

# Treaty Oak Revival, Tattooed Roses

Well she takes her last drag  
And the thought of what she had  
Of her last cigarette  
She thought enough of him  
To get his name drawn on her skin  
And it's all permanent

There's a rose or so I'm told  
Where that old name used to go  
That says good riddance

She thinks another drink  
Will drown it out, without a doubt  
And keep things hidden

Well there ain't enough ink in her arm  
To cover up the charm, of the man that she wants  
But in a week she probably won't  
Tattooed roses they don't cover up the pain  
Well they just cover up his name  
And a poor decision stain, that once was love  
She thought it once was love  
She thought, she thought wrong

There's a tattoo on her arm  
That's the outline of a heart  
That still ain't finished  
She wants to fill it in  
But she don't have the time to spend on bad decisions  
There's a rose or so I'm told  
Where that old name used to go  
That says good riddance

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