

Lizz Wright **"Blue Rose"**

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Blue as the crying sky
With no thorn, AND no THISTLE
Only AN open face
Staring at the waking world

Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine

Her arms stretch wide
To receive a life
And her ROOTS go deep into the BLACK EARTH for
strength
And she blooms and

Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine

Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine

She blooms while the people sleep
Only the TRAVELERS SEE HER
To those who RISE with the noon day Sun
She is a closed mystery

AND Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
OH, Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Lost in a tangle of vine
Lost in a tangle of vine

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