

# Pretty Things

## Take That

Down, down, let your crazy out  
Boys go crazy over you  
Grip like a New York window cleaner  
Just staring at you Youth don't leave me, hair stay on me  
God, I love those hips  
Oh, memory don't forsake me  
Not like this All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things  
So collectible, why not collect them all  
Obviously cunningly, womanly  
All those pretty things, God bless the pretty things They're still out there somewhere  
Making men feel this way  
At fallen Broadway station  
I see them every day, all day Download a little meditation  
It might pull you through  
She blinded me with silence  
Anchored here with you All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things  
So collectible, why not collect them all  
Obviously cunningly, womanly  
All those pretty things, God bless the pretty things All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things  
So collectible, why not collect them all  
Obviously cunningly, womanly  
All those pretty things, God bless the pretty things Does she talk like ooh, ooh, ooh?  
Will it feel like ah, ah, ah?  
Does she tell you what she wants?  
Can you give her what she needs? Youth don't leave me, hair stay on me  
God, I love those hips  
Oh, memory don't forsake me  
Not like this All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things  
So collectible, why not collect them all  
Obviously cunningly, womanly  
All those pretty things, God bless the pretty things All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things  
So collectible, why not collect them all  
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All those pretty things, God bless the pretty things

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