

Rosemary

Grateful Dead

Her boots were of leather, a breath of cologne
Her mirror was the window, she sat quite alone.
All around her the garden then grew
Scarlet and purple and crimson and blue.

She came and she went and at last went away
Her garden was sealed when the flowers decayed.
On the wall of the garden a legend did say:
"No one may come here since no one may stay."