

Lost Trailers, The "Yellow Rose"

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There's an old man standing by a pond,
Smiling like the world could do no wrong,
Cool water runs against his toes,
As he holds the petals of a yellow rose.

Years ago in Central Park,
He and his woman disappeared in the dark,
And underneath the city's glow,
They left the petals of a yellow rose...

Would you be my Yellow Rose?
Would you stand beside me when the wild wind blows?
I'm only asking cause I'd like to know...
Would you be my Yellow Rose?

They came in on a Jersey train,
He took her hand and said, "I love you Jane."
She saw the passing of a garden's row,
And said, "I'd be yours if I had one of those."

Would you be my Yellow Rose?
Would you wake beside me in the morning glow?
I'm only asking cause I'd like to know...
Would you be my Yellow Rose?

The water is still, and the woman is gone;
But the old man ain't moving on.
Cause there are moments when all you need...
Is a cool pond and a memory.

Would you be my Yellow Rose?
Would you stand beside me when the wild wind blows?
I'm only asking cause I've got to know...
Would you be my Yellow Rose?

Would you be my Yellow Rose?
Would you wake beside me in the morning glow?
I'm only asking cause I've got to know...
Would you be my Yellow Rose?

