

# 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