Cold Roses

Ryan Adams

Mirrors in the room go black and blue
On a Sunday morning in Saturday shoes
We don't choose who we love
We don't chooseLots of wild memory melt on the street
In a Sunday shoes, with the Saturday feet
And she don't love who she chose
And she don't need what she doDaylight comes in exposin'
Saturday bruises and cold roses
Cold rosesNothin' but the sunlight'll help you grow from underneath your bed
You can't see the window
We don't choose what we see
We don't chooseFortunate and angry just like a child
All that money buys you, medicine but can't buy you time
We don't choose what we love
And she don't need what she gotDaylight comes in exposin'
Saturday bruises and cold roses
Cold roses, cold rosesCold roses, cold roses, cold roses

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