

# These Days

## Roses Are Red

Still waiting, a touch of turpentine  
What are you hiding girl?  
Have you made up your mind?

She's lost and in her fantasies,  
she sings in broken melodies (that I'm putting back together again)  
She's lost and in her fantasies,  
she sings in broken melodies (that I'm putting back together)

These days we're dreaming of  
The ways we fell in love  
The things we're guilty of

Still raining, another day inside  
Why are you smiling girl?  
Have you made up your mind?  
If you want to  
If you need to  
It could be true, tonight

She's lost and in her fantasies,  
she sings in broken in melodies (that I'm putting back together again)  
She's lost and in her fantasies,  
she sings in broken melodies (that I'm putting back together)

These days we're dreaming of  
The ways we fell in love  
The things we're guilty of  
These days we're dreaming of  
The ways we fell in love  
The things we're guilty of

Whoa whoa (these days we're dreaming of)  
Whoa whoa (these days we're dreaming of)  
Whoa whoa (these days we're dreaming of)  
Whoa whoa

These days we're dreaming of  
The ways we fell in love  
The things we're guilty of

These days we're dreaming of  
The ways we fell in love  
The things we're guilty of  
These days we're dreaming of  
The ways we fell in love  
The things we're guilty of

These days we're dreaming of (these days we're dreaming of)  
The ways we fell in love (these days we're dreaming of)  
The things we're guilty of