

Felon

"Rosalee"

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Rosalee
You tried too hard again
Your stride stumble you down
The horse
Of love
You tried to rope again
In just your cowhide gown
And don't it feel like
Every bumper
You have ever known
Don't it make you
Think that maybe
You're okay alone

Pool of faces
All are strangers crying
Who is living there?
Back to back
Your one-horse race is more
Like castles in the air
But who remembers in the old days
Gamut sports was hot
And with a bit of constant effort
One could prove their spot

Rosalee
The times are spinning
So damn fast
You'd think they'd stopped
Could it be
You'd stand
In one space staring
Easily you'd be forgot
But you know
Everyone is running ragged
Through this field of woe
And you are not
The last to tumble
Think that as you go

Rosalee

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Of love
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