

City Of Roses

Esperanza Spalding

In the city of, roses
Streets lined with red brick, and green branches
Weren't rainy days that might seem bleak
Our rain is the paint that makes the land lush and the folks unique
City parks, wild berries, and old bridges
A rolling river bringing goods from the sea
A mountain hooded in snow silently watching over me
And everywhere I go these [?] are with me, and I find,
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these memories of mine
From the city of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
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Down along the river, weekend market
On sunny Saturdays the water front comes alive
The street vendors and hippies they keep [?]
All the people you could wish for or imagine
Are from the [?] in the city center [?], musicians, husbands
To make sure that there's a thriving jazz scene
And everywhere I go these [?] are with me, and I find,
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these memories of mine
Everywhere I go these [?] are with me, yeah and I find,
Wherever I may travel I take with me, these memories of mine
From the city of roses, city of roses,
City of roses, city of roses
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Everywhere I go these [?] are with me, and I find,
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these memories of mine
Everywhere I go these [?] are with me, yeah and I find,
Wherever I may travel I take with me, paddling in my mind

The city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses
City of roses, city of roses