

Pretty Things

Take That

Down down let your crazy out
Boys go crazy over you
Grip like a new york window cleaner
Just staring at you

Youth don't leave me, hair stay on me
God I love those hips
Oh memory don't forsake me
Not like this

All those pretty things, don't sweat the pretty things
So collectable, why not collect them all
Obviously cunningly, womanly
All those pretty things, god bless the pretty things

They're still out there somewhere
Making men feel this way
At fallen broadway station
I see them every day, all day

Download a little meditation
It might pull you through
She blinded me with silence
Anchored here with you

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Does she talk like ooh ooh ooh
Will it feel like ah ah ah
Does she tell you what she wants
Can you give her what she needs

Youth don't leave me, hair stay on me, god I love those hips
Oh memory don't forsake me, not like this

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