

# Roses Grow

## Concrete Blonde

L.A., who'da thought  
Right smack dab in the middle of what  
With the belching buses and the broken bones  
Said, "Devil, pour me another shot?"  
Hey, hey, L.A.  
Who'da thought, who'da thought, who'da thought

L.A., after closing when it's down to me  
And the same old souls  
Well, Johnny's all right if you buy him a gin  
He'll tell you his stories about Errol Flynn  
He even danced with Marilyn

That's what they say  
Devil, pour me another shot  
Hey, hey, L.A.  
Who'da thought, who'da thought  
I woulda never thought

Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow

Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow, roses grow  
Roses grow, roses grow

You know Roxy was is in tonight  
She's styling around in her fishnet tights  
And she's got more life at 65  
Than the teenage boys she keeps up all night

She said heavy metal and the young hard cock  
What, can't you handle that kind of talk?  
The strippers here, they really rock

Devil, pour me another shot  
Hey, hey, L.A.  
Who'da thought, who'da thought  
I never woulda thought, never woulda thought

Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow

Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow

Roses grow, roses grow  
Roses grow, roses grow  
Roses grow, roses grow

Roses grow, say