Ruby

Louise Burns

Ruby, I hope you find,
A place where you can unwind.
I hope you'll find,
It wont pass you by.
Ruby, you're made of sand,
Your eyes are a foreign land.
It's in your mind.
It's in your mind.Seven is a number that you will find,
Takes you through the night and out for a ride.
Even dead flowers hang from a vine.
Every pretty rose is waiting to die.
Ruby, you're made of glass.
You shattered and turned to ash,
When no one's there,
When no one's there,
Ruby, you're just a flame.
You burn softer than the rain.
I'm only here because of you.Seven is a number that you will find,
Takes you through the night and out for a ride.
Even dead flowers hang from a vine.
Every pretty rose is waiting to die.
Every pretty rose is waiting to die.
Ruby, your time has come.
There's nowhere left for you to run,
So come with me.
Oh come with me.
Moonlight is awful pain,
When you can see anyone but yourself.
Oh come with me.
Oh come with me.Seven is a number that you will find,
Takes you through the night and out for a ride.
Even dead flowers hang from a vine.
Every pretty rose is waiting to die.
Every pretty rose is waiting to die.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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