

# Blood Roses – Tori Amos

Blood roses  
Blood roses  
Back on the street now  
Can't forget the things you never said  
On days like these gets me thinking  
When chickens get a taste of your meat  
Chickens get a taste of your meat  
You gave him your blood  
And your warm little diamond  
He likes killing you after your dead  
You think I'm a queer  
I think you're a queer  
I think you're a queer  
Said I think you're a queer  
And I shaved every place where you been  
I shaved every place where you been  
God knows I've thrown away those graces  
The belle of new orleans tried to show me  
Once how to tango  
Wrapped around your feet  
Wrapped around like good little roses  
Blood roses  
Blood roses  
Back on the street now  
Now you've cut out the flute  
From the throat of the loon  
At least when you cry now  
He can't even hear you  
When chickens get a taste of your meat  
When he sucks you deep  
Sometimes you're nothing but meat



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych

