

## 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