

Tom Waits, Another Man's Vine

Bougainvillea's bloom and wind
Be careful mind the strangle vines
The rose is climbing over blind
'Cause the sun is on the other side
The bees will find their honey
The sweetest every time
Around a Red Rose
I see a red rose, a red rose
Blooming on another man's vine
Golden Willie's gone to war
He left his young wife on the shore
Will she be steadfast everyday?
While Golden Willie is far away
Along the way her letters end
She never reads what Willie sends
Now I see a red rose
I smell a red rose
I'll pick a red rose
Blooming on another man's vine