

# Chamber - L'Orchestre De Chambre Noir, Where

They call me The Wild Rose  
But my name was Eliza Day  
Why they call me it I do not know  
For my name was Eliza Day

From the first day I saw her I knew she was the one  
She stared in my eyes and smiled  
For her lips were the colour of the roses  
That grew down the river, all bloody and wild

When he knocked on my door and entered the room  
My trembling subsided in his sure embrace  
He would be my first man, and with a careful hand  
He wiped at the tears that ran down my face

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On the second day I brought her a flower  
She was more beautiful than any woman I've seen  
I said: "Do you know where the wild roses grow  
So sweet and scarlet and free?"

On the second day he came with a single red rose  
He said: "Give me your loss and your sorrow";  
I nodded my head, as I lay on the bed  
"If I show you the roses will you follow?"

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On the third day he took me to the river  
He showed me the roses and we kissed  
And the last thing I heard was a muttered word  
As he knelt above me with a rock in his fist

On the last day I took her where the wild roses grow  
She lay on the bank, the wind lied as a thief  
And I kissed her goodbye, said "All beauty must die"  
And I lent down and planted a rose between her teeth

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