

# 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