

It Must Have Been The Roses

Robert Hunter

Annie laid her head down in the roses
She had ribbons, ribbons, ribbons in her long brown hair
I don't know, maybe it was the roses
All I know I could not leave her there I don't know, it must have been the roses
The roses or the ribbons in her long brown hair
I don't know, maybe it was the roses
All I know I could not leave her there Ten years the waves rolled the ships home from the sea
Thinking well how it may blow in all good company
If I tell another what your own lips told to me
Let me lay 'neath the roses and my eyes no longer see I don't know, it must have been the roses
The roses or the ribbons in her long brown hair
I don't know, maybe it was the roses
All I know I could not leave her there One pane of glass in the window
No one is complaining though, come in and shut the door
Faded is the crimson from the ribbons that she wore
And it's strange how no one comes round any more I don't know, it must have been the roses
The roses or the ribbons in her long brown hair
I don't know, maybe it was the roses
All I know I could not leave her there

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