

Ryan Adams, The Mirrors In The Room Go Black

On a Sunday morning in her Saturday shoes
We don't choose who we love
We don't choose

The lights over the Midway melt on the street
In a Sunday shoes, with her Saturday feet
She don't love who he choose
She don't need what she use

Daylight comes and exposes
Saturday's bruises and cold roses
Cold roses

Nothing but the sunlight will help you grow
From underneath your bed you can't see the window
We don't choose what we see
We don't choose

Fortunate and angry just like a child
All that money buys you medicine but can't buy you time
We don't choose what we love
And she don't need what she got

Daylight comes and exposes
Saturday's bruises and cold roses
Cold roses

Cold roses
Cold roses