

# I Won't Send Roses

John Barrowman

I won't send roses  
Or hold the door  
I won't remember  
Which dress you wore

My heart is too much in control  
The lack of romance in my soul

Will turn you grey, kid  
So stay away, kid

Forget my shoulder  
When you're in need  
Forgetting birthdays  
Is guaranteed  
And should I love you, you would be  
The last to know

I won't send roses  
And roses suit you so

My pace is frantic  
My temper's cross  
With words romantic  
I'm at a loss

I'd be the first one to agree  
That I'm preoccupied with me

And it's inbred, kid  
So keep your head, kid

In me you'll find things  
Like guts and nerve  
But not the kind of things  
That you deserve  
And so while there's a fighting chance  
Just turn and go

I won't send roses  
And roses suit you so.