

Pretty Golden Hair

Al Stewart

Born in England's pleasant green, like a picture postcard scene
To childhood spread with fond maternal care
From the day that he was born, proud relations came to fawn
And compliment his pretty golden hair
In boyhood sent away to a boarding school to stay
It's crumbling proud traditions forced to bear
And his friends in this new world said, he looks more like a girl
With those blue eyes and pretty golden hair
Fades secluded youth
Into manhood's search for truth
His mother's eyes now wet had turned to stare
For he said I must be bound
This day for London town
For I believe my fortune's waiting there
So, like an eager cutting knife
He plunged in a new life
Ohh, never known beforehand anywhere
And the thought that he might trip
In his ignorance and slip
Never struck beneath his pretty golden hair
Ahh, the days soon grew thin and boredom fast set in
His job was thrown away without a care
For a man who softly said, you'll earn twice as much instead
With those blue eyes and pretty golden hair
Well, London town possessed of many a tempters nest
And thus he fell with scarce another care
As so easily he slipped into prostitution's grip
Foundationed by his pretty golden hair
Ahh, but the years quickly flew and his mind slowly grew
From early freedom into deep despair
As the money ceased to roll. a tired and lonely soul
Poured curses on his pretty golden hair
Ahh, the years stole their time, now, the living's hard to find
And early friends have vanished in the air
And the gay parties's ease changed to public lavatories
Have turned to grey his pretty golden hair
Ohh, his life was only used and his body just abused
By those who never think and never care
But though his file said suicide, no, that wasn't why he died
It was murder by his pretty golden hair

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