Pretty Girl Why

Buffalo Springfield

Like the ghost of someone dear She comes to haunt me in my sleep Still I'm able to sincerely Get her heart away from hisPretty girl, why? Pretty girl, why not love me? Pretty girl, why? Pretty girl, why? There she leaves me twice as lonely As I was but yesterday Keeping such a hold upon my thoughts So near yet far awayPretty girl, why? Pretty girl, why not love me? Pretty girl, why? Pretty girl, why? The minstrel boy has gone to war now Burdened with his father's sword Still she doesn't see how she can Give him piece of lips to holdPretty girl, why? Pretty girl, why not love me? Pretty girl, why? Pretty girl, why?

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