

## Tin Can Roses

Gregory Alan Isakov

In the morning  
In the morning  
In the morning you will know  
Why it's golden  
Why I scorched in  
The mid-western sun  
Am I folding my hands on the table  
On the streetside and watch  
You will say, son  
You will say, son  
Well, I do believe you're working

Just throw me, throw me your tin can roses  
And throw me, throw me your tin can roses

And you'll notice  
And you'll know this  
And you'll know this when it's right  
That I've worked for  
I've worked for  
My whole damn life

So throw me, throw me your tin can roses  
Throw me, throw me your tin can roses

And throw me, throw me your tin can roses  
And throw me, throw me your tin can roses