

O Rose when I think of you
Wherever you're blooming
Alone or with someone I know
Well, it shakes and it splits me
To think that you could forget me
And I won't lie and say otherwise

But, Rose, I was just trying to
Paint a picture for you but the canvas
Was cracked and the colors untrue
And I only sang the bitterest tunes

O mother I have never felt so good
Having married the world
I lost my last love and I married the world
The bridges, the ravens, and the squirrels

To hide among the black trees
The black ships and red seas
The long nights of avarice and fear
Can be as sweet as the sunrise
The blue and the brown eyes
And the long skies from horizon to here

O brother I could never be so free
As the rain or the buckling breeze
But if I keep them near me
And deep here within me
Well, brother, ain't that as free as I could be

And now, Rose, when I think of you
The cold never comes
And, Rose, believe me, I think of you each day
But the world that I was shown
Will be the world in which I'm grown
Even if I am to be born to it alone
Even if I must go forth in it alone
Even if I'm left to worship on my own
Swinging drunk here on the porches without you
Singing for you in the distances alone
Singing for you in the distances alone
Singing for you in the distances alone