

# Pretty Girl

## No Address

She's just a pretty girl  
Who comes around here to make you smile  
Red wine all stains your lips  
And baby I'd like to wipe it off But I can't bare to touch you now  
Your eyes are looking down  
Right into the pavement and I hope you know  
That I tried to change your mind Twenty floors up, baby says  
She just sometimes wants to jump  
She holds a drink, she holds a dream  
But that's not all Hand in your pockets  
Jingling on your keys and I can't stop it  
And I hope you don't

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