

Marilyn Manson, A Rose And A Baby Ruth

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo

Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo

We had a quarrel

A teenage quarrel

Now I'm as blue as I know how to be

I can't call you on the phone

I can't even see you at your home

So I'm sending you this present

Just to prove I was telling the truth

Dear, I believe you won't laugh when you receive

This rose and a Baby Ruth

I could have sent you an orchid of some kind

But that's all I had in my jeans at the time

But when we grow up

Some day I'll show up

Just to prove I was telling the truth

I'll kiss you too, then I'll hand to you

This rose and a Baby Ruth

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