Rose K.

Rasputina

She doesn't know the man
Who tries to push her wheelchair in the sand
She just looks out to sea
He's talkin' endlesslyOh, why won't he shut up?
I take my medicine and I crush the paper cup
Oh, maybe he's my son
And he's coming to set me freeShe knows that she forgot
That there's a story and she can't recall the plot
Of course her family fought
Over the furnitureOh, I don't know why they
Have taken all my favorite things away?
But one thing that's for sure
I don't know what they wereThey say a stone is a marker
And that it has weight
They say it's solid
But it can deteriorateThe air is like a hand
Reminding her of all the things she's planned
Like air that thought is gone
Never to come againWe came out to the beach
To find the mind I've lost and cannot reach
I used to keep it here
It was much cleaner thenThey say a rose is a flower
And that it is red
It blooms, it grows, it wilts
And then it is deadThey say a stone is a marker
And that it has weight
They say it's solid
But it can deteriorateThey say a rose is a flower
And that it is red
It blooms, it grows, it wilts
And then it is dead
Oh, Rose Kennedy

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