

# Santa Clara

## Yankee Roses

words for where  
too close for comfort  
in nerves for every jangle chord i strike  
they all seem to think that i'm unstable  
cause they don't know what personality looks like  
and all i ever asked for was some company  
as a muddle through this shit  
as i lumber through this pit  
and if impulsively i call you beautiful  
its because im just so happy that you're here  
wearing through the seat of my pants  
i dont have the score im playing this by ear  
the bull in the china shop is looking down his snout  
at the man who traded in his hope for fear  
and all i ever wanted was some lenience  
my failings and my faults  
for my wounds i fill with salt  
and if after careful though i put a ring around your finger  
its because I've learned to love you through the year  
i put you second to the pen and to the bottle  
but I've always been the first name on your list  
but i'm at my best when i'm on A downward spiral  
bleeding hard bloody nose and bloody wrist  
all i want now is a bit of clemency  
the gashes and the gauze  
for the heartaches that I've caused  
and when the sun sets on my life and i die next to you  
i'll just hammer by the shack that you're still here

Lyrics Submitted by Matt

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