Damn It, Rose

Don Henley

Maybe just a good night's sleep
Would have changed your troubled mind
From that rather permanent decision
So tragic, so unkind
Now, pain is what you've given
And sleep is what you'll get
So far away from that sweet baby child
Who hardly knew you yet

Now he'll grow up to be a fighter
Full of anger, full of shame
Like all the other haunted children
Who wonder why they came
And he'll be in and out of trouble
Until he stands up or he falls
But there will always be a shadow there
No matter how it goes
Damn it, Rose

Is this another cryptic message
Or some kind of cosmic quiz
If there's a lesson to be learned from this
Well, I don't know what it is

You could have given us the finger
Much more constructively than that
Now I sit here with the MTV
And your bloated, Burmese cat
We're being treated to the wisdom
Of some puffed up little fart
Doing exactly what I used to do-
Pretentions to anarchy and art
He speaks the language of a warrior
He mounts his misinformed attack
He wears the clothes of a dissenter
But there's a logo on his back
And it's a hollow rebellion
As rebellions mostly are

It's just another raging tempest in a jar

And the seasons keep on changing
And the wind blows hot and cold
Wish that you were here with us to watch this tide
As it ebbs and flows
Damn it, Rose

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