

When I pick up my guitar
This is the song that always comes
Don't know what I'm singing 'bout and
Don't know what for
I think about you
And I think about Rosebud

Wish there was a song to sing
To bring you back
But you can't get here from nowhere I guess
Rosebud's shipwrecked up on the Ohio
Behind a wall of glass
Telling me to take care of myself
And my friends

You sing to a field of trees
And roses singing those melodies
Simple and easy where everything moves
Underneath you
And Rosebud too

I wish there was a song to sing
To get you back
But you can't get here from nowhere I guess
Rosebud's shipwrecked up on the Ohio
Behind a wall of glass
Telling me to take it easy
But I took a photograph
And she's just a wooden machine
But you and Rosebud, you're still singing to me