Rosaline

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Rosaline
I have loved you
From the steeple to the streets of Rome
And I know, Ah yes I know, whats goin down
They will come
When its early
And breathe to me your last goodbye
And our long, long love is finally drownedTeenage dreams
Satin tresses
Lie deserted all along the strand
And the ferryman has poled his way off home
Angels screamed
In those evenings
When I promised you my dying days
And my heart hatched its treasons to runAnd Ah
These latter days
Im fed on distant rumours
But third-hand news is news enough
For hopeless dream consumersQuite at ease
In an armchair
Steaming coffee standing on my knee
I can still hear you whispering when the fire sighs
Rosaline
How I have loved you
With a careless kind of vanity
As they turned you around
And split us apart
And like a fool
I ran from the start
And in the end they told much smoother lies

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