

Esperanza Spalding "City Of Roses"

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In the city of, roses
Streets lined with red brick, and green branches
Weren't rainy days that might seem bleak
Our rain is the paint that makes the land lush and the
folks unique
City parks, wild berries, and old bridges
rolling river bringing goods to and from the sea
A mountain hooded in snow silently watching over me
And Anywhere I go these roots are with me, and I find,
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these
memories of mine

From the city of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses

Down along the river, weekend market
On sunny Saturdays the water front comes alive
The street vendors and hippies they keep a hemp sack
flying
All the people you could wish for or imagine
from the Farmer in the city selling fresh corn beans
Musicians hustling To make sure that there's a thriving
jazz scene
And Anywhere I go these Roots are with me, and I find,
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these
memories of mine
Everywhere I go these roots are with me, yeah and I
find,
Wherever I may travel I take with me, these memories
of mine
From the city of roses, city of roses,
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses

Everywhere I go these Roots] are with me, and I find,
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these
memories of mine
Everywhere I go these roots are with me, yeah and I
find,

Wherever I may travel I take with me, Portland in my
mind

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