

Braid, A Dozen Roses

a dozen roses in the car
and i don't know where you are
maybe i don't know what i'm doing
you're moving like a movie
you still move me
among the other ones
and twos and threes and twenty-threes
got to keep my conscience clean
but that hurricane what's-her-name
mentality was not for me
and never could be
cause it surely brings bitter things
and misery

and i say
heaven hits me hard
in with the new
heaven hits me hardly

in with the news
whatever gets me started
in with the noose
have you ever had a heaven here
and was it clear?

cause i just wrote a letter
a confession down the ladder
that things could be so much better
and through follow the leader
i met her and then another end
and usually a grudge
but i loved so much
the way we touched and psuedo-kissed
oh i already miss you singing like this
over the phone
every now and every then i tend to pretend
i'm not alone

static made old radio
now i know
static made old radio

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in with the new
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in with the news
whatever gets me started
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have you ever had a heaven here
and was it clearly better?