

Roses Given

[Harry Manx](#)

Lines were drawn, forces gathered
All at the foot of our bed
Planned attacks without retreats Spoke of war, rattled our swords
Brought out the great big guns
Halfway through a long campaign
We got tired, of the bloody fun Roses given A truce was signed without a shot
We drank to our new deal
Felt so good about what we got
We ended up oh lord half peeled Silence rules my day
Give me some more of the same
The prize is not so much in the goal .. no, no
As the playing of the game Roses given Sure we bark and sometimes bite
But we never use our teeth
Ain

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