruin
Come the flood you build an ark
Come the night you curse the dark
Inside your broken heart you bear the crosses
Some of us have got it made
Some of us have more than paid
But we're all marching in this slow parade of lossesOh pretty things, pretty things gone to ruin
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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