

# Black Roses

Clare Bowen

I can see your eyes, staring into mine  
But it's a battlefield and you're on the other side  
You can throw you words  
Sharper than a knife,  
And leave me cold in another house on fire, I, lay low, lay low,  
And watch the bridges burn,  
I lay low, lay low,  
What more could I have done? Now you only bring me black roses,  
And they crumble into dust when they're held  
Now you only bring me black roses,  
Under your spell She told me twice,  
All her good advice,  
But I couldn't see  
I was clouded by your lies,  
Up in smoke,  
A vision she foretold,  
She said stay away cause that boy's a warning sign  
I, lay low, lay low,  
And watch the bridges burn,  
Now you only bring me black roses,  
And they crumble into dust when they're held  
Now you only bring me black roses,  
Under your spell. And I'm done tryin' a be the one,  
Picking up the broken pieces  
And I'm done tryin' a be the one,  
Who says "I love you dear"  
But I'm leaving Now you only bring me black roses  
And the crumble into dust when they're held,  
Now you only bring me black roses, But I'm not under your spell,  
I'm not under your spell,  
I'm not under your spell,  
I'm not under your spell,  
I'm not under your spell

Songwriters

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