

# The Rose Of My Cologne

## The Beautiful South

Daddy was the local drunk  
Mommy was the loosest girl in town  
Brother just some two-bit punk  
Rode his Harley D into the ground

Distant friends and relatives  
Each of them a problem they would share  
From the in-laws to the out-laws  
Quietly she would soak up their despair

She was one of life's lil' angels  
A job that don't pay well  
Guiding those to heaven  
That should've gone to hell  
Was it really worth it?  
Only time & death may ever tell

She was the brick  
At the base  
Of the house  
A true foundation stone  
She was the colour  
And the sound  
And the taste  
And the rose of my cologne

Cousin Bobby killed a man  
Packed his bags and left with Lisa-Jane  
Sister was an also-ran  
Ran and never showed her face again  
Those daughters, sons and uncles  
All of them with problems of their own  
Professors, priests, policemen  
All would use the rose of my cologne

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Finally she decided  
Less than half an hour it took to pack  
Climbed upon her motorbike  
Didn't wave goodbye or once look back

Separations, pregnancies

Alcohol abusers, lovers tiff  
Murderers, philanderers  
Took them all and drove them off a cliff