

Roses

The Cranberries

Life is no garden of roses, more like a thistle in time
Sailing past, waiting for no one this time
Sailing fast, waiting for no one this time

Now that youâ€™ve killed me with your eyes, why did you push me away?
How will I make it without you? How will I go on my way?

Everything feels cold in the winter, everything feels cold
Everything feels cold in the winter, everything feels cold
Ahahahah

Life is a garden of roses, roses just wither and die
Now that youâ€™ve killed me with your eyes, why did you push me away?
How will I make it without you? How will I go on my way?
Life is a garden of roses, roses just wither and die

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