

## **John Wesley Harding**

# **"The Red Rose And The Briar"**

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Midweek and we reached scarlet town  
I was almost dying of thirst  
We parked the car in some old schoolyard  
The windscreen caked in dirt  
There was no water in the engine left  
No tread upon the tyres  
The electrics were broke cos you went mad  
You ripped out all the wires  
Across the road, a small cafe  
In this state of disrepair  
You went for papers and a shave  
So I saved you a chair  
I knew it wasn't the journey's end  
And that your dream was incomplete  
But I just could not stand anymore  
I was dead upon my feet  
I was dead upon my feet

There's nothing there in the market square  
But the ghost of the scarlet town crier  
I was dead upon my feet  
I sing the red rose and the briar  
I sing the red rose and the briar

The waitress told me her life story  
She'd always meant to up and go  
She wiped a cup on her red pinafore  
As we waited for you to show  
And I told her just a little of you  
But left the picture incomplete  
You still weren't there to paint it in person  
So I skipped out on the street  
I skipped out on the street  
The newsagent grinned, he said yes you'd been in  
You bought a local paper and some shades  
The washroom attendant said that you'd freshened up  
That you'd left but you hadn't paid  
And I couldn't figure out where you were

So I went back just to look near the car  
There was nothing there where it should have been  
Just oil on dirt and tar

Just oil on dirt and tar

There's nothing there in the market square  
But the ghost of the scarlet town crier  
And there was nothing there where it should have been  
I sing the red rose and the briar  
I sing the red rose and the briar

I saw it parked way down the street  
In a garage off on the right  
And a man said 'get your hands off son'  
I just traded that wreck for a motorbike  
There was nothing left of mine inside  
Not even the broken radio  
And I couldn't figure out where that left me  
So I went back to look for rose  
The cafe rouge was a lunchtime rush  
Of regulars yelling for food  
The service in there left a lot to be desired  
And all the regulars were getting rude  
I saw an apron thrown over a chair  
A note said 'hey john we're gone, we're gone'  
And I just smiled cos I loved you both  
So I put the apron on  
I put the apron on

There's nothing there in the market square  
But the ghost of the scarlet town crier  
And I just put the apron on  
I sing the red rose and the briar  
I sing the red rose and the briar

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