

Blue Rose

Rick Springfield

Blue as the crying skies
With no thorn and no thistle
Only an open face
Staring at the waking world And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vines
Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vines Her arms stretch wide to receive the light
And her roots go deep into the black earth
For strength and she blooms And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vines
And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vines She blooms while the people sleep
Only the travelers see her
To those who rise with the noonday sun
She is a closed mystery And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vines
And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vines
Lost in a tangle of vines

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