

Roses

Kaiser Chiefs

All of the people
All of those ordinary lives
Building on the outskirts
Of my mind
They ride the Iron Pilgrim
To holidays for the head
If plans were hand grenades
We'd all be dead

It's dark
It's dark where the roses grow
There's something that you should know
Before you see the light
It's dark
It's dark where the roses grow
There's places I have to go
Before I see the light

Playing all five stages
The festival of grief
God and problems
What can stop them realise
The bottles in the drug store
Were all just piss and ink
The flags you wore
Are rags under the sink