

# 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