

# Dog Roses

## The Duke Spirit

I hope you stay in charge of your mouth  
I hope you stay in charge of it  
When nothing's fluid you drink yourself through it  
Outside you draw, draw yourself Feel the breeze, that's a real thing that touches your skin  
But memories, well, they're not real Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
There's nothing there Now can we visit your old house again?  
I feel as though I've left instructions there  
Could it be that you were so small that  
The garage room, well, they've pulled it down Oh, nothing's ruined 'cause we still have the picture  
Of dog roses and stuff for the pyre Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh Hey yeah, have you always slipped backwards?  
Just now, I see you always slip backwards  
Oh, you will you always slip backwards?  
Just now, oh, you always slip Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh  
There's nothing there

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