

For The Roses

[Fiona Joy Hawkins](#)

I heard it in the wind last night, sounded like applause
Did you get a round resounding for you way up here?
It seems like many dim years ago
Since I heard that face to face or seen you face to face
Though tonight I can feel you here
I get these notes on butterflies and lilac sprays
From girls who just have to tell me they saw you somewhere
In some office sits a poet and he trembles as he
sings
And he asks some guy to circulate his soul around
On your mark red ribbon runner, the caressing rev of motors
Finely tuned like fancy women in thirties evening gowns
Up the charts, off to the airport
Your name's in the news, everything's first class
The lights go down and it's just you up there
Getting them to feel like that
Remember the days when you used to sit and make up
Your tunes for love and pour your simple sorrow
To the sound hole and your knee and now you're seen on giant screens
And at parties for the press and for people who have slices of you
From the company, they toss around your latest golden egg
Speculation, well, who's to know
If the next one in the nest will glitter for them so I guess I seem ungrateful with my teeth sunk in the hand
That brings me things I really can't give up just yet
Now I sit up here, the critic, and they introduce some band
But they seem so much confetti looking at them on my TV set
Oh, the power and the glory just when you're getting a taste for worship
They start bringing out the hammers and the boards and the nails
I heard it in the wind last night, sounded like
applause
Chilly now, end of summer, no more shiny hot nights
It was just the arbutus rustling and the bumping of the logs
And the moon swept down black water like an empty spotlight

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