

Rose And Thorn

Maya Hawke

I was talking to myself
You leaned in to hear
I caught your silky laugh
Like a ribbon in my ear
You lay distracted
Like Truman on the ropes
I stood sunburnt and naked
So heavy with hope

And I'm not sure
If I was promised or warned
When you said you'd be my rose and thorn

If you'd like to bloom
I will make it rain
With the pigs that made it to the moon
And a dog who learned her name
I want you to understand
But you just can't win
I write our names upon the sand
And you watch the tide come in

And I've been waiting for you, baby
Since the day I was born
You'll always be my rose and thorn

No one else will ever hurt me
No one else will get to try
No one else has petals
That fall up towards the sky

I know I'm too preoccupied
With what lays ahead
But I can't seem to settle on
What to think about instead
I should live in the moment
But I'd never make it home
I'd lay here with my hands on you
Till I was only breath and bone

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