

The Red Rose & The Briar

John Wesley Harding

Midweek and we reached scarlet town
I was almost dying of thirst
We parked the car in some old schoolyard
The windscreen caked in dirt
There was no water in the engine left
No tread upon the tyres
The electrics were broke 'cause you went mad
You ripped out all the wires
Across the road, a small cafe
In this state of disrepair
You went for papers and a shave
So I saved you a chair
I knew it wasn't the journey's end
And that your dream was incomplete
But I just could not stand anymore
I was dead upon my feet
I was dead upon my feet

There's nothing there in the market square
But the ghost of the scarlet town crier
I was dead upon my feet
I sing the red rose and the briar
I sing the red rose and the briar

The waitress told me her life story
She'd always meant to up and go
She wiped a cup on her red pinafore
As we waited for you to show
And I told her just a little of you
But left the picture incomplete
You still weren't there to paint it in person
So I skipped out on the street
I skipped out on the street
The newsagent grinned, he said yes you'd been in
You bought a local paper and some shades
The washroom attendant said that you'd freshened up
That you'd left but you hadn't paid
And I couldn't figure out where you were
So I went back just to look near the car
There was nothing there where it should have been
Just oil on dirt and tar
Just oil on dirt and tar

There's nothing there in the market square
But the ghost of the scarlet town crier
And there was nothing there where it should have been
I sing the red rose and the briar
I sing the red rose and the briar

I saw it parked way down the street
In a garage off on the right
And a man said 'get your hands off son'
I just traded that wreck for a motorbike
There was nothing left of mine inside
Not even the broken radio
And I couldn't figure out where that left me
So I went back to look for rose

The cafe rouge was a lunchtime rush
Of regulars yelling for food
The service in there left a lot to be desired
And all the regulars were getting rude
I saw an apron thrown over a chair
A note said 'hey john we're gone, we're gone'
And I just smiled 'cause I loved you both
So I put the apron on
I put the apron on

There's nothing there in the market square
But the ghost of the scarlet town crier
And I just put the apron on
I sing the red rose and the briar
I sing the red rose and the briar