

# Blood Roses (Cedar Rapids '96)

[Tori Amos](#)

Blood Roses  
Blood Roses  
Back on the street now  
Blood roses  
Blood roses  
Back on the street now Can't forget the things you never said  
On days like these starts me thinking  
When chickens get a taste of your meat girl  
When chickens get a taste of your meat yes  
You gave him your blood  
And your warm little diamond  
He likes killing you after you've died  
You think I'm a queer  
I think you're a queer  
Said I think you're a queer  
I think you're a queer  
I shaved every place where you been boy  
I said I shaved every place where you been yes God knows I know I've thrown away those graces  
God knows I know I've thrown away those graces  
God knows I know I've thrown away those graces The Belle of New Orleans  
Tried to show me once how to tango  
Wrapped around your feet  
Wrapped around like good little roses  
Blood Roses  
Blood Roses  
Back on the street now  
Blood roses  
Blood roses  
Back on the street now, now, now, now You've cut out the flute  
From the throat of the loon  
At least when you cry now  
He can't even hear you When chickens get a taste of your meat girl  
Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on  
When he sucks you deep yes  
Sometimes you're nothing but meat  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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