Rosebud

Commuter

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 RosebudWish there was a song to sing
To bring you back
But you can't get here
From nowhere I guessRosebud's shipwrecked
Up on the Ohio
Behind a wall of glass
Telling me to take care of myself
And my friendsYou sing to a field of trees
And roses singing those melodies
Simple and easy
Where everything moves
Underneath you and Rosebud tooI wish there was a song to sing
To get you back
But you can't get here
From nowhere I guessRosebud's shipwrecked
Up on the Ohio
Behind a wall of glass
Telling me to take it easy
But I took a photographAnd she's just
A wooden machine
But you and Rosebud
You're still singing to me

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