

Peder Elias, Roses

I found an open letter, asking if I feel better
I think my mama read it all last night
Now she feels worried 'bout me
'Cause I've stayed inside this whole week
Don't work that way, deep down I know she's right

I'm still too good at thinking 'bout you
Can't help myself

I can't forget that night, I went to say goodbye
Go get the last things I left at your house
I held you one last time, but then they caught my eye
Wrapped in a paper I'd not seen before
Who gave you all the roses? (Ooh)
Who gave you all the roses? (Ooh)
I wish I hadn't noticed (Ooh)
But who gave you all the roses? (Ooh)

I haven't left our bubble, I think I'm seeing double
I must be drunk, could swear these walls do talk
That night the rain was pouring
And all those lazy mornings
Am I the only one that wants them back?

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I bought a set of lilies, moved to another city
Looking for someone I could give them to