

# Mike Scott, In Search Of A Rose

Where will I wander and wonder  
nobody knows  
But wherever I'm a-going I'll go  
in search of a rose

Whatever the will of the weather  
and whether it shines or snows  
Wherever I'm a-going I'll go  
in search of a rose

I don't know where it's found  
I don't mind  
As long as the world spins around  
I'll take my time

I'll savour the softness of summer  
I'll wrap up when winter blows  
And wherever I'm going I'll go  
In search of a rose