Rose

Amy Studt

So much sorrow she has to bear, I watched her cry in her sleep.
Day by day her pain becomes more, and then she turned to me.
She becomes so aware, that life is ruthlessly unfair.
And who are you to judge her pain? 'cause now maybe your suffer the same.Rose-such a lucky flower.
So excited with her youth, she wants to be mature.
Rose-such a lucky flower.
So enchanted with her looks, we watch and we adore.Some things, never seem important, till there gone.
Constantly struggling to make it on her own.
She becomes so aware, that life is ruthlessly unfair.And who are you to judge her pain? 'cause maybe your suffer the same.Rose-such a lucky flower.
So excited with her youth, she wants to be mature.
Rose-such a lucky flower.
So enchanted with her looks, we watch and we adore.And she put her hand in mine, and I noticed the tears in her eyes.
Then she said to me, I need a friend tonight.
So she said.
So long this life, and all the weights heavy on my mind,
So long this world, I was never meant for this, anyway.Rose-such a lucky flower.
So excited with her youth, she wants to be mature.
Rose-such a lucky flower.
So enchanted with her looks, we watch and we adore.Rose-such a lucky flower.
So excited with her youth, she wants to be mature.
Rose-such a lucky flower.
So enchanted with her looks, we watch and we adore.

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