

# Pretty Gone

## Lloyd Cole & The Comotions

Somebody somewhere must pay  
Not you you just walk away to the foot of her stairs  
She at the top with her head in the clouds and was she easily led  
Well can you tell me that you were not, you unwashed and undressed  
She with her head full of your cigarettes  
She is oh such a pretty one wrapped up in needlecord and coincidence  
And you don't know what to want until  
it's gone gone gone, pretty gone  
Somebody somewhere must pay  
Somebody else will confess all your sins  
You'll be saved, then you'll step on that face  
She will laugh, she will kiss, yes and tell  
She is gone, she is pretty gone, she's under your thumb  
Oh you little man but you don't know what you want  
Until she's gone gone gone  
Pretty dress full of nothingness to confess, she is nothing less  
She was half way to holiness when you said  
Won't you put on your dress and come down to Magazine Avenue?  
Won't you put on your dress and come down?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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