

City Looks Pretty

Courtney Barnett

The city looks pretty when you been indoors
For 23 days I've ignored all your phone calls
And everyone's waiting when you get back home
They don't know where you been, why you gone so long
Friends treat you like a stranger and
Strangers treat you like their best friend, oh well
Spare a thought for the ones that came before
All in a daze bending backwards to reach your goal

Sometimes I get sad
It's not all that bad
One day, maybe never
I'll come around

The city takes pity on your injured soul
And heavenly prose ain't enough good to fill that hole
Everyone's soaked in animosity
It's vicious in winter, you never say what you mean
Friends treat you like a stranger and
Strangers treat you like their best friend, oh well
Wakin' up to another dismal day
You got a ways to go, you oughta be grateful

Sometimes I get mad
It's not half as bad
Pull yourself together
And just calm down

I'll be what you want oh when you want it
But I'll never be what you need
And the city looks pretty from where I'm standing...