

Slade, Dapple Rose

Once kept in a stable snug and warm,
But now he's growing old, in open fields he's forced to go.
He often stands in hail, rain, freezing snow.
He's certain that his master doesn't mean him any harm.

Dapple Rose - he doesn't want you any more.
Times go by, you will remember.
Dapple Rose - you are cold and old and slow.
Times go by, you will remember.

His clothing was a shiny coat so fine,
but now he's growing old and his beauty does decay.
One night he heard his master frown and say
"No poor old bones could stand this life of mine."

Dapple Rose - he doesn't want you any more.
Times go by, you will remember.
Dapple Rose - you are cold and old and slow.
Times go by, you will remember.

His food was of the best corn and best hay,
But now there's no such thing and he hardly eats at all.
He lives on sprouts that grow behind the wall.
I doubt if he'll be lucky to last another day.
Dapple Rose - he doesn't want you any more.
Times go by, you will remember.
Dapple Rose - you are cold and old and slow.
Times go by, you will remember.
Don't feel so bad, feel so sad.
No more wearing shiny glory, now they hang upon the wall,
In the hall, in some far gone manor.
Not a soul realises you're a Dapple Rose of fame.