Cold Roses

Ryan Adams & The Cardinals

The mirrors in the room go black and blue
On a Sunday morning in her Saturday shoes
We don't choose who we love
We don't chooseThe lights over the Midway melt on the street
In a Sunday shoes, with her Saturday feet
She don't love who she choose
She don't need what she useDaylight comes and exposes
Saturday's bruises and cold roses
Cold roses
Nothing but the sunlight will help you grow
From underneath your bed you can't see the window
We don't choose what we see
We don't chooseFortunate 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 and exposes
Saturday's bruises and cold roses
Cold roses
Cold rosesCold roses
Cold roses
Cold roses

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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