

Rosemary Jane

Frank Turner

Rosemary Jane is the first out of bed
Every morning the same, but there's mouths to be fed
With the money she gets from a man who is dead to himself
And dead to everyone else
My sisters and I were always too young
To remember the line about holding your tongue
While the grown folks are talking, but the silence began
Long ago for Rosemary Jane
Sweet Rosemary Jane

It's Mothering Sunday, and the headlines should say
We haven't forgotten, the remarkable way
That you took all that pain on your shoulders
And put it away, Rosemary Jane

When I think of the things you had to endure
We were young, we were careless, headstrong and unsure
You guided us gently to the right path
Whether loved or ignored, Rosemary Jane
I know I gave you a grey hair every time I messed up
Each one a silver reminder that my mistakes add up
Through every one of my unforced errors, every slip
You never gave up
Sweet Rosemary Jane

It's Mothering Sunday, and the headlines should say
We haven't forgotten, the remarkable way
That you took all that pain on your shoulders
And put it away, Rosemary Jane

Unsure of the path in No Man's Land
Unsure of myself in No Man's Land
Never quite alone in No Man's Land

It's Mothering Sunday, and the headlines should say
That we'll never forget it, the remarkable way
That you took all that pain on your shoulders
And put it away, sweet Rosemary Jane
Sweet Rosemary Jane
Rosemary Jane
Rosemary Jane