

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