

## Pain For Pretty

Dead Moon

Smoke another cigarette, watch the rain  
Put me on the outskirts of a mental train  
What's done's been done, you can't change that  
I couldn't make the window, I couldn't go back

Is there no getting free  
Something's dying inside me  
Pain for pretty can't you see  
Changes... oh, no, no

Watching the predictions, it looks like snow  
I'd like to travel south but I can't go  
December's on the crest, almost gone  
Shadows on the pavement never looked so long

Maybe it's my attitude, I can't get straight  
Take me like I am or throw me away  
Trying to kill the dream that's inside me  
I don't want to end up your casualty