These Days

Roses Are Red

Still waiting a touch of turpentine
What are you hiding, girl?
Oh, have you made up your mind?She's nothing in her fantasies
She sings in broken melodies
That I'm putting back together againShe's nothing in her fantasies
She sings in broken melodies
That I'm putting back togetherThese days we're dreaming of
The ways we fell in love
The things we're guilty ofStill raining, another day inside
Why are you smiling, girl
Oh, have you made up your mind?If you want to
If you need to
It could be true tonightShe's nothing in her fantasies
She sings in broken melodies
That I'm putting back together againShe's nothing in her fantasies
She sings in broken melodies
That I'm putting back togetherThese days we're dreaming of
The ways we fell in love
The things we're guilty ofThese days we're dreaming of
The ways we fell in love
The things we're guilty ofThese days we're dreaming of
These days we're dreaming of
These days we're dreaming ofThese days we're dreaming of
The ways we fell in love
The things we're guilty ofThese days we're dreaming of
The ways we fell in love
The things we're guilty ofThese days we're dreaming of
The ways we fell in love
The things we're guilty of

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