

Rosanne Cash, Roses In The Fire

I throw your roses in the fire
To make the flames a little higher
I watch your roses turn to dust
I know no man that I can trust

I throw your roses in the fire
'Cause I burn with pity and desire
I'll be your vision dressed in black
Who won't be back

Another woman's on the telephone
Pick it up
Tell her you're home
I see your face turn into broken glass
Talking slow
Thinking fast

I throw your roses in the fire
No one could say i didn't try
I watch your roses fall like tears
I've crawled this path for all these years

I throw your roses in the fire
To burn away the old desire
We were a desperate pair of souls
So let me go

Another woman has her point of view
Let her talk
Now that we're through
i see your face retreat behind the glass

Oh I'll kill you if we can't be friends
I'll bleed like diamonds running
through your hands
I'll be a bitter taste you can't forget
And I won't leave this world until you relent

I throw your roses on the fire
To burn away the old desire
I watch your roses turn to dust
I know no man that i can trust

I throw your roses in the fire
To make the flames a little higher
I'll be your vision dressed in black
Who won't be back
I won't be back
I won't be back