

S.F. Sorrow Is Born

The Pretty Things

For ten weeks now number three stood empty
Nobody thought there would be
Family laughter behind the windows
Or a Christmas tree
Then a couple from up north
Sorrow and his wife arrived
Before the sun had left the streets
They were living inside

Then before too long
The street, it rang with the sound
From number three there came a cry
S. F. Sorrow is born
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The street, it rang with the sound
From number three there came a cry
S. F. Sorrow is born

The sunlight of his days
Was spent in the grey of his mind
As he stole love with a tongue of lies
The world is shrinking in size