

# Bramble Rose

**Tift Merritt**

The ungrateful few who tangle inside  
Don't care where they're born, they're growing up wild  
The rain makes me thirsty and fighting to go  
My mind turns determined, dark as a storm So my love has grown as sharp as a bramble rose  
Like a real good woman nobody knows I get so ashamed for making you blue  
I come back to this porch to make it all up to you  
The rain's got me thirsty, falling wasteful and slow  
I'm restless enough, I'm so scared to go So my love has turned as hard as a bramble rose  
I'm a real good woman nobody knows Do you think I'll be happy out on the wind?  
Do you think I'll get halfway 'fore it's raining again?  
Will I find that I'm true when it's hardest to be  
Or will the notions I follow have all turned on me? Once my love has blown as far as a bramble rose  
Just a real good woman nobody knows

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