

# Thorn

## Ironweed

Walk all over me  
Even though you can't decide  
    Look out, (jump back)  
    You'll be on your own  
    Hillside, slip and slide  
Feel the pain, it's no surprise  
    Look out, look out  
    Thorn will be your love  
I felt your hair across my skin  
    I didn't know where to begin  
    A shallow promise in my ear  
No thoughts, no dreams, no wishes, and no fear  
    The rose is dead, your face serene  
    No memories of things that once did seem  
    To be to me important too  
You give me flowers when it's thorns I give to you

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