Follow you like a car chase

The rose and the thistle, well they both have thorns
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And they grow in the garden where your love was born
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I'm between a rock and a hard place
Your thought and your heart's space
Meant no for nothing, like a pick in an empty guitar case

To the part where we stargaze the plot in your garden I see your world view like Marvin the Martian Your part of the solution's, my part of the problem If you stop to smell the roses I know we can solve them As the world keeps revolving, let's keep on evolving A natural selection like Wallace and Darwin Grow grey like Steve Martin, in old age be radiocarbon Getting to half our lives together, when the great part gets started

To keep it short I'm glad you were born, let's keep flowing tog ether through thistle and thorn

The Rose and the thistle, they both have thorns

Took note of this when I woke this morn'

Sun rise came in as one bright ray and the place on the wall wh ere it shone was warm $\,$

And the shadow cast was like a battleaxe so I grabbed it fast a nd I smashed the glass

And I crawled through the shards and I found myself in a beautiful garden

With petals, bulbs, nettles, mulch, hibiscus, delphinidins, fer ns, christmas bells, geraniums

Jack in the pulpit, baby's breath, lily of the Nile, a star of Bethlehem

A brilliant child being poked at and scorned, the rose and the thistle they both have thorns

Hey Mary, begging your pardon, what pretty flowers grow in your garden?

Let's lie back, in the lilacs, meander in the lavender Get silly in the lilies, dancing under oleanders Holy molly holding hands, snap dragon tantrums And open up the irises, humming summer anthems He loves me not will forget me not, looking for the answers He loves me not will forget me not, looking for the answers