

Left Like Roses

Idlewild

Go to what goes back
From the wild
Follow it and stay there
Stuck in your shack
You see pointlessness all round
You can let me lay there
For a while
Carry on, left like roses
Piece by piece, by the side of the road
If you can't collect yourself up from the one that you love
I know that Spring is coming
But I don't know what Spring may bring
I can stick around and let you in on nothing
But out here swimming
Missing what it was
That bothered us on land
That bothered us in the Summertime
The season none of us could stand
Carry on, rotten roses
Left for no one
By the side of the road
If you can't collect yourself up from the one that you love
You know how it goes