

Blood Roses

[Tori Amos](#)

Blood roses, blood roses
Back on the street now
Blood roses, blood roses
Back on the street now Can't forget the things you never said
On days like these, starts me thinking When chickens get a taste of your meat, girl
And chickens get a taste of your meat, yes You gave him your blood and your warm little diamond
He likes killing you after you're dead You think I'm a queer, I think you're a queer
Said I think you're a queer, I think you're a queer I shaved every place where you been, boy
I said, I shaved every place where you been, yes God knows I know I've thrown away those graces
God knows I've thrown away those graces
God knows I know I've thrown away those graces The Belle of New Orleans
Tried to show me once how to tango
Round and round your feet
Round and round like good little roses Blood roses, blood roses
Back on the street now
Blood roses, blood roses
Back on the street now, now, now Now you've cut out the flute
From the throat of the loon
At least when you cry now
He can't even hear you When chickens get a taste of your meat, girl
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on
Come on, come on, come on
Oh when he sucks you deep, yes
Sometimes you're nothing but meat

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