Roses Grow

Concrete Blonde

L.A., who'da thought
Right smack dab in the middle of what
With the belching buses and the broken bones
Said, Devil, pour me another shot
Hey, hey, L.A.
Who'da thought, who'da thought, who'da thoughtL.A., after closing when it's down to me
And the same old souls
Well, Johnny's all right if you buy him a gin
He'll tell you his stories about Errol Flynn
He even danced with MarilynThat's what they say
Devil, pour me another shot
Hey, hey, L.A.
Who'da thought, who'da thought
I woulda never thoughtUp through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses growUp through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses grow, roses grow
Roses grow, roses growYou know Roxy was is in tonight
She's styling around in her fishnet tights
And she's got more life at 65
Than the teenage boys she keeps up all nightShe said heavy metal and the young hard cock
What, can't you handle that kind of talk?
The strippers here, they really rockDevil, pour me another shot
Hey, hey, L.A.
Who'da thought, who'da thought
I never woulda thought, never woulda thoughtUp through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses growUp through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses growRoses grow, roses grow
Roses grow, roses grow
Roses grow, roses grow
Roses grow, say

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