

Jets To Brazil

"I've Got All The Words..."

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Rose, can I come down for a drink?
It's happened again
I've got a story I'm sure will end poorly
I'll begin at the end

Rose, you must know
I couldn't find the words
That it takes to say "stay"
Now she's gone away

Rose, can I come down to your garden?
I can only wilt flowers
Bring me your shovel
There's a heart to be buried
And a body as well

Your letters are tied with a strand of your hair
In a breast pocket safe, they keep talking

Now I wake up alone
With my eyes to the floor
And I see you at my night

Well and weeping once more

Rose, can I come down to your rose bed?
To lay in your thorns
Know I meant it, so must be buried
I will not be mourned

Rose, you must know
I felt more than I said
Now I've got all the words
And no one

Now the hole has been dug
And I'm down on my knees
Rain make us mud
Spring with bloomer's one

