

Roses

Blouse

All I want to know
Is can I remember, at will, things I've done before?
Some of them are so unsure still
Like rows of unopened roses
Like rows of unopened roses

Was I once alone
In a room inside my parents' house?
Crystals in my palms
Lying in the dark, thinking about
Those rows of unopened roses
Those rows of unopened roses

They'll come to me in a fifth season
I'd follow them if I could only see them

Did I ever drive
In the backseat through the canyon?
Memorizing signs, now posted in that landscape
Of rows of unopened roses
Those rows of unopened roses

They'll come to me in a fifth season
I'd follow them if I could only see them

Those rows of unopened roses
Those rows of unopened roses
Those rows of unopened roses