Fake Roses

The Lone Bellow

Fake roses on the mantle
Elvis postcards on the fridge
Ed lays softly by the ringer
Baby's sleeping in the crib
Old broken taped up tail light
On momma's Monte Carlo
She don't open all the gas bills
Just leaves it on the dashboard

It's a low and lonesome song
When the wind sweeps through the pine
She just turns the TV on
Puts her mind on better times

Takes the long way home from work
Car parked on the wrong side of the bridge
Country gold, Saturday night, and smokes one
You don't have to tell me any of this

It's a low and lonesome song
When the wind sweeps through the pine
She just turns the TV on
Puts her mind on better times

Your heart is breaking
I hear what you're saying
You don't have to tell me anything

He won't come around again
She don't open that front door
She hears that low and lonesome sound
She don't answer anymore.

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