

Baron Saturday

The Pretty Things

Oh, Baron Saturday
Sorrow, he'll show you games to play
He bends his mouth up to your ear
The words won't disappear
He'll take your eyes out for a ride
Through an eyeglass of tears it's not clear

Oh, Baron Saturday
White visions black, Mister Malady
'Neath a sky of milk, you're drinking silk
You've lost the runcible spoon
On satin plates, young maidens wait
To be devoured in the glare of the moon

Baron Saturday
Except for Baron Saturday
Except for Baron Saturday
Your life was cool
Good senses rule
Throw your life away

Baron Saturday
Let him steal your mind away
He'll show you the grave of someone who was saved
From living their life in a year
He'll show you the grave of someone who was saved
From taking his life with a knife

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