

A Dozen Roses

Braid

a dozen roses in the car
and i don't know where you are
maybe i don't know what i'm doing
you're moving like a movie
you still move me
among the other ones
and twos and threes and twenty-threes
got to keep my conscience clean
but that hurricane what's-her-name
mentality was not for me
and never could be
cause it surely brings bitter things
and misery and i say
heaven hits me hard
in with the new
heaven hits me hardly in with the news
whatever gets me started
in with the noose
have you ever had a heaven here
and was it clear? cause i just wrote a letter
a confession down the ladder
that things could be so much better
and through follow the leader
i met her and then another end
and usually a grudge
but i loved so much
the way we touched and psuedo-kissed
oh i already miss you singing like this
over the phone
every now and every then i tend to pretend
i'm not alone static made old radio
now i know
static made old radio heaven hits me hard
in with the new
heaven hits me hardly
in with the news
whatever gets me started
in with the noose
have you ever had a heaven here

and was it clearly better?

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