

Fresh Deadly Roses

Soundgarden

I'd cry enough rain
To wash your garden away
But I'm dry as stone
So your trees wash away like veins
But I've been known to
Take a blow and I know
How fair your garden grows
With fresh deadly roses
Fresh deadly roses

You laid all your lillies on the grave
Of all the lonely
Soldiers you left battle-torn
You cut their pride
On your concertina that surrounds
Your dying leaves and your
Fresh deadly roses
Fresh deadly roses

Now I know just how it feels
To see my love congeal
Under your razor heel and your
Fresh deadly roses you gave me
Fresh deadly roses
You gave me the birds in your trees
Buzzing around your disease
And leaves growling blood hungry leeches
And your fresh deadly roses

One two three four
More thorns in my side
Each little wound
Is getting harder to hide
Each little thorn is getting
Hard to swallow
I'd love to make you
Mine to break your
Fresh deadly roses
You gave me fresh deadly roses