

# Pink Roses

## Glassjaw

You like to carry my heart in a bag that's broken  
You're asking when do I stop, when the bottle's empty?  
Blacker than my father's soul, drunk enough to raise us allPink, pink  
Roses, rosesNomad drowning rat black, black  
So black you can't even grasp the fact  
Blacker than a beggar's soul, rich enough to raise us allLead with your need as God descendsPink, pink  
Roses, rosesCold in the ground, what gets me this down?  
The smell of magnesium, the smile of a clownI want to drink you  
Scare you  
Fuck you and film youPink, pink  
Roses, rosesAnd if it ain't sold  
Platinum or gold  
This'll be the biggest liar that had lived

Lyrics provided by

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