

Pretty Roses in Your Hair

The Jayhawks

Standing on the landing
Looking down at me
I began to feel afraid

With my old eyes shining
Level at your knee
I held the stems of your bouquet

Pretty roses in your hair
Pretty roses in your hair
Pretty roses in your hair

Oh, how did I let you slip away
Oh, how could I let you slip away

Late from bathurst station
Your address in hand
The light could not be described

Never once but broken
All we should have been
You lived your life I lived mine

How did I let you slip away
How could I let you slip away

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