

# Roses and Cigarettes

Ray LaMontagne

Plastered in your newspaper palace  
Dishes and the backdoor slams  
The dogs on the floor  
They dont roam anymore  
And the rivers gone deaf at the dam  
The dust falls like rain on your doorsteps  
Chokes you when you lift your rake  
A wine so sweet is the taste of your mouth  
But your love aint the kind you can keep  
Oh roses and cigarettes  
Pillow case that remembers you  
the scent of you still lingers on my fingertips  
Till I think I might go insane  
When will I see you again  
Seen how you look at the stranger  
I see how you wait when hes gone  
If I told you I thought that there was a sin in your heart  
Could you honestly tell me Im wrong  
Oh roses and cigarettes  
Pillowcase that remembers you  
the scent of you still lingers on my fingertips  
Till I think I might go insane  
When will I see you again  
He tells you that he needs you, hes a liar  
He tells you hes a hero, hes a fool  
He tells you hell stay till the lords breaking day  
Then babe he aint nothing but cruel  
Oh roses and cigarettes  
Pillowcase that remembers you  
the scent of you still lingers on my fingertips  
Till I think I might go insane  
When will I see you again

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