

# I've Got All the Words...

## Jets to Brazil

Rose, can I come down for a drink?  
It's happened again  
I've got a story I'm sure will end poorly  
I'll begin at the endRose, you must know  
I couldn't find the words  
That it takes to say "stay"  
Now she's gone awayRose, can I come down to your garden?  
I can only wilt flowers  
Bring me your shovel  
There's a heart to be buried  
And a body as wellYour letters are tied with a strand of your hair  
In a breast pocket safe, they keep talkingNow I wake up alone  
With my eyes to the floor  
And I see you at my night  
Well and weeping once moreRose, can I come down to your rose bed?  
To lay in your thorns  
Know I meant it, so must be buried  
I will not be mournedRose, you must know  
I felt more than I said  
Now I've got all the words  
And no oneNow the hole has been dug  
And I'm down on my knees  
Rain make us mud  
Spring with bloomer's one

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