

Elliott Smith, Coming Up Roses

I'm a junkyard full of false starts
And I don't need your permission
To bury my love
Under this bare light bulb
The moon is a sickle cell
It'll kill you in time
Your cold white brother all right in your blood
Like spun glass in sore eyes
While the moon does its division, you're buried below
And you're coming up roses everywhere you go
Red roses follow
The things that you tell yourself
They'll kill you in time
Your cold white brother alive in your blood
Spinning in the night sky
While the moon does its division, you're buried below
And you're coming up roses everywhere you go
Red roses
So you got in a kind of trouble that nobody knows
It's coming up roses everywhere you go
Red roses