

## Pretty Golden Hair

Al Stewart

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  
Its 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  
Oh never known beforehand anywhere  
And the thought that he might trip  
In his ignorance and slip  
Never struck beneath his pretty golden hair

Ah 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 tempter's nest  
And thus he fell with scarce another care  
As so easily he slipped  
Into prostitution's grip  
Foundationed by his pretty golden hair

Ah 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

Ah 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

Oh 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