

Dried Roses

Big Thief

Leave the bed unmade
Draw the light green shade
Start the microwave
Dried roses

Cradle, yeah she does
Lights the fire because
Window frost
Heat loss
Dried roses

Steep the black coffee
Set the plates, pour the tea
Three for her, three for me
Dried roses

Sleepily she walks
Gradually she talks
With the geese she flocks
Dried roses

Afternoon, midnight
Mornings what she likes
Fly the broom, see the moon
Dried roses

Here I go, there I am
All alone in the pan
In the silence again
Dried roses

Half dead, half awake
Make a pie, bake a cake
Which road will you take?
Dried roses

Goodness her, goodness me
Goodness eternity
Out you go, in ya be
Dried roses

So leave the bed unmade
Draw the light green shade
Start the microwave
Dried roses
Dried roses