

# 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 child Woman 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 died Better 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 died Tasted 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 divine A 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 died Better 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 died Bask 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 done Broke 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 died Better 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

Songwriters

RYAN ADAMS Published by

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