

The Fruit Of The Wild Rose

Marillion

Goodnight my love
I'm so alone
And so surrounded
By your sweet memory
I cannot sleep
For all these dreams
They come to play
Till dawn comes stealin' them away
The fruit of the wild rose
Hangs here with summer gone
Voluptuous crimson
As the days become colder
The fruit of the wild rose

In a warmer country
Where the sea meets the land
You may walk with your baby
In the afternoon
Perhaps some aroma
From a street caf?
Might sadden your eyes
Carry you away

The fruit of the wild rose
Sweet and so sour on the tongue
Swollen and crimson
As the light fades and shortens
The thorny wild rose
She gave me a summer but she's gone
As england faces the winter

In your eyes, in your mind, in your mind
Clearer than a photograph
No passing of time
Ever could fade
You and I
Shimmering ghostly
Like a wild garden from another life

Will you throw your arm
Turn your body round
Breathe a sudden sigh
Wherever you lie sleeping
Stir your hips
Feel the seed inside so sweet
Dreaming westbound waves
And a man comin' back from the sea

Dreaming
Dance for me rose