Pretty Young Thing

Red Circle Underground

Calling all you mothers asleep in your beds
your children are up watching the devil taking heads
dealing drugs and misfits, a conscious full of lies
you hear the voices calling just to see the sunrise
You pretty, pretty, pretty young thing

Conversation's dull, I think I'll go inside
where the lights are all fading to the night's quick demise
the party is over and we are going home
I'll be up for a while, sick of being all alone
You pretty, pretty, pretty young thing

I'll wake up in the morning,
my head spinning circles around you.
I'll wake up in the morning
with a pretty, pretty, pretty young thing.

Heads down you soldiers
you lonely crawlin men
with your time runnin over
best tell me where you've been
With your goddamn elation
at what you done for me
it's a sick time in heaven
we're standing where we please

Pretty, pretty, pretty young thing
Pretty, pretty, pretty young thing

Oh, the last time you came here
you told me i was wrong
and this difference was noticed
just take me as i come
And I told you nothing
I told you what you've done
And this sick time in heaven
was never all that fun

Pretty, pretty, pretty young thing
I'll wake up in the morning,

my head spinning circles around you.
I'll wake up in the morning
with a pretty, pretty, pretty young thing.

Lyrics submitted by BrittonSparkman.

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