

Roses

Poets of the Fall

I've walked the distance, I paid my dues and tried
To have a go at what I thought, I knew was real, held no appeal
I've been to places, I've seen the tidings
I bought a book of rules for every coin that I could steal And so I came to gaze upon the stars
When they were yet unborn
And consequently tear at my old scars
And the mask I had outworn So when I'm crying alone
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone Grow me a garden of roses
Paint me the colors of sky and rain
Teach me to speak with their voices
Show me the way and I'll try again I've heard the rumors, started fires, I sowed a sordid
Lot of plays for keeps for what I need, behold the demons that I freed
I've tried my best at wearing the hard hat
But healing doesn't seem to happen when you hide away the seed And so I came across the medicine man
And he showed me what I'd forlorn
For if I'm stayed, it happens by my own hand
And my own voice full of scorn So when I'm crying alone
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone Grow me a garden of roses
Paint me the colors of sky and rain
Teach me to speak with their voices
Show me the way and I'll try again Without you I'm nothing at all
And life has the face of a morbid game
With you nothing seems impossible
It all seems to fit the frame So when I'm crying alone
Yeah, when I'm cold as a dying stone Grow me a garden of roses
Paint me the colors of sky and rain
Teach me to speak with their voices
Show me the way and I'll try again

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