Roses Given

Harry Manx

Lines were drawn, forces gathered
All at the foot of our bed
Planned attacks without retreatsSpoke of war, rattled our swords
Brought out the great big guns
Halfway through a long campaign
We got tired, of the bloody funRoses givenA 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 peeledSilence 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 gameRoses givenSure we bark and sometimes bite
But we never use our teeth
Ain

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