

## A Dozen Roses

Braid

A dozen roses in the car  
And I don't know where you are  
Maybe I don't know what I'm doing  
You're moving like a movie  
You still move me  
Among the other ones  
And twos and threes and twenty-threes  
Got to keep my conscience clean  
But that hurricane what's-her-name  
Mentality was not for me  
And never could be  
Cause it surely brings bitter things  
And misery

And I say  
Heaven hits me hard  
In with the new  
Heaven hits me hardly

In with the news  
Whatever gets me started  
In with the noose  
Have you ever had a heaven here  
And was it clear?

Cause I just wrote a letter  
A confession down the ladder  
That things could be so much better  
And through follow the leader  
I met her and then another end  
And usually a grudge  
But I loved so much  
The way we touched and psuedo-kissed  
Oh I already miss you singing like this  
Over the phone  
Every now and every then I tend to pretend  
I'm not alone

Static made old radio  
Now I know  
Static made old radio

Heaven hits me hard  
In with the new  
Heaven hits me hardly  
In with the news  
Whatever gets me started  
In with the noose  
Have you ever had a heaven here  
And was it clearly better?