

somebody somewhere must pay  
not you you just walk away to the foot of her stairs  
she at the top with her head in the clouds  
and was she easily lead  
well can you tell me that you were not  
you unwashed and undressed  
she with her head full of your cigarettes  
she is oh such a pretty one wrapped up in needlecord and coincidence  
and you don't know what to want  
until it's gone gone gone pretty gone  
somebody somewhere must pay  
somebody else will confess all your sins  
you'll be saved  
then you'll step on that face  
she will laugh she will kiss yes and tell  
she is gone she is pretty gone she's under your thumb  
oh you little man but you don't know what you want  
until she's gone gone gone  
pretty dress full of nothingness to confess  
she is nothing less  
she was half way to holiness when you said  
wont you put on your dress and come down to magazine avenue  
wont you put on your dress and come down?