

# City of Roses

## Esperanza Spalding

In the city of, roses  
Streets lined with red brick, and green branches  
Wet-n-rainy days, it might seem bleak  
Our rain is the paint that makes the land lush and the folks unique  
City parks, wild berries, and old bridges  
rolling river bringing goods to and from the sea  
A mountain hooded in snow silently watching over me  
And Anywhere I go these roots are with me, and I find,  
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these memories of mine  
From the city of roses, city of roses  
City of roses, city of roses  
City of roses, city of roses  
Down along the river, weekend market  
On sunny Saturdays the water front comes alive  
The street vendors and hippies they keep a hemp sack flying  
All the people you could wish for or imagine  
from the Farmer in the city selling fresh corn beans  
Musicians hustling To make sure that there's a thriving jazz scene  
And Anywhere I go these Roots are with me, and I find,  
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these memories of mine  
Everywhere I go these roots are with me, yeah and I find,  
Wherever I may travel I take with me, these memories of mine  
From the city of roses, city of roses,  
City of roses, city of roses  
City of roses, city of roses  
City of roses, city of roses  
Everywhere I go these Roots] are with me, and I find,  
I take along a little piece of heaven, with these memories of mine  
Everywhere I go these roots are with me, yeah and I find,  
Wherever I may travel I take with me, Portland in my mind

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