

Saw Mill Gulch Road

John Mayall

Living in Saw Mill Gulch Road
There's a lonely girl who's now fifteen
Since I've been gone
She's kept a part of me and something seen
RememberingI took her home
We rode a car through rushing trees
The moon and night
It seemed so wrong to say goodbye
Things unsaid - it wasn't rightShe's sneaking out her back window
I'm waiting in Saw Mill Gulch Road
She couldn't see me ride away
And leave her behind so all aloneA pack of cards for solitaire
Hidden meanings to stow away
Lots of things for memories
For when she dreams of future days

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