

## Fake Roses

## The Lone Bellow

Fake roses on the mantle  
Elvis postcards on the fridge  
Ed lays softly by the ringer  
Baby's sleeping in the crib  
Old broken taped up tail light  
On momma's Monte Carlo  
She don't open all the gas bills  
Just leaves it on the dashboard

It's a low and lonesome song  
When the wind sweeps through the pine  
She just turns the TV on  
Puts her mind on better times

Takes the long way home from work  
Car parked on the wrong side of the bridge  
Country gold, Saturday night, and smokes one  
You don't have to tell me any of this

It's a low and lonesome song  
When the wind sweeps through the pine  
She just turns the TV on  
Puts her mind on better times  
Your heart is breaking  
I hear what you're saying  
You don't have to tell me anything  
He won't come around again  
She don't open that front door  
She hears that low and lonesome sound  
She don't answer anymore.