

Roses

Angus & Julia Stone

Heading north, San Francisco
Wild horses in my head
See ya looking out the window
Will she bring roses when I'm dead Will she bring roses
When I'm dead
Will she bring roses
When I'm dead Do I love her for her beauty
Do I love her for she makes me smile
Do I love her cos it's my duty
I... I guess we'll never really know Will she bring roses
When I'm dead
Will she bring roses
When I'm dead

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