

# Tom Waits, The Briar And The Rose

I fell asleep down by the stream  
And there I had the strangest dream  
And down by Brennan's Glenn there grows  
A briar and a rose

There's a tree in the forest  
But I don't know where  
I built a nest out of your hair  
And climbing up into the air  
A briar and a rose

I don't know how long it has been  
But I was born in Brennan's Glenn  
And near the end of spring there grows  
A briar and a rose

Picked the rose one early morn  
I pricked my finger on a thorn  
It had grown so high  
It's winding wove the briar around the rose

I tried to tear them both apart  
I felt a bullet in my heart  
And all dressed up in springs and clothes  
The briar and the rose

And when I'm buried in my grave  
Tell me so I will know  
Your tears will fall  
To make love grow  
The briar and the rose