

# 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