Little Girl (With Blue Eyes)

Pulp

You're just a little girl with blue eyes. Everbody looks at you (well, it's your day) and you're stepping from the black car you'll be getting back in soon (and on your way). Little girl with blue eyes there's a hole in your heart. And one between your legs. You're never had to wonder which one he's going to fill. In spite of what he said. You'll never get away, hey, you'll give it up one day come what may. Dad's not got a shotgun but his look's enough to murder you (see what you've done) and forget about the painting 'cos you'd better get the washing done (something's wrong). Little girl with blue eyes, etc., face down on the pavement, chalk lines round your little hands (hit and run) and now a mother sits in silence in a darkness she can't understand (where you've gone). Little girl, etc.

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