

# Stoplight Roses

Nick Lowe

You've practiced and rehearsed  
But in your heart you know  
It's too late.  
Experience should tell you  
Never get your story too straight.  
You'd better steel yourself  
And prepare for  
Some blues to descend  
'Cause you've broken something this time  
Stoplight roses can't mend. You've dusted off your shame face  
In the mirror behind the bathroom door.  
That little-boy-lost look  
That used to work so well  
Doesn't anymore.  
If you believe your same-old used-to-be  
Will see you through  
You'll last about as long as stoplight roses do. Stoplight roses  
In their sad array.  
Love's promise in cellophane lace  
Or dead giveaway?  
You'll need time to devise  
A stylish plan  
And you'll do it driving over to  
The stoplight roses man. And if you believe your same-old used-to-be  
Will see you through  
You'll last about as long as stoplight roses do.

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