

Cranberries

"Roses"

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Life is no garden of roses, more like a thistle in
timernSailing past, waiting for no one is timernSailing
fast, waiting for no one this timernrnNow that you've
killed me with your eyes, why did you push me away?
rnHow will I make it without you? How will I go on my
way?rnEverything feels cold in the winter, everything
feels coldrnEverything feels cold in the winter,
everything feels coldrnAaah, life is a garden of
roses, roses just wither and diernNow that you've
killed me with your eyes, why did you push me away?
rnHow will I make it without you? How will I go on my
way?rnLife is a garden of roses, roses just wither and
die

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