

Sloppy Seconds, Black Roses

So you were late
But you never told me you were
You didn't want to say
Till you were sure
But that song and dance
Won't work no more
Because you got no rhythm
To save your soul

I don't care how much it hurts
So you can tell it
To the Roman Catholic Church
I don't run away
From my mistakes
But this is one, honey,
That I didn't make

And I can't catch you
And I can't get you
But I can't let you catch me

Oh no, you can't catch me
And you never will
So you can plant black roses
In your window sill
I'll be free
And you'll be suicidal
While you press black roses
In your family Bible

So now it's all
Left up to your discretion
And you can spill your guts
In your next confession
Lift your eyes up to the sky
Give 'em ten Hail Marys
For one white lie

Your mother always said
I would bring you down
If she could only see you now
Clinging tight to your rosary
Saying, "This wasn't how
It was supposed to be . . ."

Forget about a snow-white
Wedding gown
And you can toss black roses
In a hole in the ground

Roses are red, roses are black
Tell your mother what you did
And give her a heart attack

Someday when I'm cold and dead
You're gonna find black roses
By your hospital bed