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 stormSo my love has grown as sharp as a bramble rose
Like a real good woman nobody knowsI 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 goSo my love has turned as hard as a bramble rose
I'm a real good woman nobody knowsDo 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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