

## A Rose at Night

Bob Geldof

Here she comes like a Queen all through the wintertime  
Skirts that billow long after she's gone  
Yes I could smell her smell on the pillow late at night  
She's a rose that blooms at night

And all the streets were wet and slicked with rain  
Outside my green front door  
Number 48 seemed dull by comparison  
I went on down to the pub to stock up for the long night by myself  
That's one way out of this cold and lonely world  
Yes I'll be a rose that blooms tonight

The city's quiet  
The rioters have all gone home now  
The fire brigades' sirens have been locked up for the night  
There's a blackout down on Brown Street  
Where all the blues come home  
And yes there's a rose that blooms at night

Now Jim he packed up all his bags and said  
"It's time to get out of here"  
But his wife and children they were crying out in the kitchen  
Out in the back  
Once a year he remembers that scene  
But it seems so long ago now  
He tries to remember but he can't  
You don't look back  
Memories - they're like a rose that blooms at night

There's a clock that never strikes  
In the Town Hall's towers of steel  
There's a road that's never used  
It's never kissed with the hiss of wheel  
In your mouth is a rusted brace  
That you flash with your junkyard smile  
Shine on like a rose at night