

## S. F. Sorrow Is Born

### The Pretty Things

For ten weeks now number three stood empty  
Nobody thought there would be  
Family laughter behind the windows  
Or a Christmas tree.  
Then a couple from up north  
Sorrow and his wife arrived  
Before the sun had left the streets  
They were living inside.

Then before too long  
The street it rang with the sound  
From number three there came a cry  
S. F. Sorrow is born.

The sunlight of his days  
Was spent in the grey of his mind  
As he stole love with a tongue of lies  
The world is shrinking in size.