

If it were up to me, I'd turn you into a stone,
And turn the lights down low for effect, and I'd steal your cigarettes,
And I'd be softer than I am through cigarette smoke.
And if anybody asks, I'll say I did it as a joke, so.

But how about his loneliness? He gets it from his mom.
A hundred dollars for his haircut, but a smile from God.
And when he touches you, you'll wonder how he keeps his hands so soft.
He got some money from his grandma, guess he'll never have a job.

Oh, pretty boy (pretty boy)
Don't speak (don't speak).
You pretty boys (pretty boys)
Are only good for one thing (for one thing).

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh ...

But anyways, that isn't even what I meant to say.
I meant to sing a song to you to make you fall asleep.
And I wouldn't have to talk to you and you wouldn't talk to me,
But I could lay on top of you and soak in all your heat.

Don't let them catch you crying, boy, if it didn't really hurt.
She took a drink to jog her memory, but it didn't really work.
She meant to sing a song, but couldn't memorize the words.
She only knew the chorus, she had to mumble through the verse.

Oh, pretty boy (pretty boy),
Don't think (don't think).
You pretty boys (pretty boys)
Are only good for one thing (for one thing).

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh ...