

You Can't Go Where the Roses Go

Marianne Faithfull

Today I saw the roses die,
The ones that we picked out.
And I turned around to cry,
I could not help myself.
I know where the roses go
Who do what they should do,
And baby, you won't go where the roses go
If you can't be true.
Today I saw the roses die,
The ones that we picked out.
As I stood there I could see
I could not help them now.
I know where the roses go
Who do what they should do,
And baby, you won't go where the roses go
If you can't be true.
Don't you want to walk where the flowers play
Beneath the sky of gold,
Where the little white doves fly by the hour
Singing our love will never grow cold ?
Oh, today I saw the roses die,
The ones that we picked out.
And I hoped that you could tell
What it was all about.
I know where the roses go
Who do what they should do,
And baby, you won't go where the roses go
If you can't be true.
You won't go there
If you can't be true.
You can't go there
If you can't be true.
You won't go there
If you can't be true ...