

A Thief at My Door

Karen Elson

The wind rattles my windowpane
He's trying to find a way in
But my door's locked shut
and my curtains are drawn

There's a thief I can't let in.

A thief at my door
Steal away my love

I remember the wild roses
and how they grew
Without fear for the world beyond the tree
But the tree's knocked down,
and the roses were tamed
In my heart they are no longer free.

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