

Tori Amos, Blood Roses

Blood roses
Blood roses
Back on the street now
Blood roses
Blood roses
Back on the street now
Can't forget the things you never said
On days like these starts me thinking
When chickens get a taste of your meat girl
Chickens get a taste of your meat yes

You gave him you blood
And your warm little diamond
He likes killing you after you're dead
You think I'm a queer
I think you're a queer
Said I think you're a queer
I think you're a queer
I shaved every place where you been boy
I said I shaved every place where you been yes

God knows I know
I've thrown away those graces
God knows I've thrown away
Those graces
God knows I know
I've thrown away those graces

The Belle of New Orleans tried to show me
Once how to tango
Wrapped around you feet
Wrapped around like good little roses

Blood Roses
Blood Roses
Back on the street now
Blood Roses
Blood Roses
Back on the street now
Now, Now
Now you've cut out the flute
From the throat of the loon
At least when you cry now
He can't even hear you
When chickens get a taste of your meat girl
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
Come on
When he sucks you deep
Sometimes you're nothing but meat