

# Concrete Blonde, Roses Grow

L.A.  
Who'da thought  
Right smack dab in the middle of what  
With the belching buses  
And broken bones  
DEVIL POUR ME ANOTHER SHOT  
Hey, hey  
L.A.  
Who'da thought

L.A.  
After closing when it's down to me  
And the same old souls  
Well Johnny's all right if you buy him a gin  
He'll tell you his stories about Errol Flynn  
He even danced with Marilyn!  
No way!  
That's what they say  
DEVIL POUR ME ANOTHER SHOT!  
Hey, hey  
L.A.  
Who'da thought

Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow

Roxy is in tonight  
She's styling around in her fishnet tights  
And she's got more life at 65  
Than the teenage boys she keeps up all night  
Heavy metal  
Young hard cock  
What, can't you handle that kind of talk?  
The strippers here they really rock  
DEVIL POUR ME ANOTHER SHOT  
Hey, hey  
L.A.  
Who'da thought

Up through the cracks  
Up through the broken glass  
In the hot red light of a black and white  
Roses grow  
Up through the glass (Up through the glass)  
Up through the broken glass (Up through the broken glass)  
In the hot red light of a black and white (In the hot red of a black and white)  
Roses grow  
Roses grow  
Roses grow  
Roses grow....