

Girl From A Pawnshop

The Black Crowes

With a pawnshop eyes and a second hand frown
She sat silent at the table
Her boots were brown,
Well, should she leave town
To play the role of lover expatriate
A nod to the waiter, always her flirty behavior,
You know she always gets one on the house
And she pulls out a letter
From a bag that's 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 is no new cross
There is no new sign
Only the sun and the changing tide

Out of respect
Well, I 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 the bar room floor
The gratuity included
You know, the letter concluded
P.S. All my love

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We'll smile and remember it like this

Well, I won't remember your name

I said, P.S. All my love
I said, P.S. All my love
P.S. All my love
I gotta say P.S. All my love
Yeah, All my love...