

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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