

## 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