

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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