

Pretty Paper

Reverend Horton Heat

Crowded street, busy feet, hustle by him
Downtown shoppers, Christmas is nigh
And there he sits all alone on the sidewalk
Hoping that you won't pass him by

Should you stop, better not, much too busy
You'd better hurry, my how time does fly
And in the distance the ringing of laughter
And in the midst of the laughter he cries

Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue
Wrap your presents to your darling from you
Pretty pencils to write I love you
Oh, pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue

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