

# 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