

Bob Geldof, A Rose At Night

Here she comes like a Queen all through the wintertime
Skirts that billow long after she's gone
Yes I could smell her smell on the pillow late at night
She's a rose that blooms at night

And all the streets were wet and slicked with rain
Outside my green front door
Number 48 seemed dull by comparison
I went on down to the pub to stock up for the long night by myself
That's one way out of this cold and lonely world
Yes I'll be a rose that blooms tonight

The city's quiet
The rioters have all gone home now
The fire brigades' sirens have been locked up for the night
There's a blackout down on Brown Street
Where all the blues come home
And yes there's a rose that blooms at night

Now Jim he packed up all his bags and said
"It's time to get out of here"
But his wife and children they were crying out in the kitchen
Out in the back
Once a year he remembers that scene
But it seems so long ago now
He tries to remember but he can't
You don't look back
Memories - they're like a rose that blooms at night

There's a clock that never strikes
In the Town Hall's towers of steel
There's a road that's never used
It's never kissed with the hiss of wheel
In your mouth is a rusted brace
That you flash with your junkyard smile
Shine on like a rose at night

*written by Bob Geldof

*taken from the album "The Vegetarians of Love"