

Thorn In Your Side (Reprise)

The Postmarks

A rose is undressed,
A faint perfume fills the air,
Feel a thorn as it grazes your side but you know it's not the end of the world, Words on your plate,
The cat run away with a lick,
Now you're sitting all by yourself in a room that's more blank than a stare, Far away,
You can find a place,
Where happy ends, begin, A distant sound,
Can't escape the cotton air,
But an ache penetrates through the fog covered glass at the end of the world, Crystal ball,
In the mud, all the sky disappeared,
Thirsty vases rest headless on tables while curtains get snagged on the thorns, Meet me there,
On a shooting star,
We can start again at the end of the world

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