

Pretty In Pink

Social Distortion

Caroline laughs and it's raining all day
She 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 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 gives you her clothes
These cars collide
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?
Pretty in pink
Isn't she?

Songwriters

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