Blue Rose

Rick Springfield

Blue as the crying skies With no thorn and no thistle Only an open face Staring at the waking world

And maybe she's just a morning glory Lost in a tangle of vines Maybe she's just a morning glory Lost in a tangle of vines

Her arms stretch wide To receive the light And her roots go deep into the black earth For strength and she blooms

And maybe she's just a morning glory Lost in a tangle of vines And maybe she's just a morning glory Lost in a tangle of vines

She blooms while the people sleep Only the travelers see her To those who rise with the noonday sun She is a closed mystery

And maybe she's just a morning glory Lost in a tangle of vines And maybe she's just a morning glory Lost in a tangle of vines Lost in a tangle of vines