

# Gas Station Rose

## Sean Rowe

Well we can't have a garden while we're still on the road  
There's only room on the dash for a gas station rose  
You know that when I shut up I got something to say

I was looking at you, you were looking awayAt least we dodged the New York winter...Well maybe the  
mountain in our eyes

Looks like a molehill from the other side

We are the elders of our minds

We're on our own

We're on our own

Another year gone by like the signs on the street

Highway seventy-five, Nebraska flat as a sheet

Living out of the trunk, we bounce around like a dream

Another major drawback, another sweet in betweenAt least we're both confused together...But maybe the  
mountain in our eyes

Looks like a molehill from the other side

We are the elders of our minds

We're on our own

We're on our ownMaybe the mountain in our eyes

Looks like a molehill from the other side

We are the elders of our minds

We're on our own

And maybe the mountain in our eyes

Looks like a molehill from the other side

We are the elders of our minds

We're on our own

We're on our own

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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