

# Honeybrowne

## "8 Roses"

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8 Roses  
(Addison/ Singh)

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

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

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