Cannonball Days (Live In Malmo)

Ryan Adams

What's come to stay from the cannonball days
But a house and some clothes on the line
Fire the wave of your drunken brigade
The streets of New York as a childWoman so fine, and fine as a girl,
Slow like an Italian wine
Hair all a mess and a dress all disheveled
And all of your roses have diedBetter luck in the next life,
Cause you gonna need it, dear
Loved you back then but I couldn't say when
All of your roses have diedTasted your lips with my hands on your hips
Danced in an apartment named nine,
Your cats on the sill and my head to your breast
Feeding your rhythms divineA west jersey queen with a rattle machine,
Tasted the salt through your skin,
Loved you back then, but I couldn't say when
All of your roses have diedBetter luck in the next life,
Go give them some hell and goodbye
Loved you back then but I couldn't say when
All of your roses have diedBask in the heat down on Christopher Street
Bought you a rose from a bum
Left you a note that I stuffed in your coat
Laughed and you said it was doneBroke like a stem and I guess you're with him
I'm sure that he treats you just fine
So bottoms up cheers baby here's to your tears
And all of your roses have diedBetter luck in the next life
I miss you but go on goodbye
I feel like a straight from this cannonball days
When all of your roses were mine
When all of your roses were mine
When all of your roses were mine

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