

Meg

"Roses"

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Turn around there's those eyes again.
Turn around fake indifference and I.
Watch their cold, dark silhouettes disappear.
A hundred bodies fill this room.
And all their faces overdone.
Pain is foreign, foreign to us.

I don't even know you.
You won't even know I'm gone.
Was it something I did wrong?
Roses, roses cold.
Roses, roses sold out.

Turn around reds and whites again.
I'd sell my kicks for one more low tar.
Fevers hand in hand with shoelace bracelets.
Why are some girls so naive?
He didn't unbutton your blouse to see.
A better view of your heart.
Oh yeah, can't blame you for trying.

I don't even know you.
You won't even know I'm gone.
Was it something I did wrong?
Roses, roses cold.
Roses, roses sold out.
Roses, roses cold.
Roses, roses sold out.

Sing it soft.
Make it slow.
Apples parachute the boys back down.
Fill it up.
Overflow.
A new, improved modern way to feel.

I don't even know you.
You won't even know I'm gone.
I don't even know you.
You won't even know I'm gone.
Was it something I did wrong?

Was it something I did wrong?
Was it something I did wrong?

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