

# 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-  
Pretensions 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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