

# Tangled Up Roses

## Shooter Jennings

Looks like The King and 'Cilla  
got a little too drunk last night  
And we came in and it turned in  
to a Hank and Audrey fight You fixed my face up good  
and I broke everything in sight  
And as we coasted out on fumes  
in raised the light When you slipped your little hand in mine And it's them lady like things  
that make me go insane  
That turn me right around  
I fall in love with you again  
I wouldn't crave the golden days  
without the cold blue rain  
Like beauty spiked with pain Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses We've grown around each other  
right from the very start  
And the thorns that sting our side  
assure we won't be torn apart And when our coldest winter seems  
that it will never pass  
You usher in the summer wind  
with a singing of your laugh You put your little hand in mine And it's them lady like things  
that make me go insane  
That turn me right around  
I fall in love with you again  
I wouldn't crave the golden days  
without the cold blue rain  
Like beauty spiked with pain Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses Your legs wind up around my heart  
Like life immitating art  
Two lovers strike poses Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses Oh, like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses  
Like tangled up roses

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