

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