# Pretty Polly

## Gilbert O'Sullivan

Pretty Polly what have you done to your hair Keeping it in rollers won't get it nowhere Neither will it turn you into what Your mother prescribed when your father forgot Don't you think the boys could be looking at you After all you've got what it takes for them too Plus a little extra which I feel sure Will knock every knocker of Diana's door. It isn't funny I know But what's the point me hanging around When all I get from seeing you Is browned off, browned off, browned. [Solo] Pretty Polly don't be so anxious to smile We don't want the male population run wild All we ask is will one sweet young man Be anxious enough to take you off my hands

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