

# Stolen Roses

Karen Elson

There once was a time when I was a girl  
that darkness hunged in my sky  
I was old before I learned to be young  
stone cold till I learn how to cry

and the weeds in the ground have grow up through my skin  
it's taking a lonesome girl's heart  
I will go where the stolen roses grow  
to forget that I have fell apart

the thorns on the roses cut through my skin  
the vultures flew down and then pecked  
what lay on the surface was a tiny crack  
and below was a gigantic wreck  
so I held my head down and I dealt with the blows  
In hope that I'd soon be free to go where the stolen roses grow  
to forget I have bad memory

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