

Blue Roses

Flyleaf

You said come on, lets go
Down that yellow brick road
But that path was primrose and led back to black and white
And now I know since that day you chose to let me know
My heart's been tangled with thoughts that choke the light

Here I go, collecting roses
To me from you
Oh, oh, here I go
A dozen red for every wound
Oh, oh, Now I stop and smell the roses
When they're blue

Gonna find my way
Break the lock on the emerald city gates
It could be simple but would only half awake
I feel the pains within
When I think of you and grip the stems
I feel my head begin to scream, "I'm not alright"

Here I go, collecting roses
To me from you
Oh, oh, here I go
A dozen red for every wound
Oh, oh, Now I stop and smell the roses
When they're blue
When they're blue

Let go of the stems
Free to bloom again
Let go of the stems
Free to bloom again

Here I go, collecting roses
To me from you
Oh, oh, here I go
A dozen red for every wound
Oh, oh, Now I stop and smell the roses
When they're blue

Free to bloom again
Free to bloom again
When they're blue