

The Rose Petalled Garden

Black Label Society

Yeah, yeah
Alone in the garden
And all that would be
Alone in the garden
Your thought would set you free
Nowhere to draw water
And if you could, it would be damned
Go on turn your back now on everything
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Barefoot baron
And dust distorts the sound
Last one left in this godforsaken town
Tarnished all your memories
Your smile's afront at best
As you stare out the tilted window
Is it one big second guess?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah I'm so faraway
I'm so faraway
I'm so faraway
I'm just so damn faraway
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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