

I Won't Send Roses

John Barrowman

I won't send roses
Or hold the door
I won't remember
Which dress you wore

My heart is too much in control
The lack of romance in my soul

Will turn you grey, kid
So stay away, kid

Forget my shoulder
When you're in need
Forgetting birthdays
Is guaranteed
And should I love you, you would be
The last to know

I won't send roses
And roses suit you so

My pace is frantic
My temper's cross
With words romantic
I'm at a loss

I'd be the first one to agree
That I'm preoccupied with me

And it's inbred, kid
So keep your head, kid

In me you'll find things
Like guts and nerve
But not the kind of things
That you deserve
And so while there's a fighting chance
Just turn and go

I won't send roses
And roses suit you so.