

# Trouble, R.I.P.

Looking through the window of destiny  
Casement open to the skies - no more lies  
Rosemary nods upon the grave  
Could've been saved  
From the garden of the brave  
She cries  
Rest in peace

Soft may the worms about him creep  
Never heard the children weep - he's asleep  
Rosemary nods upon the grave  
Could've been saved  
From the garden of the brave  
She cries  
Rest in peace

When saints go marching down the hall  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall - when pigs call  
Rosemary nods upon the grave  
Could've been saved  
From the garden of the brave  
She cries  
Rest in peace