

# Rosaline

## Fixion

Rosaline  
I have loved you  
From the steeple to the streets of Rome  
And I know, Ah yes I know, whats goin down  
They will come  
When its early  
And breathe to me your last goodbye  
And our long, long love is finally drowned Teenage dreams  
Satin tresses  
Lie deserted all along the strand  
And the ferryman has poled his way off home  
Angels screamed  
In those evenings  
When I promised you my dying days  
And my heart hatched its treasons to run And Ah  
These latter days  
Im fed on distant rumours  
But third-hand news is news enough  
For hopeless dream consumers Quite at ease  
In an armchair  
Steaming coffee standing on my knee  
I can still hear you whispering when the fire sighs  
Rosaline  
How I have loved you  
With a careless kind of vanity  
As they turned you around  
And split us apart  
And like a fool  
I ran from the start  
And in the end they told much smoother lies

Lyrics provided by

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