

# The Last Rose of Summer

Tom Waits

I love the way  
The tattered clouds  
Go wind across the sky  
As summer goes  
And leave me  
With a tear in my eye  
I'm taking out my winter clothes  
My garden knows what's wrong  
The petals of my favorite rose  
Be in the shadows dark and long  
Through every year  
It's very clear  
I should be used  
To carrying on  
But I can't be found  
In the garden  
Singing this song  
When the last  
Rose of summer is gone

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>