

# The Yardbirds, Only The Black Rose

(Keith Relf)

Gone, gone away,  
Gone away,  
Almost nothing to do.  
Gone away,  
Now I'm far from you,  
Though I'm alone now,  
And there's nobody near,  
I hush my voice,  
Lest they should hear;  
My prayers go up to the sky,  
Deep within me I die,  
I'll never cry,  
No-one must see me this way.

Left, left to find,  
Someone kind,  
Who won't leave me behind,  
Who will guide me,  
When I am blind;  
Soothe my brow,  
When thoughts hurt my brain;  
Help me love,  
When faced with pain.  
I long to find someone who,  
Will remind me of you,  
Only the black rose knows what I will do.

Silence, silence now,  
Not a sound,  
Stillness everywhere now,  
And the trees,  
To the wind gently bow,  
Only visions of the past and the gloom,  
And for the moment you're in the room,  
And just as flowers bloom and die,  
No-one watching to cry,  
Only the black rose stands up to the sky.  
Only the black rose stands up to the sky.  
Only the black rose.