

# 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, 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

Songwriters

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