

## Rose-Colored Times

Lisa Loeb

those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.  
those were rose-  
colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.

shabby tried to comb her hair with the gift from her grandma, h  
er blood.  
tangled she got halfway.  
sticky and powdered with dirt from the ground where her mamma h  
ad left her.  
had left her.  
left her.

those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.  
those were rose-  
colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.

rusty the screen door, she opened it.  
raised from the ground.  
mamma left me her ring, mamma left me no family,  
just barstools, and boyfriends, and whiskey at nighttime, and b  
edtime,  
bedtime.

i'll go with the man who looks like my father,  
the neighbors all tell me to go with him.  
he better take caution, he better take care of me,  
'cause if he don't, he better beware of me.

those were rose-colored times on rides with your eyes closed.  
those were rose-  
colored times on rides with your eyes open wide.