

The Black Crowes, Girl From A Pawnshop

With 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
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 the bar room floor
The gratuity included
You know the letter concluded
P.S. with all my love

There's a passion in being alone
A grace in a loveless time
There's no new cross, there's no new sign
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I said P.S. all my love
P.S. all my love
P.S. all my love