

White Roses

Flyte

Pack up the sun
And sweep away the stars
And hang a veil over the moon
The cars are parked
The bells are ringing out
Just never thought you'd leave so soon

But those white roses
Are growing round the houses
That you buried under the arches all your life

Will you beg my forgiveness?
Will you be my only witness?
To this bird in flight

Over those white, white roses
Those white, white roses

I prayed for you
When no-one was listening
I helped you blow your candles out
So good afternoon
Good evening and good night
I didn't want this day to end

But those white roses
Are growing around the houses
That you buried under the arches all your life

Will you beg my forgiveness?
Will you be my only witness?
To this bird in flight

Over those white, white roses
Those white, white roses