

The Subject Was Roses

Steve Wynn

By: Steve Wynn

Somebody slammed on the table to say we was finished

Well, that was alright 'cause our good sense had long since diminished

And everyone was blind from staring way down past their noses

The old times were swinging again, the subject was roses

The newspaper man said you're crazy to let it go sour

He said I was singing your praises last night in the shower

But a fool is a fool when he starts believing his poses

The glasses were drained again, the subject was roses

two-three-four

He reached for his wallet and started to show me a picture

I reached for my bible and started to read from "Scripture"

Yeah, but he didn't laugh, I guess I stepped on his toe-ses

The peak was passing us by, the subject was roses

and they say:

A fool and his money soon got to say goodbye

But a drunk and his memories splits when he starts getting high

There's nothing to worry from the past when you get right down to it

You'll do what you do and you do so you just got to do it

and I'll do whatever the situation proposes

and I'll call it a night the next time the subject is roses

Yeah, I'll call it a night the next time the subject is roses

Yeah, I'll call it a night the next time the subject is roses