

Roses Stone

"Made Of Stone"

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Your knuckles whiten on the wheel
The last thing that your hands will feel
your final flight can't be delayed
No earth just sky it's so serene
Your pink fat lips let go a scream
You fry and melt I love the scene
Sometimes I fantasize
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Don't these times fill your eyes
When the streets are cold and lonely
And the cars they burn below me
Are you all alone
Is anybody home?
I'm standing warm against the cold
Now that the flames have taken hold
At least you left your life in style
And for as far as I can see
Tin twisted grills grin back at me
Bad money dies I love the scene
Sometimes I fantasize

When the streets are cold and lonely

And the cars they burn below me

Don't these times

Fill your eyes

When the streets are cold and lonely

And the cars they burn below me

Are you all alone

Is anybody home

Sometimes I fantasize

When the streets are cold and lonely

And the cars they burn below me

Don't these times

Fill your eyes

When the streets are cold and lonely

And the cars they burn below me

Are you all alone

Are you made of stone

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