

# Pretty in Pink

## The National

Caroline laughs, and it's raining all day  
Loves to be one of the girls  
She lives in the place in the side of our lives  
Where nothing is ever put straight

She turns herself 'round  
And she smiles and she says  
"This is it, that's the end of the joke"  
And loses herself in her  
Dreaming and sleep, and her  
Lovers walk through in their coats

Pretty in pink, isn't she?  
Pretty in pink, isn't she?

All of her lovers all  
Talk of her notes and the  
Flowers that they never sent  
And wasn't she easy, and  
Isn't she pretty in pink?

The one who insists he was the  
First in the line is the  
Last to remember her name  
He's walking around in this  
Dress that she wore  
She is gone, but the  
Joke's the same

Pretty in pink, isn't she?  
Pretty in pink, isn't she?

Caroline talks to you  
Softly sometimes, she says,  
"I love you" and "Too much"  
She doesn't have anything  
You want to steal  
Well, nothing you can touch

She waves

She buttons your shirt  
The traffic is waiting outside  
She hands you this coat  
She give you her clothes  
These cars collide

Pretty in pink, isn't she?  
Pretty in pink, isn't she?

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