

Roses

ABRA

Tonight
Petals fall from pink roses
And everything I thought I knew
I suppose is a lie
Everything dies and everything changes
I was never one to have a green thumb
And I'm green with envy
Of the me that was young and unwise and unknowing
The thorns are showing
The thorns are showing
The thorns are showing
The thorns are showing

But you taste best when you're in full bloom
Lay in my teeth, my sweet love trophy
You can't be killed if I rip from the roots
Take it with grace
I'm dumb and I'll chase
I'm young and I'll waste you away
I'm young and I'll waste you away
I'm young and I'll waste you away
I'm young and I'll waste you away

Tonight
If you leave me I'll flood out your fire
Why don't you love me like I love you like I want you like I need you
Everything dies
It's always too soon to lose to the moon
And you're freaking them out
And you look like a fool
And you're starting to know it
Your thorns are showing

But you taste best you when you're in full bloom
Lay in in my teeth, my sweet love trophy
You can't be killed if I rip from the roots
Take it with grace
I'm dumb and I chase
I'm young and I'll waste you away
I'm young and I'll waste you away
I'm young and I'll waste you away
I'm young and I'll waste you away