

# Marillion, The Fruit Of The Wild Rose

(Hogarth/Kelly/Mosley/Rothery/Trewavas)

Goodnight my love  
I'm so alone  
And so surrounded  
By your sweet memory  
I cannot sleep  
For all these dreams  
They come to play  
Till dawn comes stealin' them away..  
The fruit of the wild rose  
Hangs here with summer gone  
Voluptuous crimson  
As the days become colder  
The fruit of the wild rose

In a warmer country  
Where the sea meets the land  
You may walk with your baby  
In the afternoon  
Perhaps some aroma  
From a street cafe  
Might sadden your eyes  
Carry you away

The fruit of the wild rose  
Sweet and so sour on the tongue  
Swollen and crimson  
As the light fades and shortens  
The thorny wild rose  
She gave me a summer but she's gone  
As England faces the winter

In your eyes, in your mind, in your mind  
Clearer than a photograph  
No passing of time  
Ever could fade  
You and I  
Shimmering ghostly  
Like a wild garden from another life

Will you throw your arm  
Turn your body round  
Breathe a sudden sigh  
Wherever you lie sleeping  
Stir your hips  
Feel the seed inside so sweet  
Dreaming westbound waves  
And a man comin' back from the sea...

Dreaming  
Dance for me rose