

## It Must Have Been The Roses

Jerry Garcia

Annie laid her head down in the roses. She had ribbons, ribbons  
, ribbons, in her long brown hair. I don't know, maybe it was t  
he roses, All I know I could not leave her there.

I don't know, it must have been the roses, The roses or the rib  
bons in her long brown hair. I don't know, maybe it was the ros  
es, All I know I could not leave her there.

Ten years the waves roll the ships home from the sea, Thinkin'  
well how it may blow in all good company, If I tell another wha  
t your own lips told to me, Let me lay 'neath the roses, till m  
y eyes no longer see.

I don't know, it must have been the roses, The roses or the rib  
bons in her long brown hair. I don't know, maybe it was the ros  
es, All I know I could not leave her there.

One pane of glass in the window, No one is complaining, no, com  
e in and shut the door, Faded is the crimson from the ribbons t  
hat she wore, And it's strange how no one comes round any more.

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