

Blue Rose

[Lizz Wright](#)

Blue as the crying sky
With no thorn, no thistle
Only an open face
Staring at the waking world Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine Her arms stretch wide
To receive life
And her roots go deep into the black earth for strength
And she blooms and Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine She blooms while the people sleep
Only the travelers see her
To those who rise with the noon day sun
She is a closed mystery And maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Oh, maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Lost in a tangle of vine
Lost in a tangle of vine

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