

# Cold Roses

Ryan Adams

The mirrors in the room go black and blue  
On a Sunday morning in her Saturday shoes  
We don't choose who we love  
We don't choose

The lights over the Midway melt on the street  
In a Sunday shoes, with her Saturday feet  
She don't love who he choose  
She don't need what she use

Daylight comes and exposes  
Saturday's bruises and cold roses  
Cold roses

Nothing but the sunlight will help you grow  
From underneath your bed you can't see the window  
We don't choose what we see  
We don't choose

Fortunate and angry just like a child  
All that money buys you medicine but can't buy you time  
We don't choose what we love  
And she don't need what she got

Daylight comes and exposes  
Saturday's bruises and cold roses  
Cold roses

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Cold roses  
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