

Dada, Blue Roses

Happy girls like little squirrels
Are shopping in the sun
An' buying things to grease their wings
They smile at everyone

I used to dream of them each night
In their golden dirty tans
I used to think that one day
I would love to be their man

Ain't it funny how things change?
'Cause now my girl is the one who's a little strange

She grows blue roses
In her garden just for me
She grows blue roses
Waters them with misery
And heaven only knows
How my baby grows
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses

Those summer girls with strings of pearls
Are dancing on the moon
Taunting boys with wanting toys
To pop their red balloons

But not my girl, she's in her room
Melting candle wax
Unto my heart, she drips the dart
That lets my mind relax

And when she cries into my arms
I love her more, my bad luck charm, yeah

She grows blue roses
In her garden just for me
She grows blue roses
Waters them with misery
And heaven only knows
How my baby grows
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses

(undecipherable background vocals)
She grows blue roses
In her garden just for me
She grows blue roses
Waters them with misery
And heaven only knows
How my baby grows

She grows blue roses
In the garden of her pain
She grows blue roses
I've seen them booming in the rain
And heaven only knows
How my baby grows
Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses

Blue roses, blue roses, blue roses
Blue roses, blue roses