

## Pretty Thing

The Jayhawks

Taking pictures of the boys  
Passed out in your bed  
True collector till the end

You burned your bridges well  
With games of kiss and tell  
Left me twisting in the wind

You occupy your days  
Walking through a maze  
Convincing everyone you've got a lot to say

You're such a pretty thing ...  
I taught you everything you know

When you first came to town  
Buying drinks until you drowned  
So many wasted nights

The blood lay on your hands  
Trying to make amends  
But you're spilling on your dress

The gypsy's on the move  
But the caravan remains  
New backdrop but same old play

You're such a pretty thing...  
I taught you everything you know