

Bryan White

"The Backyard Roses"

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Richard Bryant
His heart is junk, heavy and cold like some old radiator
Piled in a heap at her pretty little feet
He sets it out with the trash
He can't recycle the past
There's no return and there's no nickel to get back
They left no stone undisturbed, they rocked the bed of
roses
She pulled the weeds, he punched in the seeds
But nothing good came of the work
Just some stains on his shirt
From diggin round in a big old pile of dirt
He hears the sanitation truck grind it's gears and hit
the curb
He hears the sanitation men calling out to her
But she won't answer right away
Her pretty throat is lined with dirt
She's three feet underneath the backyard roses
Wrapped in his old shirt
His heart is junk, heavy and cold like some old radiator
Piled in a heap at her pretty little feet
He sets it out with the trash
He can't recycle the past
There's no return and there's no nickel to get back

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