

## So Shall Our Love Die

Strawbs

The rose buds are hard and firm;  
Erect and proud they stand  
On slender stems,  
Wrapped in silk  
And tied with a velvet ribbon.

"Tie the ribbon in my hair,"  
She says,  
"Your gentle touch upon my brow  
Can make me close my eyes  
In sleepy pleasure."

Low the candle burns  
And flickers shadows on the wall;  
It's crimson lips are closing  
Round the flame.  
As the flame dies  
So shall our live die?

The roses stoop lower  
As their petals fall.  
So shall our love die?

"What is it,"  
She says.  
"Nothing,"  
Say I,  
"Nothing but the west wind,  
The wind of change."