

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