

## **Duke Spirit, The**

### **"Dog Roses"**

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I hope you stay in charge of your mouth

I hope you stay in charge of it

When nothing's fluid you drink yourself through it

Outside you draw, draw yourself

Feel the breeze, that's a real thing that touches your skin

But memories, well, they're not real

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

There's nothing there

Now can we visit your old house again?

I feel as though I've left instructions there

Could it be that you were so small that

The garage room, well, they've pulled it down

Oh, nothing's ruined 'cause we still have the picture

Of dog roses and stuff for the pyre

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Hey yeah, have you always slipped backwards?

Just now, I see you always slip backwards

Oh, you will you always slip backwards?

Just now, oh, you always slip

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

There's nothing there

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