

Dog Roses

The Duke Spirit

I hope you stay in charge of your mouth
I hope you stay in charge of it
When nothing's fluid you drink yourself through it
Outside you draw, draw yourself

Feel the breeze, that's a real thing that touches your skin
But memories, well, they're not real

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
There's nothing there

Now can we visit your old house again?
I feel as though I've left instructions there
Could it be that you were so small that
The garage room, well, they've pulled it down

Oh, nothing's ruined 'cause we still have the picture
Of dog roses and stuff for the pyre

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

Hey yeah, have you always slipped backwards?
Just now, I see you always slip backwards
Oh, you will you always slip backwards?
Just now, oh, you always slip

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
There's nothing there