Coming Up Roses

Elliott Smith

I'm a junkyard full of false starts
And I don't need yourr permission
To bury my love under this bare light bulb
The moon is a sickle cell it'll kill you in time
You cold white brother riding your blood
Like spun glass in sore eyes
While the moon does its division you're buried below
And you're coming up roses
Everywhere you go red roses follow

The things that you tell yourself
They'll kill you in time
You cold white brother alive in your blood
Spinning in the night sky
While the moon does its division you're buried below
And you're coming up roses
Everywhere you go red roses
So you got in a kind of trouble that nobody knows
And you're coming up roses
Everywhere you go red roses

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