

# Joe Bonamassa, Black Roses

Stand still man you'd better not flinch  
Vase full of gasoline and a seven year itch  
It's vast out here in no-mans land  
All you got left is in your hands

Dead flowers, I got 'em by the dozen  
Dead flowers, ain't no discussion  
Black roses without water  
Can't live here for too long

Anytime I try to call her, the phone rings on and on and on  
Black roses petals falling. I know there is something wrong  
When you see it's me who's calling, the phone rings on and one and on

Taking my troubles from door to door  
No one wants to know about it anymore  
Another one closes, slammed in my face  
But I keep knocking just in case

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Made a deal with a devil, now it's time to stand and be counted  
Dug your own grave and you can't do a thing about it

Handful of petals strewn across the bed  
Lost in a moment, forgot what was said  
Nothing more evil than a woman scorned  
I'm laying here bleeding with my crown of thorns

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