

# Alannah Myles, Yellow Rose

December 4, 1996 A. Myles/D. Wild

Opening slowly I sit by the water,  
I'm broken  
There's nothing left to say  
Red, Red Roses  
All but one yellow bud  
The gentle thud of unrequited love...

Am I protected by this thorn in my heart?  
What must I have been thinking of?  
The roses of recognition  
Or the yellow rose of unrequited love...

Here in the aftermath,  
Hopes crashed asunder  
I wonder, Can I camouflage my sadness?  
Begging forgiveness  
I don't understand love  
How could I not notice my madness?

Red, Red Roses

All but one yellow bud  
The gentle thud of unrequited love...

Am I protected by this thorn in my heart?  
What must I have been thinking of?  
The roses of recognition  
Or the yellow rose unrequited love...

Holding my head up  
To fight off their glances  
I shifted and picked up  
My coat and my glasses  
Boldly I stood up to everyone's weakness  
I've lifted my spirits but still  
I am sleepless

Am I protected by this thorn in my heart?  
What must I have been thinking of?  
The roses of recognition  
Or the yellow rose unrequited love...  
What must I have been thinking of?