

Red Roses For A Blue Lady "Pretty Birds Get Caught By Birds Too"

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he's drinking alone again and man he's always thinking
of a way to change... man something's got to change...
its truckin' on midnight and I sit...i sit right off sixth
street, drawing new lines..new lines to
cross...loneliness breaks complete silence, as terror
runs down his spine... the feelings all to familiar, he's
built more faith in the rope around his neck than he
holds in her... and the only reason he stands cold sweat
upon that chair is to give you, to give you one last
chance... the flowers are dead and, I'm slowly
slipping... a useless charm is broken and solitude
soars... when we..when we.. have no longer to live..
these sliced wrists..hurt less than this... wounded
heart...this heart, is killing me... and when life is not
suffice, dying amends... and he will never be your
partner because he will have killed himself by the time
you come..come around (I will have killed myself)

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