

Hey Sister Pretty

Hootie & The Blowfish

Something so innocent,
began then came and went
keeps coming back to around to haunt you in the end.
You think we're fighting now,
it's all the same somehow,
loves tortured all artist wrecks the masterpiece again.
Used to be clear what the looking glass said,
now everything's hazy baby nothing's making sense.

Hey sister pretty, your lips are on the city,
everybody's waiting for the honeymoon to end.
I'm still trying to stop this thing from dying,
don't forget to kiss me before you beat me up again.

Nothing so powerful yet so frustrating,
Nothing so personal as a gift that's from your heart.
Nothing so damaging so devastating,
Nothing so closer yet so far apart.

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Don't forget to kiss me before you beat me up you beat me up again