

# Whiskeytown, Somebody Remembers The Rose

I slept in our room  
nice wall  
I slept with our ghosts  
painting the walls  
now our happiness hung there  
like a stake or a light  
truly you are gone  
wandering helplessly now  
we are, we are  
you, you are gone  
you, you are gone  
you, you're gone  
you, you're gone  
you're gone  
I left all the lights on  
in our old room  
to pretend that you and I were home  
(waiting up somewhere for me, I'm not home anymore)  
(you are still waiting up for me in our old room)  
you, you are gone  
yeah you, you are gone  
yeah you, you are gone  
yeah you, you're gone  
you're gone  
no love in the ghosts that we are  
no love ever lost where we are  
still waiting up somewhere  
you are, you are  
you, you are gone  
yeah you, you are gone  
yeah you, you are gone  
yeah you, you are gone  
yeah you, you are gone  
(now it doesn't mean a thing  
it used to mean a lot, mean a lot to me  
now it doesn't mean, it doesn't mean a thing  
but it never meant a thing to you)