Braid, Roses In The Car

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 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

and i say heaven hits me hard have you ever had a heaven here heaven hits me hardly have you ever had a heaven here

im not so alone