

# The Grateful Dead, Rosemary

Boots were of leather  
A breath of cologne  
Her mirror was a window  
She sat quite alone

All around her  
the garden grew  
scarlet and purple  
and crimson and blue

She came and she went  
and at last went away  
The garden was sealed  
when the flowers decayed

On the wall of the garden  
a legend did say:  
No one may come here  
since no one may stay