The English Roses

The Pretenders

Just before it rains
The wind whips 'round the balcony
And the sky closes on the English roses
And she'll be pacin'
'round and 'round and 'round and 'round her room
These storms always find here to remind her

To the endless sky
The pink over grey
She looks for an answer
But it's too late
Maybe it's true
Some things were just never meant to be
Maybe not

This is a story
Fruit cut from the vine
Forgot and left to rot
Long before its time
This is a story
About the girl who lived next door
Looking for someone to hold

A wish made on a star
Brought her here tonight
At a courtyard she waits
A thousand broken dates
But she holds the hymnal
Where so carefully pressed
Is the english rose she laid to rest

It's only a story
Flowers in full bloom
Bouquets in every room
Ooh, this is a story
Fruit cut from the vine
Looking for someone to hold

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