

She Was Tall, She Was High

The Pretty Things

And as she weaves her way, through city streets,
The dawn arrives.
In concrete glades of metal grass,
Steel cords are woven tight.
But she is free, F ...R...double E,
She was tall, She was high,
Lord she almost touched the sky,
Today, I said today,
She was tall, she was high,
Lord she almost made me cry,
Today, she spends her time.
Beside grey lakes of lead she's harnessed to
A kneeling form,
Before the storm subsides, she's flown
And leaves the body torn.
But she is free, F ...R...double E,
She was tall, she was high