

Ron Pope

"Seven English Girls"

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I drove eleven hundred miles to find a photograph I
lost
It's just a Polaroid I used to keep of a girl that I once
loved
And sleeping leads to nightmares 'cause I never can
forget
So now I'm dreaming of Los Angeles as the winter
closes in
I said I'm dreaming of Los Angeles as the winter closes
in

And we met seven English girls who asked if we'd like
to see God
I'm not one for missed adventures so I answered with a
smile
We spent the night on razor's edge
All innocence and sin
Now I'm strung out on the Bowery as the winter closes
in
I said I'm strung out on the Bowery as the winter closes
in

And I won't cry if you can't love me like the way it used
to feel
We had our summer on Long Island now there's
wounds that never heal

And I won't cry if you can't love me like the way it used
to feel
We had our summer on Long Island now there's
wounds that never heal

I'd paint a picture of my mother but I can't recall her
face
She's even far away at midnight and her laughter
haunts my dreams
I ain't never been this broken
I've got nothing left to give
Now I'm searching for salvation as the winter closes in

I said I'm searching for salvation as the winter closes in
Man I'm searching for salvation as the winter closes in

And I won't cry if you can't love me like the way it used
to feel
We had our summer on Long Island now there's
wounds that never heal

And I won't cry if you can't love me like the way it used
to feel
We had our summer on Long Island now there's
wounds that never heal

Oh (x7)

No

Oh

Oh

Oh

No

Oh

Oh

Oh

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