

Tangled Up Roses

Shooter Jennings

Looks like The King and 'Cilla
got a little too drunk last night
And we came in and it turned in
to a Hank and Audrey fight

You fixed my face up good
and I broke everything in sight
And as we coasted out on fumes
in raised the light

When you slipped your little hand in mine

And it's them lady like things
that make me go insane
That turn me right around
I fall in love with you again
I wouldn't crave the golden days
without the cold blue rain
Like beauty spiked with pain

Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses

We've grown around each other
right from the very start
And the thorns that sting our side
assure we won't be torn apart

And when our coldest winter seems
that it will never pass
You usher in the summer wind
with a singing of your laugh

You put your little hand in mine

And it's them lady like things
that make me go insane
That turn me right around
I fall in love with you again
I wouldn't crave the golden days
without the cold blue rain
Like beauty spiked with pain

Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses

Your legs wind up around my heart
Like life immitating art
Two lovers strike poses

Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses
Like tangled up roses

Like tangled up roses

Oh, like tangled up roses

Like tangled up roses

Like tangled up roses

Like tangled up roses