

Glassjaw "Pink Roses"

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You like to carry my heart in a bag that's broken
You're asking when do I stop, when the bottle's empty?
Blacker than my father's soul, drunk enough to raise us
all

Pink, pink
Roses, roses

Nomad drowning rat black, black
So black you can't even grasp the fact
Blacker than a beggar's soul, rich enough to raise us
all

Lead with your need as God descends

Pink, pink
Roses, roses

Cold in the ground, what gets me this down?
The smell of magnesium, the smile of a clown

I want to drink you
Scare you
Fuck you and film you

Pink, pink
Roses, roses

And if it ain't sold
Platinum or gold
This'll be the biggest liar that had lived

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