

Lisa Loeb & Nine Stories

"Rose - Colored Times"

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Those were rose-colored times
On rides with your eyes closed
Those were rose-colored times
On rides with your eyes open wide

Shabby tried to comb her hair with the gift from her
Grandma
Her blood tangled, she got halfway
Sticky and powdered with dirt from the ground
Where her Mamma had left her, had left her, had left
her

Those were rose-colored times
On rides with your eyes closed
Those were rose-colored times
On rides with your eyes open wide
With your eyes open wide

Rusty, the screen door, she opened it, raised from the
ground
Mamma left me her ring, Mamma left me no family
Just barstools, and boyfriends, and whiskey at
nighttime
And bedtime, bedtime, bedtime, bedtime

I'll go with the man who looks like my father
The neighbors all tell me to go with him
He better take caution, he better take care of me
'Cause if he don't, he better beware of me

Those were rose-colored times
On rides with your eyes closed
Those were rose-colored times
On rides with your eyes open wide

With your eyes open wide
With your eyes open wide, wide, wide, wide
Eyes open wide, open wide, wide
Eyes open wide, wide

