

## The Lament of Pretty Baby

Cursive

I saw something I was not supposed to see  
A ghostly memory that keeps on haunting me

(The kitchen door was open a crack,  
So naively we peeked inside)

Oh, darling sister, have they hurt you, have they hurt you?  
Oh, Pretty Baby, they won't touch you  
They won't touch you again  
We will fix this incident

I don't want to be seen as a pretty thing  
'Cause it's the pretty things that we're always breaking...

(And now she whispers into the mirror:) I'm broken.

Oh doctor, doctor, can you fix me, can you fix me?

Oh Pretty Baby, you're so naive -- but it comes off so cute  
We don't want to fix you  
We love you just the way you are  
The butterfly pinned to the page  
The nightingale locked in the cage -- won't you sing for me?  
Sing for me, uh-huh  
Yeah, we love you just the way you are  
Crushed 'neath fashion magazines  
Trampled by circus pony dreams -- won't you kiss me?  
Won't you kiss me, uh-huh

Oh please, mister, can't you fix me, can't you fix me? (uh-huh)  
Someone, anyone, won't you fix me, won't you fix me? (uh-huh)  
Oh, someone, please, the moon has raped me  
I can feel it inside me  
Oh, mama, please let someone fix me!  
Let them fix me, uh-huh  
Let them fix me, uh-huh

So cry yourself to sleep  
Cry yourself to sleep 'cause I am strong and you are weak  
Wait, you are strong, and I am weak  
Fuck -- just cry yourself to sleep