

Song About A Rose

Pearls Before Swine

This is a song about a rose
Or perhaps it's a song about the shadow of a rose
In the morning the apple sellers congregate on corners of their
own
But you and I we sing our song about a rose or perhaps the shadow
of a rose

With the children of Fribourg and the good thief standing by
We consort in silent rendezvous and call the world a lie
When our song is but a candle that will one day burn away
The children of Fribourg cannot hear what we say

This is a song about a rose
Of lonely caravans whispering to God
To chain the world in prose
But people are not singers and life is not a song
And even God can only guess
Why or where or when or if
The answers all belong
And you and I we sing our song about a rose
Or perhaps the shadow of a rose