

# Nina Nastasia, Rosemary

Rosemary, I've almost forgotten your name  
The tears on my face, they don't burn quite the same  
And I look in the mirror and your reflection's not there  
Just the daughter of a man and a cold, hard stare

Rosemary, my desire to hold you is deep  
And it keeps me from living and it keeps me from sleep  
And my holding-on's so tight that my fingers might bleed  
If I let go of you now, will you let go of me?