

# Strawbs, In Amongst The Roses

The old house stands deserted  
Crumbling and decaying  
Its broken windows watching  
As a young child wanders  
In amongst the roses  
Overgrown and falling  
The garden once was cared for  
Life is like the garden.

The roses reach to touch her  
They whisper as she passes  
Their petals form a carpet  
Soft and warm and scented  
In amongst the roses  
Full in bloom and fading  
The young child cannot hear them  
Life is like the young child.

The young child has been gathering  
Flowers for her mother  
Flowers for her bedside  
Flowers for her table  
In amongst the roses  
She is gathering wild flowers  
The roses bend to kiss her  
Life is like the roses.

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In amongst the roses  
Full in bloom and fading  
The young child cannot hear them  
Life is like the young child