

Saw Mill Gulch Road

John Mayall

Living in Saw Mill Gulch Road
There's a lonely girl who's now fifteen
Living in Saw Mill Gulch Road
There's a lonely girl who's now fifteen
Since I been gone, left a part of me
Things unsaid - remembering

I took her home. We rode a car
Through rushing trees, the moon and night
I 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 right

She's sneaking our her back window
I'm waiting in Saw Mill Gulch Road
She's sneaking our her back window
I'm waiting in Saw Mill Gulch Road
She couldn't see me ride away
And leave her behind so all alone

A pack of cards for solitaire
Hidden meanings to stow away
A pack of cards for solitaire
Hidden meanings to stow away
Lots of things for memories
For when she dreams of future days