

Pretty In Pink

The Dresden Dolls

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?
And 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? Caroline's on the table screaming
Confidence is in the sea
And all their favorite rags are worn
And other kinds of uniform They kid you, you're really free
And you know what you want to be
Case of individuality until tomorrow
And everything you are you'll see In pure shiny buttons
They put you in this gear and driveways broken
Doorbell sings in chimes
It plays anything goes, bells toll in rhyme

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