

# Seven English Girls

Ron Pope

I drove eleven hundred miles to find a photograph I lost  
It's just a polaroid I used to keep of a girl that I once loved  
And sleeping leads to nightmares 'cause I never can forget  
So now I'm dreaming of Los Angeles as the winter closes in  
I said I'm dreaming of Los Angeles as the winter closes in

And we met seven English girls who asked if we'd like to see God  
I'm not one for missed adventures so I answered with a smile  
We spent the night on razor's edge  
All innocence and sin  
Now I'm strung out on the Bowery as the winter closes in  
I said I'm strung out on the Bowery as the winter closes in

And I won't cry if you can't love me like the way it used to feel  
We had our summer on Long Island now there's wounds that never heal

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I'd paint a picture of my mother but I can't recall her face  
She's even far away at midnight and her laughter haunts my dreams  
I ain't never been this broken  
I've got nothing left to give  
Now I'm searching for salvation as the winter closes in  
I said I'm searching for salvation as the winter closes in  
Man I'm searching for salvation as the winter closes in

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