

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 eveywhere 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