Cannonball Days

Ryan Adams

What's come to stay from the cannonball days
But a house and some clothes on the line
You fired away with your drunken brigade
In the streets of New York as a child
Woman so fine, fine as a girl
Slow like an Italian wine
Hair all a mess, dress all disheveled
And all of your roses have died
Better luck in the next life
'Cause you're gonna need it dear
Loved you back then but I couldn't say when
All of your roses have died
All of your roses have died
I tasted your lips, put my hands on your hips
Danced in apartment A-9
Your cats on the sill and my head to your breast
Feeding your rhythms divine
A west Jersey queen with a rattle machine
Tasted the salt through your skin
Loved you back then but I couldn't say when
All of your roses have died
Better luck in the next life
Give them some hell and goodbye
Loved you back then but I couldn't say when
All of your roses have died
All of your roses have died
Bask in the heat down on Christopher Street
Bought you a rose from a bum
Left you a note that I stuffed in your coat
You laughed and you said, it was dumb
Broke like a stem and I guess you're with him
I'm sure that he treats you just fine
So bottoms up cheers baby, here's to your tears
All of your roses have died
Better luck in the next life
I'll miss you but go on goodbye
I feel like a straight from his cannonball days
When all of your roses were mine
When all of your roses were mine

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