

Anita Lipnicka & John Porter, Rose

I put a rose
Upon my pillow
Where you lay your hair
I felt kind of clumsy and artificial
Just putting it right there
Theres a rose
Upon my pillow
An open wound painfully sharp
Its the perfect sign
You never know how long its going to last
Tell me, Will you come back?
Oh, Dearest, I must go away
Every time we hold each other
This could be our final day
Theres a rose
Upon my pillow
Staring us in the face
Telling us to do something
Before it gets too late
I stare
At my pillow
Where we lay side by side
Tightly wrapped together
Safe from the outside
In the shadows
Of early morning
When the village is sound asleep
In the silence
Before the bird sing
I can hear her gently weep