Stoplight Roses

The Trolleyvox

You've practiced and rehearsed
But in your heart you know
It's too late.
Experience should tell you
Never get your story too straight.
You'd better steel yourself
And prepare for
Some blues to descend
'Cause you've broken something this time
Stoplight roses can't mend.You've dusted off your shame face
In the mirror behind the bathroom door.
That little-boy-lost look
That used to work so well
Doesn't anymore.
If you believe your same-old used-to-be
Will see you through
You'll last about as long as stoplight roses do.Stoplight roses
In their sad array.
Love's promise in cellophane lace
Or dead giveaway?
You'll need time to devise
A stylish plan
And you'll do it driving over to
The stoplight roses man.And if you believe your same-old used-to-be
Will see you through
You'll last about as long as stoplight roses do.

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