

Pretenders, The

"The English Roses"

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Just before it rains
The wind whips 'round the balcony
And the sky closes
On the English roses

And she'll be pacin'
'Round and 'round and
'Round and 'round her room
These storms always find here to remind her

To the endless sky
The pink over gray
She looks for an answer
But it's too late

Maybe it's true
Some things were just
Never meant to be
Maybe not

This is a story
Fruit cut from the vine
Forgot and left to rot
Long before it's time

This is a story
About the girl
Who lived next door
Looking for someone to hold

A wish made on a star
Brought her here tonight
At a courtyard she waits
A thousand broken dates

But she holds the hymnal
Where so carefully pressed
Is the English rose
She laid to rest

It's only a story

Flowers in full bloom
Bouquets in every room

This is a story
Fruit cut from the vine
Looking for someone to hold

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