

She doesn't know the man
Who tries to push her wheelchair in the sand
She just looks out to sea
He's talking endlessly
Oh, why won't he shut up
I take my medicine
I crush the paper cup
Oh, maybe he's my son
And he's come to set me free
She knows that she forgot
That there's a story, and she
Can't recall the plot
Of course her family fought
Over the furniture
Oh i don't know why they
Have taken all my favorite things away
But one thing, that's for sure
I don't know what they were
They say a stone is a marker
And that it has weight
They say it's solid
But it can deteriorate
The air is like a hand
Reminding her of all the things she's planned
Like air that thought is gone
Never to come again
We came out to the beach
To find the mind i've lost, and cannot reach
I used to keep it here
It was much cleaner then
They say a rose is a flower
And that it is red
It blooms, it grows, it wilts
And then it's dead
They say a stone is a marker
And that it has weight
They say it's solid
But it can deteriorate
They say a rose is a flower
And that it is red
It blooms, it grows, it wilts
And then it's dead
Oh, rose kennedy