

# 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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