

## Coming Up Roses

Elliott Smith

I'm a junkyard full of false starts  
and I don't need your permission  
to bury my love under this bare light bulb

The moon is a sickle cell  
it'll kill you in time  
you cold white brother riding your blood  
like spun glass in sore eyes  
while the moon does it's division you're buried below  
and you're coming up roses everywhere you go  
red roses follow

The things that you tell yourself  
they'll kill you in time  
you cold white brother alive in your blood  
spinning in the night sky  
while the moon does its division you're buried below  
and you're coming up roses everywhere you go  
red roses

So you got in a kind of trouble  
that nobody knows  
it's coming up roses everywhere you go  
red roses