

## **Lisa Loeb**

### **"Furious Rose"**

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"It's not really poetry but it's pretty", he said  
As he raises his voice, she lowers her head  
"It makes my heart heavy, you're lonely, I think  
Oh, Rose, you're sad, I suppose"

But look in her bed and she's bound to be sleeping  
She's lying there dead but she's breathing

Furious Rose, with your opiate eyes  
Your languorous hum, that tone of surprise  
I've heard energy in adversity, your smile, the soul of  
witchery  
You're not running away, you're not running, are you?

Lyricaly longing, she's tearing the words from the  
page  
She's fearfully seething  
"Bring me your blessings, a prayer, or a new pen  
You don't know what I need"

You look in my bed and I'm bound to be sleeping  
I'm lying there dead but I'm breathing

And I'm barely balancing as it is  
And I don't want to drown in my dreams  
Bring me wild plums, wild plums and acrimony  
I bet you don't even know what that means

Furious Rose, with your opiate eyes  
Your languorous hum, that tone of surprise  
I've heard energy in adversity, your smile, the soul of  
witchery  
You're not running away, you're not running

You're not running away, you're not running  
You're not running away, you're not running, are you?

Gingerly peering, over his shoulder  
Removed herself from the room  
She's terribly freezing, she always knows  
When to go

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