The **un**grateful few who **tang**le inside
Don't **care** where they're born, they're **grow**ing up wild
The **rain** makes her thirsty and **fight**ing to go
Her **mind** turns determined, **dark** as a storm

So her love **has** grown as sharp **as** a bramble rose
Like a **real** good woman nobody **knows**

I **get** so ashamed for **making** you blue
I come **back** to this porch to make it **all** up to you
The **rain's** got me thirsty, falling **wasteful** and slow
I'm **restless** enough, I'm **so** scared to go

So her love **has** turned as hard **as** a bramble rose
Just a **real** good woman nobody **knows**

Do you **think** she'll be happy **out** on the wind?
Do you **think** she'll get halfway 'fore it's **raining** again?
Will she **find** that she's true when it's **hard**est to be
Or will the **notions** she follows have **all** turned on me?

Once her love **has** blown as far **as** a bramble rose

Just a **real** good **wom**an nobody **knows**
Just a **real** good **woman** nobody knows