

Furious Rose

[Lisa Loeb](#)

"It's not really poetry but it's pretty", he said
As he raises his voice, she lowers her head
"It makes my heart heavy, you're lonely, I think
Oh, Rose, you're sad, I suppose" But look in her bed and she's bound to be sleeping
She's lying there dead but she's breathing Furious Rose, with your opiate eyes
Your languorous hum, that tone of surprise
I've heard energy in adversity, your smile, the soul of witchery
You're not running away, you're not running, are you? Lyrically longing, she's tearing the words from the page
She's fearfully seething
"Bring me your blessings, a prayer, or a new pen
You don't know what I need" You look in my bed and I'm bound to be sleeping
I'm lying there dead but I'm breathing And I'm barely balancing as it is
And I don't want to drown in my dreams
Bring me wild plums, wild plums and agrimonia
I bet you don't even know what that means Furious Rose, with your opiate eyes
Your languorous hum, that tone of surprise
I've heard energy in adversity, your smile, the soul of witchery
You're not running away, you're not running You're not running away, you're not running
You're not running away, you're not running, are you? Gingerly peering, over his shoulder
Removed herself from the room
She's terribly freezing, she always knows
When to go

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