

Trouble, R.I.P.

Looking through the window of destiny
Casement open to the skies - no more lies
Rosemary nods upon the grave
Could've been saved
From the garden of the brave
She cries
Rest in peace

Soft may the worms about him creep
Never heard the children weep - he's asleep
Rosemary nods upon the grave
Could've been saved
From the garden of the brave
She cries
Rest in peace

When saints go marching down the hall
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall - when pigs call
Rosemary nods upon the grave
Could've been saved
From the garden of the brave
She cries
Rest in peace