

THE BOO DEVILS

· ALL THE PRETTY THINGS ·

(Letra y Música: J.M. Mora)

All the pretty things you'd like to live once again
From the cradle to the grave
Just when you're right at the end
All the dreams, all that's done
When any fear has gone
And you meet the lost and the found
The unfading swing at the playground
That kind of thoughts that make you feel you're homeward bound

All the pretty things you'd like to know how to deal with
All by chance, all by cause
Riding the waves as they come
That kind of thoughts about what was and what might have been

Maybe your compass shouldn't always point north
Don't you know you're dead since the very moment you were born?

All the pretty things! All the pretty things!
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Just the prettiest things from all the pretty things
Just the flakes, just the shakes
Like shooting stars in flames
That kind of thoughts about love you take and the love you make

You should try more often to go all the way
Sorry, no test drive
Even taking the road less traveled by
No one here gets out alive
Those little pretty things make you be true to yourself
Hold fast, you're flying blind
And the fights and the wounds and the scars are worth bucking the trend
So keep in mind

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