## Television, 1880 Or So

(Verlaine)

O rose of my heart, can't you see I don't belong to misery Though she speaks fine with subtle art Such misery clothes the rose of my heart.

Now what I see in the long twilight A star falls down on a hill so white On a hill so white.

A face that glows in a golden hue No-one in this world knows what they do I take my oath and I make my vow For the tender things are upon me now.

In the fragrance sweet of the evening air I could leave this world quite without a care.

O rose of my heart, the vision dims the time is brief, now the shadow swims, A powerful a real fine hat Cause that's for you and that's where that's at.

Now what I see in the long twilight A star falls down on a hill so white.

O rose of my heart O rose of my heart O rose of my heart.