

# Bramble Rose

Don Henley

The ungrateful few who tangle inside  
Don't care where they're born, they're growing up wild  
The rain makes her thirsty and fighting to go  
Her mind turns determined, dark as a storm  
So her love has grown as sharp as a bramble rose  
Like a real good woman nobody knows  
I get so ashamed for making you blue  
I come back to this porch to make it all up to you  
The rain's got me thirsty, falling wasteful and slow  
I'm restless enough, I'm so scared to go  
So her love has turned as hard as a bramble rose  
Just a real good woman nobody knows  
Do you think she'll be happy out on the wind?  
Do you think she'll get halfway 'fore it's raining again?  
Will she find that she's true when it's hardest to be  
Or will the notions she follows have all turned on me?  
Once her love has blown as far as a bramble rose  
Just a real good woman nobody knows  
Just a real good woman nobody knows

Songwriters

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