

Tom Waits, The Last Rose Of Summer

I love the way
The tattered clouds
Go wind across the sky

As summer goes
And leave me
With a tear in my eye

I'm taking out my winter clothes
My garden knows what's wrong
The petals of my favourite rose

Be in the shadows dark and long

Through every year
It's very clear
I should be used
To carrying on
But I can be found
In the garden
Singing this song

When the last
Rose of summer is gone