

Pretty Thing

Sasha

Wake up, break up, step out of your dream
Never gonna get my loving, life's not what it seems

Claiming she's from Hollywood
but she's a southern girl
Trying to make a living
In a mad and crazy world

Money's all that matters
in her narrow mind
Once you start to talk to her
She's of the simple kind

Oh you pretty thing - you're superficial
Oh you pretty thing - born artificial

Wake up, break up, step out of your dream
Never gonna get my loving, life's not what it seems
You better wake up, break up, got to get a life
Never gonna get my loving, 'cause you can't make it right

Waiting in the hotel lobby
Hanging at the bar
Checking out the V. I. P.'s
Pretending she's a star

Girl, you're looking good to me
But looks ain't everything
You won't get my sympathy
nor my diamond ring

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