

Patti Smith, Mother Rose

(Smith/Shanahan)

Mother rose Every little morn'
To tend to me There she stood
Waiting by the door Selflessly

Took my hand Took it with a smile tenderly
Mother rose Every little morn'
To tend to me Now's the time
To turn the view Now that I have you

And I'll rise Every little morn'
To tend to thee When you rise
Open up your eyes You will see
There I'll be Waiting by the door
Come to me Take my hand
Look into your heart There I'll be

Now's the time To turn the view
Now that I have you

Now's the time To turn the view
Now that I have you

Roses growing by my door Climbing up the vine
All the thorns and pain obscured Roses shall divine
Where we feel no pain And the love inside
Where roses climb Roses shall divine
Roses shall divine Holy mother
Mother of gold Mother with stories
Told and retold She felt our tears
Heard our sighs And turned to gold
Before our eyes She rose into the light
She rose into the light She rose into the light