

Ryan Adams, Cannonball Days

What's come to stay from the Cannonball days
but a house and some clothes on the line.
Fired away your drunken brigade
In the streets of New York as a child.
Woman so fine, fine as a girl
Slow like an Italian wine.
Her hair all a mess and a dress off the shelf
But all of your roses have died.

Better luck in the next life
Cuz you're gonna need it dear.
Loved you back then, but i couldn't say when
Cuz all of your roses have died
All of your roses have died.

I tasted your lips with my hands on your hips
Danced in apartment named Nine.
Cats on the sill and my head to your breast
Beating your rhythms divine.
West Jersey Queen with a rattled machine
Tasted the salt through your skin.
Loved you back then, but I couldn't say when
Cuz all of your roses have died.

Better luck in the next life
Go give em some hell and goodbye
Loved you back then, but i couldn't say when
Cuz all of your roses have died
All of your roses have died.

Basked in the heat down on Christopher street,
Bought you a rose from a bum
Left you a note, had it stuffed in your coat
You laughed and said it was dumb.
Broke like a stem, and I guess you're with him
I'm sure that he treats you just fine.
So bottoms up, cheers, baby here's to your tears
all of your roses have died.

Better luck in the next life
I'll miss you, but go on, goodbye.
I feel like a stray from these cannonball days
when all of your roses were mine.
all of your roses were mine
all of your roses.....were mine