## **Rosemary**

## **Grateful Dead**

Boots were of leather
A breath of cologne
Her mirror was a window
She sat quite aloneAll around her
The garden grew
Scarlet and purple
And crimson and blueShe came and she went
And at last went away
The garden was sealed
When the flowers decayedOn the wall of the garden
A legend did say:
No one may come here
Since no one may stay

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