

# Seven

## Zola (South Africa)

I threw your ring into the sea  
Splashes reaching to heaven  
To tell you the truth I won't miss it much  
I threw my soul into the sea  
Pretty girls make graves  
Pretty girls make graves  
I started to dream in the 3-D  
Derail, discard, and drowning  
Woke up to feel my stupid heart beat  
I tore it out, it's just a piece of meat  
Pretty girls make graves  
Pretty girls make graves  
If my feet could just get back on  
The ground where they belong

I could walk back into my life  
But I'm drifting through the darkness  
Of a burnout every night  
I just need to find someone  
Who won't cost me my life  
Atom bomb bikini  
Soldiers marching through the waves  
Towards another beached messiah  
While pretty girls make graves  
Pretty girls make graves  
Pretty girls make graves  
Pretty girls make graves  
Pretty girls make graves

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