

# Menomena, Rose

My beds are always empty  
If you don't count the ghosts  
'Cause I have those a plenty  
And its name is Rose  
Its name is Rose

So dear Rose, is home  
The scent of skin  
Or is home somewhere  
I've been  
So I can trace back my tracks  
I can trace back my tracks

Relax in me, in me  
Should I be wanting it back  
I can trace back my tracks  
I can trace back  
I need some of that  
Wander where my blood  
Dark red some veins  
Enough said  
Not said