

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