

# Mary Gauthier, For Rose

(Jonathan Pointer)

A warm wind blows  
Across my windowsill tonight  
Like a ghost, like a ghost  
Soft and low  
In this other- worldly light  
I dream of Rose

Common time  
Never ceases, never yields  
It comes and it goes  
Now I find  
I lost the pavement 'neath my wheels  
When I lost Rose

Should anybody wonder where I'm bound  
I don't know  
I come and I go  
Wreckage looks the same from town to town  
I suppose  
It wasn't meant to be this way  
For Rose

Soldier on  
What's left is not what I planned  
It's what I chose, What I chose  
And the sun  
Up and slipped right thru my hands  
When I lost Rose

Should anybody wonder where I'm bound  
I don't know  
I come and I go  
Wreckage looks the same from town to town  
I suppose  
It wasn't meant to be this way