

# This Lonely Rose (feat. Blueprint & Aesop Rock)

## Atmosphere

[Verse 1: Slug]

I parked on a vacant road, to get away from people and watch the planes approach  
Turn the music down, put the windows low. Turn the headlights off, but let the dashboard glow

I try not to reminisce, cause many of these memories ain't got no kind of benefits  
It's the same old lick, you can paint the bricks. But your face is just a way to decorate your shit

I'm the motherfuckin' man when I'm standing in it  
Cause I don't know how to swim, but I project the image, that i'mma go all in  
Got it under control, until I grow my fins I'm still plugging my nose

No surprise, stolen by the tide

You can close your eyes

But the hopes stay alive, and the crow gonna fly

And the dope gets sold, n' other than that

There's really not much to know

Don't cut this rose[Hook: Blueprint]

This lonely rose

With thorns to show

It grows alone

Too hard to hold

This lonely rose

With thorns to show

It grows alone

Too hard to hold[Verse 2: Blueprint]

Quick to tell you that she don't need a man

From what I've seen I completely understand

Can't stand a cat that try to make demands

Plus her man said he sick of bringing beach to the sand

Quickly sinking in the holiest boat. Figured he might as well drink just to keep it afloat

Nope, when small things end up being gigantic

Relationships go the way of the Titanic

Why panic?

Have some fun while it last

Be happy that you even had a spot on the cast

She hard to keep cause she know what men about

It just took you too long before you figured it out. (Huh)

Moving fast don't mean it won't end quick

Why put your toes in when you can skinny dip

Remember when you're with the prettiest chick

There's another man that's sick of putting up with her shit[Verse 3: Aesop Rock]

There is a temperamental magic in the key of love and war

It go, "nothing up her sleeve not even a fucking arm"  
Body ain't a temple if it's disassembled parts  
Allocated in a separate level warped send the force  
Tell tents severing up pell-mell dash melting  
Squeegee in his post to a cheesecloth silk screen evenly  
East coast tilt kings raised by servals  
Pacing up the grape vine nervous  
Poke jarred brain matter adequately curious  
Pick a perfect patsy, herd 'em back into the turnip truck  
Where a high arch pose as the nobles  
Fine yeti fur with a dire prognosis  
He prefer to mire with the openly grotesque  
Opening in a cold discotheque coat check  
Oh my low-tech bolt neck, go time, no myth  
I'm a slow death goldmine[Hook: Blueprint]  
This lonely rose  
With thorns to show  
It grows alone  
Too hard to hold  
This lonely rose  
With thorns to show  
It grows alone  
Too hard to hold[Outro]  
Too hard to hold...

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

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