# 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 yourselfFeel the breeze, that's a real thing that touches your skin
But memories, well, they're not realOoh, ooh, ooh, ooh
There's nothing thereNow 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 downOh, nothing's ruined 'cause we still have the picture
Of dog roses and stuff for the pyreOoh, ooh, ooh, oohHey 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 slipOoh, ooh, ooh, ooh
There's nothing there

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