

# Soundgarden, Fresh Deadly Roses

Id cry enough rain  
To wash your garden away  
But Im dry as stone  
So your trees wash away like veins  
But Ive been know to  
Take a blow, and I know  
How fair your garden grows  
With, fresh deadly roses  
Fresh deadly roses

You laid all your lilies on the grave  
Of all the lonely  
Soldiers you left battle torn  
You cut their pride  
On your concertina, that surrounds  
Fresh deadly roses  
Fresh deadly roses

Now I know just how it feels  
To see my love congeal  
Under your razor heel, and your  
Fresh deadly roses  
You gave me fresh deadly roses  
You gave me the birds in your trees  
Buzzing around disease  
And leaves growing blood hungry leeches  
And your fresh deadly roses  
You gave me fresh deadly roses

One, two, three, four  
More thorns in my side  
Each little wound  
Is getting harder to hide  
Hard to swallow  
Id love to make you  
Mine to break your  
Fresh deadly roses  
You gave me fresh deadly roses