

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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Crumbling and decaying
Its broken windows watching
As a young child wanders
In amongst the roses
Full in bloom and fading
The young child cannot hear them
Life is like the young child