

Pretty Pink Rose (adrian belew)

David Bowie

She's just been to russia and they're dying their faces
They're dying over there
A pretty pink rose
That r'n'r lady takes a space-ship ride she's out of this world
A pretty pink rose
And we're living for you my love, we're living for you
And we're dying for you my love
Pretty pink rose
She tore down paris on the tall of thom paine
But the left wings broken the right insane
A pretty pink rose
Have a nice day, it's a killer, turn a cheek
It's a christian code
A pretty pink rose
And we're living for you my love, we're living for you
And we're dying for you my love
Pretty pink rose
She's the poor mans gold she's the anarchist crucible
Flying in the face of the despot cannible
She's a pretty pink rose
Never let it rain, never let it rain on the heart of the pretty pink rose
Pretty pink rose
And we're living for you my love, we're living for you
And we're dying for you my love, pretty pink rose
Get me thru the pain, thru the pain of the thorn on the pretty pink rose
Never let it rain, never rain never rain, the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart, of the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart, of the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart, of the pretty pink rose
Take me to the heart, to the heart, to the heart

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.