

# 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 thought L.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 Marilyn That's what they say  
Devil, pour me another shot  
Hey, hey, L.A.  
Who'da thought, who'da thought  
I woulda never thought Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow Up 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 grow You 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 night She said heavy metal and the young hard cock  
What, can't you handle that kind of talk?  
The strippers here, they really rock Devil, pour me another shot  
Hey, hey, L.A.  
Who'da thought, who'da thought  
I never woulda thought, never woulda thought Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow Up 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 grow, roses grow  
Roses grow, roses grow  
Roses grow, say

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