

# Dead

Stephen Fretwell

Sunblushed roses are next to the bed  
I've drunk too much coffee  
and its gone to my head

walk me down the side street  
and hold my hand  
it looks like I'm leading  
but we both know I can't  
for a week and a night  
I'll be out of my mind

but please don't get me wrong

Oh thirteen red roses that will soon be dead  
shall I box them up for you darling  
perhaps make a hat for your head

walk me down Ground Street  
with a glass in your hand  
talking about behaviour  
what I don't understand  
what you want from my hands  
anymore like before

but please don't get me wrong  
ohhh whatever that means

and you won't ever see  
past yourself or past me  
and the lines each ones drawn  
thirty-four, fifty-one

but please don't get me wrong  
ohhh whatever that means