

## **Patti Smith**

### **"Mother Rose"**

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Mother Rose every little morn' tend to me  
There she stood, waiting by the door selflessly  
Took my hand took it with a smile tenderly  
Mother rose every little morn' tend to me

Now's the time to turn the view  
Now that I have you

And I'll rise every little morn' tend to thee  
When you rise open up your eyes you will see  
There I'll be waiting by the door come to me  
Take my hand look into your heart there I'll be

Now's the time to turn the view  
Now that I have you

Now's the time to turn the view  
Now that I have you

Roses growing up by my door, climbing up the vine  
All the thorns and pain obscured, roses shall divine  
Where we feel no pain and the love inside  
Where roses climb, roses shall divine  
Roses shall divine, I feel the pain when the roses die

Roses shall divine holy mother  
Mother of gold, mother with stories  
Told and retold, she felt our tears  
Heard our sighs and turned to gold  
Before our eyes

She rose into the light  
She rose into the light  
She rose into the light

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