Roses Grow

Concrete Blonde

L.A., who'da thought
Right smack dab in the middle of what
With the belching buses and the broken bones
Said, ?Devil, pour me another shot?
Hey, hey, L.A.
Who'da thought, who'da thought, who'da thought

L.A., after closing when it's down to me And the same old souls Well, Johnny's all right if you buy him a gin He'll tell you his stories about Errol Flynn He even danced with Marilyn

That's what they say
Devil, pour me another shot
Hey, hey, L.A.
Who'da thought, who'da thought
I woulda never thought

Up through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses grow

Up through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses grow, roses grow
Roses grow, roses grow

You know Roxy was is in tonight She's styling around in her fishnet tights And she's got more life at 65 Than the teenage boys she keeps up all night

She said heavy metal and the young hard cock What, can't you handle that kind of talk? The strippers here, they really rock

Devil, pour me another shot Hey, hey, L.A. Who'da thought, who'da thought I never woulda thought, never woulda thought

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Up through the broken glass
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Roses grow, roses grow Roses grow, roses grow Roses grow, roses grow