

The Black Crowes

"Girl From A Pawnshop"

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With a pawnshop eyes and a second hand frown
She sat silent at the table
Her boots were brown, should she leave town
To play the role of lover ex-patriot
A nod to the waiter, always her flirty behavior,
You know she always gets one on the house
She pulls out a letter from a bag
Under her sweater and before she
Reads she straightens her blouse

There's a passion in being alone A grace in a loveless
time
There's no new cross, there's no new sign
Only the sun and the changing tide

And out of respect, well really must confess
I never lost your number I never
Lost your address
And if we remain friends at best
Sometime later no, no not yet
We'll smile and remember it like this

She put back the letter, one tear
Falls like a feather and disappears
On this bar room floor
The gratuity included, you know
The letter concluded

P.S. All my love

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