

She's a painting outta focus with no good sense of intention sh
e's authentic
She's a model of disaster with a heart of revolution
She's so innocent, but guilty's her plea
Everybody wants to save her from herself
They really want to save themselves

She's got the grace, of a tourist, with the charm of demolition
She's a poem without meter or rhyme a random design of a flower
Like a rose no one really knows
She's a master piece deserving restoration or condemnation time
will tell us
If she's a lifer or a decomposuer she's the rose no one really
knows