

# Rosemary

## Grateful 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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