

Pretty Girls Make Graves (Troy Tate Version)

The Smiths

Upon the sand, upon the bay
"There is a quick and easy way" you say
Before you illustrate
I'd rather state:
"I'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am"
And sorrow's native son
He will not smile for anyone And pretty girls make graves
Oh...End of the pier, end of the bay
You tug my arm, and say:
"Give in to lust, give up to lust, oh
Heaven knows we'll soon be dust... "
Oh, I'm not the man you think I am
I'm not the man you think I am And sorrow's native son
He will not rise for anyone And pretty girls make graves
Oh, really?
Oh...I could've been wild and I could've been free
But nature played this trick on me
She wants it now And she will not wait
But she's too rough and I'm too delicate
Then, on the sand
Another man, he takes her hand
A smile lights up her face (and well, it would)
I lost my faith in womanhood
I lost my faith in womanhood
I lost my faith...
Oh...
Hand in glove...
The sun shines out of our behinds...
Oh...

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