Roses Grow

Concrete Blonde

L.A
Who'da thought
Right smack dab in the middle of what
With the belching buses
And broken bones
Devil pour me another shot!
Hey, hey
L.A.
Who'da thoughtL.A.
After closing when it's down to me
And the same old souls
Well Johnny's all right if you buy him a gin
He'll tell you his stories about Errol Flynn
He even danced with Marilyn!
No way!
That's what they say
Devil pour me another shot!
Hey, hey
L.A.
Who'da thoughtUp through the cracks
Up through the broken glass
In the hot red light of a black and white
Roses growRoxy is in tonight
She's styling around in her fishnet tights
And she's got more life at 65
Than the teenage boys she keeps up all night
Heavy metal
Young hard cock
What, can't you handle that kind of talk?
The strippers here they really rock
Devil pour me another shot!
Hey, hey
L.A.
Who'da thought

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