

Musetta

"The Days Of Roses"

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I feel the symptoms of spring
feeling the scent of a flower
that spin around,
my senses on fire

Can you hear an ocean of sound
spending its strength upon the shore,
shall sleep no more
but light my desire.

Give me back my days of roses
but don't forget that book that closes,
the wherefores and whys that led us here and now.

Oh delicious circle, it took me in
down the garden path and back out again,
hope that drove me down the wall,
screaming at my dreaming, 'don't let them fall'.

[solo]

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but don't forget that book that closes,
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