Pretty Girls Make Graves (Troy Tate Version)

The Smiths

Upon the sand, upon the bay
"There is a quick and easy way", you say
Before you illustrate
I'd rather stateI'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am
And sorrow's native son
He will not smile for anyone
And pretty girls make gravesEnd of the pier, end of the bay
You tug my arm, and say, "Give in to lust
Give up to lust, oh Heaven knows
We'll soon be dust"Oh, I'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am
And sorrow's native son
He will not rise for anyone
And pretty girls make gravesOh really?I could have been wild and I could have been free
But nature played this trick on me
She wants it now and she will not wait
But she's too rough and I'm too delicateThen on the sand
Another man, he takes her hand
A smile lights up her stupid face
And well, it wouldI lost my faith in womanhood
I lost my faith in womanhood
I lost my faithHand in glove
The sun shines out of our behinds

Songwriters
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