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 Only the sun and the changing tide

I said P.S. all my love P.S. all my love P.S. all my love