

# 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