

# 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 choose Lots 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 do Daylight comes in exposin'  
Saturday bruises and cold roses  
Cold roses Nothin' 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 choose Fortunate 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 got Daylight comes in exposin'  
Saturday bruises and cold roses  
Cold roses, cold roses Cold roses, cold roses, cold roses

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