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## I Won't Send Roses

Reference number pt0051

I won't send roses or hold the door;  
I won't remember which dress you wore.  
My heart is too much in control,  
the lack of romance in my soul  
Will turn you gray, kid,  
so stay away, kid.

Forget my shoulder when you're in need.  
Forgetting birthdays is guaranteed.  
And should I love you, you would be the last to know.  
I won't send roses  
And roses suit you so.

My pace is frantic, my temper's cross;  
With words romantic I'm at a loss.  
I'd be the first one to agree  
that I'm preoccupied with me  
And it's inbred, kid  
so keep your head kid.

In me you'll find things like guts and nerve,  
But not the kind things that you deserve.  
And so while there's a fighting chance just turn and go .  
I won't send roses  
And roses suit you so.