

The Cranberries

"Roses"

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Life is no garden of roses, more like a thistle in time
Sailing past, waiting for no one is time
Sailing fast, waiting for no one this time

Now that you've killed me with your eyes, why did you
push me away?
How will I make it without you? How will I go on my way?

Everything feels cold in the winter, everything feels
cold
Everything feels cold in the winter, everything feels
cold

Aaah, life is a garden of roses, roses just wither and
die
Now that you've killed me with your eyes, why did you
push me away?
How will I make it without you? How will I go on my way?
Life is a garden of roses, roses just wither and die

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