

Bright Young Thing

Albert Hammond Jr.

I wander, wandering all around
This big place I live
She was scared to go outside
Where it once felt so nice to me
Picked up a smoke, then you drag a little
I wanna choke so you won't belittle
Everyone knows that she'll do it over
And over and over and over again
You're pretty, won't you come play with me?
This time I'll be nice
You can't trust what I say to you
I know they're all lies, do you? And if you ever had to
I would be going strong
What in the world was happening?
Dear, can I be wrong?

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