

Tangled Up Roses

Shooter Jennings

Looks like The King and 'Cilla
got a little too drunk last night
And we came in and it turned in
to a Hank and Audrey fight
You fixed my face up good
and I broke everything in sight
And as we coasted out on fumes
in raised the light
When you slipped your little hand in mine
And it's them lady like things
that make me go insane
That turn me right around
I fall in love with you again
I wouldn't crave the golden days
without the cold blue rain
Like beauty spiked with pain
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
We've grown around each other
right from the very start
And the thorns that sting our side
assure we won't be torn apart
And when our coldest winter seems
that it will never pass

You usher in the summer wind
with a singing of your laugh
You put your little hand in mine
And it's them lady like things
that make me go insane
That turn me right around
I fall in love with you again
I wouldn't crave the golden days
without the cold blue rain
Like beauty spiked with pain
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses

Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Your legs wind up around my heart
Like life immitating art
Two lovers strike poses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Oh, like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses

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