

Die Young Stay Pretty

Blondie

Die young, stay pretty
Die young, stay pretty
Deteriorate in your own time
Tell 'em you're dead and wither away
Are you living alone or with your family?
A dried up twig on your family tree?
Are you waiting for the reaper to arrive?
Or just to die by the hand of love?
Love for youth, love for youth
So, die young and stay pretty

Leave only the best behind
Slipping sensibilities
Tragedy in your own dream

Oh, you sit all alone in your rocking chair
Transistor pressed against an ear
Were you waiting at the bus stop all your life?
Or just to die by the hand of love?
Love for youth, love for youth
So live fast 'cause it won't last

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Dearly near senility (dearly near senility)
Was it good or maybe you won't tell?

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