

# 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 'em  
Oh pretty things, pretty things gone to ruin  
Rained 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 losses  
Oh pretty things, pretty things gone to ruin  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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