

Vanity Project, Wilted Rose

I almost cried on the day my country died
I almost tried to care
They built a wall to protect them from us all
We should have left them there
Revolution is the first to go
The rest is forced to stay
Chorus:
Shall I cast this out, this wilted rose?
Yeah yeah yeah, no no no
Like Pierre Trudeau's walk out in the snow?
Can it be time to leave?
I spent my youth thinking people spoke the truth
Now it's hard to think
Was I naive to say I do believe?
That none of us should sink
They sold us out And they sold us short
And they're the ones who have to pay
Shall I cast this out, this wilted rose?
Yeah yeah yeah, no no no
Like Pierre Trudeau's walk out in the snow?

Can it be time to leave?
Don't go. You know,
It's all the same to me these days I swear
It's hard to care

-- Bridge --

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