

Pink Roses

Glassjaw

You like to carry my heart in a bag that's broken
You're asking when do I stop, when the bottle's empty?
Blacker than my father's soul, drunk enough to raise us allPink, pink
Roses, rosesNomad drowning rat black, black
So black you can't even grasp the fact
Blacker than a beggar's soul, rich enough to raise us allLead with your need as God descendsPink, pink
Roses, rosesCold in the ground, what gets me this down?
The smell of magnesium, the smile of a clownI want to drink you
Scare you
Fuck you and film youPink, pink
Roses, rosesAnd if it ain't sold
Platinum or gold
This'll be the biggest liar that had lived

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