

## Blue Rose

Rick Springfield

Blue as the crying skies  
With no thorn and no thistle  
Only an open face  
Staring at the waking world

And maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle of vines  
Maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle of vines

Her arms stretch wide  
To receive the light  
And her roots go deep into the black earth  
For strength and she blooms

And maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle of vines  
And maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle of vines

She blooms while the people sleep  
Only the travelers see her  
To those who rise with the noonday sun  
She is a closed mystery

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