

# Rosebud

## The Jezabels

When I pick up my guitar  
This is the song that always comes  
Don't know what I'm singing 'bout  
And don't know what for  
I think about you  
And I think about Rosebud  
Wish there was a song to sing  
To bring you back  
But you can't get here  
From nowhere I guess  
Rosebud's shipwrecked  
Up on the Ohio  
Behind a wall of glass  
Telling me to take care of myself  
And my friends  
You sing to a field of trees  
And roses singing those melodies  
Simple and easy  
Where everything moves  
Underneath you and Rosebud too  
I wish there was a song to sing  
To get you back  
But you can't get here  
From nowhere I guess  
Rosebud's shipwrecked  
Up on the Ohio  
Behind a wall of glass  
Telling me to take it easy  
But I took a photograph  
And she's just  
A wooden machine  
But you and Rosebud  
You're still singing to me

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