

Bramble Rose

Don Henley

The ungrateful few who tangle inside
Don't care where they're born, they're growing up wild
The rain makes her thirsty and fighting to go
Her mind turns determined, dark as a storm

So her love has grown as sharp as a bramble rose
Like a real good woman nobody knows

I get so ashamed for making you blue
I come back to this porch to make it all up to you
The rain's got me thirsty, falling wasteful and slow
I'm restless enough, I'm so scared to go

So her love has turned as hard as a bramble rose
Just a real good woman nobody knows

Do you think she'll be happy out on the wind?
Do you think she'll get halfway 'fore it's raining again?
Will she find that she's true when it's hardest to be
Or will the notions she follows have all turned on me?

Once her love has blown as far as a bramble rose
Just a real good woman nobody knows.
Just a real good woman nobody knows.