

Watts John "I Smelt Roses"

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NEARLY FELL DOWN A BASEMENT FLOOR AS
I WEAVED MY WAY THROUGH THE WELL DRESSED
CROWDS
IN SEARCH OF YOU.
I TOOK HOPE FROM THE SAXOPHONE THOUGH
HER MOUTH GREW COLD SHE STILL BLEW OUT
A SYMPHONY. . .
THE SCENE IS FAMILIAR. I LOOK AGAIN.
WHEN I CAME HERE WITH YOU BEFORE IT WAS
DIFFERENT.
I SAW BEAUTY IN THIS WASTED LAND
I SMELT ROSES IN THE UNDERGROUND
I SAW A FUTURE WHEN YOU WERE AROUND.
BUT NOW IT'S OVER.
THROUGH THE DARKNESS I CALLED YOUR NAME
AS THE FRIENDLY FACES MADE THEIR WAY
TO SEE THE GAME.
SOMEONE STOPPED ME AND ASKED THE WAY
I SHRUGGED AND SMILED BUT SHE GLARED AT ME
IMPATIENTLY.
THE AMERICAN WAITRESS STILL KNOWS YOUR NAME
WHEN I CAME HERE WITH YOU BEFORE IT WAS
DIFFERENT.
I SAW BEAUTY IN THIS WASTED LAND
I SMELT ROSES IN THE UNDERGROUND
I SAW A FUTURE WHEN YOU WERE AROUND
BUT NOW IT'S OVER.
YOU'LL ALWAYS HAUNT ME.

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