Rosemary

The Greatful Dead

Boots were made of leather, a breath of cologne
The mirror was a window, she sat by alone
All around her the garden grew
Scarlet and purple and crimson and blue

She came dead, she went and at last went away
The garden was sealed, when the flowers decayed
On the wall of the garden a legend did say
No one may come here, since no one may stay

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