Pretty Widows

Brett Anderson

Seeeeeee the pretty widows
Coooooold as april's skies
Hooooooold their winter roses
Clooooooaked in nursery rhymes
And love is where you find it
And love is where you reach
And love is in the patterns
At her feet
So play her game of tarot
Hold her hair and hand
Fold her dress like petals
Turn the hanging man
And love is where you find it
And love is where you reach
And love is in the patterns
So cold, the pretty widows
Clear as april's skies
Steal her winter roses
Sing her nursery rhymes
(same as verse)
Nanananana
Nanananana
Nanananana
Oh the morning calls
And the morning calls
And the morning calls
And the morning calls

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