

The Blue Roses

Rookie of the Year

Close the door and leave me inside,
I'll miss the fireworks burning in those
eyes,
Remember the songs that we used to sing,
Come August, I'll still be singing.

Don't be the one, don't be the one;
to fall out of line.

Watch the blue roses fall from your hands,
Remember summer when we all had second
chances.
Someday you'll see,
Come August, I'll still be singing.

Don't be the one, don't be the one,
to fall out of line.
Don't be the one, don't be the one,
to say good-bye.

I gotta get out of here.
It's been so long since I've ever had an
option.
(so cold)
I gotta get out of here.
It's been so long since I've ever had an
option.

Someday these scribbled lines will be
straight,
Conversations will never bare your name.
Someday you'll see,
Come August, I'll bet you'll still be
singing.

Don't be the one, don't be the one,
to fall out of line.
Don't be the one, don't be the one,
to say good-bye.

I gotta get out of here.
It's been so long since I've ever had an
option
I gotta get out of here.
I gotta get out of here.

It's what you wanted.

I gotta get out of here.
(so cold)
I gotta get out of here.
Ooh.