

Manfred Mann, Don't Kill It Carol

This wild rose that I hold in my hand
It's the strangest thing I've seen,
One bud only just started to show,
And the leaves are the lightest green.
It's had it's share of the rain,
It needs some feeling to light it's fiery flame again,
But one cruel lie and it could die.

(Don't kill it Carol)
Oh Carol oh, won't you let this flower grow,
Don't kill it Carol.
Oh Carol oh, won't you let this flower grow,
Don't kill it Carol.

This wild rose that I hold in my hand,
It could grow to be so strong,
Born one night in the calm of the storm,
It was made for a rock and roll song.
It's only just seen the light,
It could so easily fall back to the gentle night,
But one cruel lie and it could die.

(Don't kill it Carol)
Oh Carol oh, won't you let this flower grow,
Don't kill it Carol.
Oh Carol oh, won't you let this flower grow,
Don't kill it Carol.

It's looking for a place to live outside all space and time,
Where there's no need for it to fade.
There's a secret garden that I think we can find,
Lot's of sunshine there's a touch of shade.

(Don't kill it Carol)

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(Don't kill it Carol)
Oh Carol oh, won't you let this flower grow,
Don't kill it Carol.
Oh Carol oh, won't you let this flower grow,
Don't kill it Carol.
[repeat to fade]