8 Roses

Honeybrowne

8 Roses
(Addison/ Singh)Night's falling on the off ramp
Trucks roll by above me on the road
And the sun is melting into the buildings
Everybody's rushing to get on home
Seems like I've been standing here for hours
Hours longer than the good Lord should allow
With a plastic bucket and some flowers
Caughtup in your headlights now8 roses
8 roses
Red roses wrapped in cellophane
I hate roses
I hate roses
But 8 roses
Still remainI guess you're home by now from the hotel laundry
I hope you didn't have to wait to catch a ride
Did you bring the kids a little something from the kitchen
And it's finally cooling off outside8 roses
8 roses
Red roses wrapped in cellophane
I hate roses
I hate roses
But 8 roses
Still remainNow why in the hell did we ever come here to the city
I guess it's not like we left anything behind
Since they took the farm it hasn't been that easy
I guess we didn't have a choice this timeBut I wish I could be there, lying by your side
But I'll be standing here till somebody buys8 roses
8 roses
Red roses wrapped in cellophane
I hate roses
I hate roses
But 8 roses
Still remain

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