

she's a painting outta focus with no good sense of intention  
she's authentic  
she's a model of disaster with a heart of revolution  
she's so innocent, but guilty's her plea  
everybody wants to save her from herself, they really want to save themselves

she's got the grace of a tourist, with the charm of demolition  
she's a poem without a meter or rhyme a random design  
of a flower like a rose no one really knows  
she's a master piece deserving restoration or condemnation time will tell us  
if she's a lifer or a decomposer she is rose no one really knows