

Honey Cone

"8 Roses"

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Night's falling on the off ramp
Trucks roll by above me on the road
And the sun is melting into the buildings
Everybody's rushing to get on home
Seems like I've been standing here for hours
Hours longer than the good Lord should allow
With a plastic bucket and some flowers
Caughtup in your headlights now

8 roses
8 roses
Red roses wrapped in cellophane
I hate roses
I hate roses
But 8 roses
Still remain

I guess you're home by now from the hotel laundry
I hope you didn't have to wait to catch a ride
Did you bring the kids a little something from the
kitchen
And it's finally cooling off outside

8 roses
8 roses
Red roses wrapped in cellophane
I hate roses
I hate roses
But 8 roses
Still remain

Now why in the hell did we ever come here to the city
I guess it's not like we left anything behind
Since they took the farm it hasn't been that easy
I guess we didn't have a choice this time

But I wish I could be there, lying by your side
But I'll be standing here till somebody buys

8 roses
8 roses

Red roses wrapped in cellophane
I hate roses
I hate roses
But 8 roses
Still remain

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