

Lizz Wright, Blue Rose

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

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

Her arms stretch wide
To receive life
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 vine
And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine

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

And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Oh, maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Lost in a tangle of vine
Lost in a tangle of vine