

You Pretty Thing

Lisa Mitchell

I've been thinking of you
Been dreaming of you,
New York City, you pretty thing.
Life is young there,
Love is real there,
America - you know what I mean?

Like the seed below the snow, dreams of Spring,
I've been dreaming of you,
Your sun kissed skin.
I've been listening to you deserts sing,
Beneath your softest sunsets, you,

You pretty thing
You pretty thing
Oh you pretty thing
Yeah you pretty thing

Stay true, dear Melbourne
You're so dark and unshaven,
By the hand you led me, through your winding allies
Beneath your ghostly gum-trees,
Oh, I hope you know,
You're dear to me
You're dear to me
You pretty thing
You pretty thing

New York,
I hear you calling