

Marilyn Manson, A Rose And Baby Ruth

Doo, doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo
We had a quarrel
A teenage quarrel
Now I'm as blue as
I know how to be
I can't call you on the phone
I can't even see you at your home
So I'm sending you this present
Just to prove that I'm telling the truth
Dear, I believe you won't laugh when you receive
This rose and a Baby Ruth
Doo, doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo,
ahh I could have sent you
An orchid of some kind
But that's all I had in my jeans at the time
But when we grow up
Some day I'll show up
Just to prove I was telling the truth
I'll kiss you, too, then I'll hand to you
This rose and a Baby Ruth
Doo, doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo
Doo, doo, doo, doo, ooh