

# Blue Roses

Dada

Happy girls like little squirrels  
Are shopping in the sun  
An' buying things to grease their wings  
They smile at everyone

I used to dream of them each night  
In their golden dirty tans  
I used to think that one day  
I would love to be their man

Ain't it funny how things change?  
'Cause now my girl is the one who's a little strange

She grows blue roses  
In her garden just for me  
She grows blue roses  
Waters them with misery  
And heaven only knows  
How my baby grows  
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses

Those summer girls with strings of pearls  
Are dancing on the moon  
Taunting boys with wanting toys  
To pop their red balloons

But not my girl, she's in her room  
Melting candle wax  
Unto my heart, she drips the dart  
That lets my mind relax

And when she cries into my arms  
I love her more, my bad luck charm, yeah

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In her garden just for me  
She grows blue roses  
Waters them with misery  
And heaven only knows  
How my baby grows  
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses

(undecipherable background vocals)  
She grows blue roses  
In her garden just for me  
She grows blue roses  
Waters them with misery  
And heaven only knows  
How my baby grows

She grows blue roses  
In the garden of her pain  
She grows blue roses  
I've seen them booming in the rain  
And heaven only knows  
How my baby grows  
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses

Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses  
Blue roses, blue roses