

Silk Roses

Polly Scattergood

He got me silk roses
'Cause they don't die in the desert
But they don't smell like lilac
And they don't feel like the real thing

And when there is water
They don't grow, they don't flourish
They just sit by my window
Looking slightly discoloured

And I'd rather have nothing
In that window by that wall
Than something that reminds me
There's nothing real at all

Yeah I'd rather have nothing
In that window by that wall
Than something that reminds me
There's nothing real at all

No rainbows in the desert
It's just not that kind of weather here
No miracles, just mirages
To hide the widescreen endlessness

We thank the moon and we thank the stars
'Cause we watch them every evening
And I used to enjoy poetry
When I had something to believe in

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