

Blue Roses **"Rebecca"**

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I have come to realize
My bad memories
Were an indulgence of mine

So I close my tired eyes
Stop this train of thought
Stop it dead in it's tracks

But will you put your faith in something
When you are afraid?
That's what we were taught
To bow our heads and pray
Turn yourself around
You can do better, Rebecca
Turn yourself around
Make yourself better, Rebecca

I can sit and try to conjure words
But there is nothing left to prove you
Let me sit and watch you working
I Won't be a pain you will not notice me at all

Gone like seasons
All wasted
I did not see the winter
Like a child

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