

# Screaming Trees, Bed Of Roses

Where do you stand when it's all over  
Washed from the earth  
And down to the sea  
Do you lie in a bed of roses  
Are you still aware  
I guess that you don't care about it now  
I see your shadow knocking at my door  
All plastic face and shaking hands  
Now how much space could ever hold your here  
Are you still aware  
I guess that you don't care about it now  
Where do you stand when it's all over  
Washed from the earth  
And down to the sea  
Do you lie in a bed of roses  
Are you still aware  
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Are you still aware  
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