

This Lonely Rose

Atmosphere

I parked on a vacant road, to get away from people and watch the planes approach
Turn the music down, put the windows low. Turn the headlights off, but let the dashboard glow
I try not to reminisce, cause many of these memories ain't got no kind of benefits
It's the same old lick, you can paint the bricks. But your face is just a way to decorate your shit
I'm the motherfuckin' man when I'm standing in it
Cause I don't know how to swim, but I project the image, that i'mma go all in
Got it under control, until I grow my fins I'm still plugging my nose
No surprise, stolen by the tide
You can close your eyes
But the hopes stay alive, and the crow gonna fly
And the dope gets sold, n' other than that
There's really not much to know
Don't cut this rose

This lonely rose
With thorns to show
It grows alone
Too hard to hold
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Quick to tell you that she don't need a man
From what I've seen I completely understand
Can't stand a cat that try to make demands
Plus her man said he sick of bringing beach to the sand
Quickly sinking in the holiest boat. Figured he might as well drink just to keep it afloat
Nope, when small things end up being gigantic
Relationships go the way of the Titanic
Why panic?
Have some fun while it last
Be happy that you even had a spot on the cast
She hard to keep cause she know what men about
It just took you too long before you figured it out. (Huh)
Moving fast don't mean it won't end quick
Why put your toes in when you can skinny dip
Remember when you're with the prettiest chick
There's another man that's sick of putting up with her shit

There is a temperamental magic in the key of love and war
It go, "nothing up her sleeve not even a fucking arm"
Body ain't a temple if it's disassembled parts
Allocated in a separate level warped send the force
Tell tents severing up pell-mell dash melting
Squeegee in his post to a cheesecloth silk screen evenly
East coast tilt kings raised by servals
Pacing up the grape vine nervous
Poke jarred brain matter adequately curious
Pick a perfect patsy, herd 'em back into the turnip truck
Where a high arch pose as the nobles

Fine yeti fur with a dire prognosis
He prefer to mire with the openly grotesque
Opening in a cold discotheque coat check
Oh my low-tech bolt neck, go time, no myth
I'm a slow death goldmine

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