

Blood Roses (Live in Cedar Rapids 1996/07/26)

Tori Amos

Blood Roses
Blood Roses
Back on the street now
Blood roses
Blood roses
Back on the street now Can't forget the things you never said
On days like these starts me thinking
When chickens get a taste of your meat girl
When chickens get a taste of your meat yes
You gave him your blood
And your warm little diamond
He likes killing you after you've died
You think I'm a queer
I think you're a queer
Said I think you're a queer
I think you're a queer
I shaved every place where you been boy
I said I shaved every place where you been yes God knows I know I've thrown away those graces
God knows I know I've thrown away those graces
God knows I know I've thrown away those graces The Belle of New Orleans
Tried to show me once how to tango
Wrapped around your feet
Wrapped around like good little roses
Blood Roses
Blood Roses
Back on the street now
Blood roses
Blood roses
Back on the street now, now, now, now You've cut out the flute
From the throat of the loon
At least when you cry now
He can't even hear you When chickens get a taste of your meat girl
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on
When he sucks you deep yes
Sometimes you're nothing but meat
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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