

# Ryan Adams, Rosebud

When I pick up my guitar  
This is the song that always comes  
Don't know what I'm singing 'bout and  
Don't know what for  
I think about you  
And I think about Rosebud

Wish there was a song to sing  
To bring you back  
But you can't get here from nowhere I guess  
Rosebud's shipwrecked up on the Ohio  
Behind a wall of glass  
Telling me to take care of myself  
And my friends

You sing to a field of trees  
And roses singing those melodies  
Simple and easy where everything moves  
Underneath you  
And Rosebud too

I wish there was a song to sing  
To get you back  
But you can't get here from nowhere I guess  
Rosebud's shipwrecked up on the Ohio  
Behind a wall of glass  
Telling me to take it easy  
But I took a photograph  
And she's just a wooden machine  
But you and Rosebud, you're still singing to me