

Smith Elliott

"Coming Up Roses"

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i'm a junkyard full of false starts
and i don't need yr permission
to bury my love under this bare light bulb
the moon is a sickle cell
it'll kill you in time
you cold white brother riding yr blood
like spun glass in sore eyes
while the moon does its division you're buried below
and you're coming up roses everywhere you go
red roses follow
the things that you tell yourself
they'll kill you in time
you cold white brother alive in yr blood
spinning in the night sky
while the moon does its division you're buried below
and you're coming up roses everywhere you go
red roses
so you got in a kind of trouble that nobody knows
and you're coming up roses everywhere you go
red roses

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