

# 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 away  
At 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 between  
At 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 own  
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  
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.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>