

Mulligan

"Every Other Pedal Spells Disaster"

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Take this down
you might never find
regrets of a worse kind
These are not roses
these are thoughts from friends
And this is our goodbye
and your story's end

I'll grab myself a rose from up in front
Limb from limb tear it apart
This one means more than "she loves me not"
And every other petal spells your gone, your gone

Let each blink
wipe the slate clean
Tears make new marks it seems
These are not roses
These are thoughts from friends
And I'm standing alone
counting petals again

I'll grab myself a rose from up in front
(as we stand around your grave we know we'll always
think of you)
Limb from limb tear it apart
(Quietly asking, "How could this have happened?")
This one means more than "she loves me not"
(As we stand around your grave you know we'll always
miss you)
And every other petal spells your gone, your gone.
(How could you take your life with you own hands?)

disaster, oh
(I can't believe it)
disaster
(I won't believe it)

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