

Graveside

The Tiger Lillies

Underneath these stones bleached and rotting bones and the girl
I loved the best
Maggots do their work there beneath the earth loved her more than
all the rest
Tears begin to fall every time I call there beside her graveside
Love it never lasts everything must pass everything that's good
does die
Mists are coming down memories resound winter nights' chill does
fall
As maggots gnaw her bones I make my way home it's better not to
love at all