

# The Grateful Dead, It Must Have Been The Roses

Annie laid her head down in the roses.  
She had ribbons, ribbons, ribbons, in her long brown hair.  
I don't know, maybe it was the roses,  
All I know I could not leave her there.

I don't know, it must have been the roses,  
The roses or the ribbons in her long brown hair.  
I don't know, maybe it was the roses,  
All I know I could not leave her there.

Ten years the waves roll the ships home from the sea,  
Thinkin' well how it may blow in all good company,  
If I tell another what your own lips told to me,  
Let me lay 'neath the roses, and my eyes no longer see.

I don't know, it must have been the roses,  
The roses or the ribbons in her long brown hair.  
I don't know, maybe it was the roses,  
All I know I could not leave her there.

One pane of glass in the window,  
No one is complaining, no, come in and shut the door,  
Faded is the crimson from the ribbons that she wore,  
And it's strange how no one comes round any more.

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