

# Bodega Rose

## Kesang Marstrand

Rainy bodega roses  
The shop never closes  
They change shifts at dawn  
Even in the smallest hours  
Fresh cut red flowers  
But you just walk on My love, my grey-eyed  
City child  
We could've grown wild  
We could've grown wild  
But this is what we chose  
The endless night  
The bodega rose Odd shadows of trees in the park  
Claim the darkest dark  
While we sleep  
Tangled beneath the covers  
Tangled in each other  
And try to dream deep My love, my grey-eyed  
City child  
We could've grown wild  
We could've grown wild  
But this is what we chose  
The endless night  
The bodega rose Silence is wedded to sound  
That comes up through the ground  
Singing for us  
But few things moves us like before  
Nothing anymore  
Is what it once was My love, my grey-eyed  
City child  
We could've grown wild  
We could've grown wild  
But this is what we chose  
The endless night  
The bodega rose

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