

Rose of Jericho

Lori McKenna

He sits still legs crossed at the kitchen table only lost in his
gin and tonic and the smell of afternoon cigarettes
She's mastering the way she dances in between sideways glances
Words that would come in vivid colors if she let them slip off
her lips

Generations handed down, blame the pain on times they live in
A modern version of his father now wasting all the chances life
will give him

But in her way she's done one better, coats are made for winter
weather

Neighbor kids play in the street, the sun sinks down below the
back yard trees

There's a cross on the side of the road reflecting itself in a
car window

Where does love really go, maybe no one knows, no one knows
But somewhere stuck inside it's too proud to die, the rose of J
ericho

Falling into old routines that history deems worth repeating
Prayers that seem to say themselves, self help books on dusty s
helves

If everything is temporary why should they care how it shines
The simple truth in looks deceiving are the blessing in disguis
e

There's a picture they took long ago in a white dress; black tu
xedo

Where does love really go, maybe no one knows no one knows
But somewhere stuck inside it's too proud to die the rose of Je
richo

The Rose of Jericho sits on a shelf waiting to be watered by so
mebody else

But, it can't love you without a little help 'cause it don't kn
ow how to love itself

Moonlight reaches bedroom windows high above the town below
You can't always count on rain to water what you need to grow