

Mother Rose

[Patti Smith](#)

Mother Rose every little morn' tend to me
There she stood, waiting by the door selflessly
Took my hand took it with a smile tenderly
Mother rose every little morn' tend to me Now's the time to turn the view
Now that I have you And I'll rise every little morn' tend to thee
When you rise open up your eyes you will see
There I'll be waiting by the door come to me
Take my hand look into your heart there I'll be Now's the time to turn the view
Now that I have you Now's the time to turn the view
Now that I have you Roses growing up by my door, climbing up the vine
All the thorns and pain obscured, roses shall divine
Where we feel no pain and the love inside
Where roses climb, roses shall divine
Roses shall divine, I feel the pain when the roses die Roses shall divine holy mother
Mother of gold, mother with stories
Told and retold, she felt our tears
Heard our sighs and turned to gold
Before our eyes She rose into the light
She rose into the light
She rose into the light

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