

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 dim
inished
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