

Thank God I'm Pretty

Emilie Autumn

Thank God I'm pretty
The occasional free drink
I never asked for
The occasional admission
To a seedy little bar
Invitation to a strangers car
I'm blessed
With the ability to rend
A grown man tounge-tied
Which only means
That when its dark outside
I have to run and hide
Can't look behind me
Thank God I'm prettyThank God I'm pretty
Evey skill I ever have
Will be in question
Every ill that I must suffer
Clearly brought on by myself
Though the cops would come
For someone else
I'm blessed
I'm truly priveleged
To look this good
Without clothes on
Which only means
That when I sing
Your jerking off
And when I'm gone
You won't remember
Thank God I'm prettyThank you God
Oh Lord
Thank you God
Oh ohand when a gaggle of faces
Appears around me
I'ts lucky I hate
To be taken seriously
I think my ego would fall
Right through the cracks
In the floor

If I couldn't count on men
To slap my ass anymore
I know my destiny such
That I'm all stocking and curl
So everybody thinks
That I'm a fucking suicide girl
Ohhohthank God I'm pretty
The occasional champagne
I never asked for
The occasional admission
To a seedy little bar
Invitation to a strangers car
I'm blessed
With the ability to rend
A grown man tongue-tied
Which only means
That when it's dark outside
I have to run and hide
Can't look behind me
Thank God I'm prettyThank God
Thank God
Thank you
Thank you
Thank you
Thank you
Thank you God

Songwriters
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