

Kesang Marstrand

"Bodega Rose"

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Rainy bodega roses
The shop never closes
They change shifts at dawn
Even in the smallest hours
Fresh cut red flowers
But you just walk on

My love, my grey-eyed
City child
We could've grown wild
We could've grown wild
But this is what we chose
The endless night
The bodega rose

Odd shadows of trees in the park
Claim the darkest dark
While we sleep
Tangled beneath the covers
Tangled in each other
And try to dream deep

My love, my grey-eyed
City child
We could've grown wild
We could've grown wild
But this is what we chose
The endless night
The bodega rose

Silence is wedded to sound
That comes up through the ground
Singing for us
But few things moves us like before
Nothing anymore
Is what it once was

My love, my grey-eyed
City child
We could've grown wild
We could've grown wild
But this is what we chose

The endless night
The bodega rose

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