

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me on my birthday deathbed
I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me, 'cause I'm dead & bloated

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me on my birthday deathbed
I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me, 'cause I'm dead & bloated

says it's natural

I feel I've come of age

When she peeks I start to run

Yeah, and she says it's natural

I feel I've come of age

When she peeks I start to run

You can't swallow what I'm thinking

You can't swallow what I'm thinking

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me on my birthday deathbed

I am trampled under sole of another man's shoes

Guess I walked too softly

Yeah, and she says it's natural

I feel I've come of age

When she peeks I start to run

Yeah, and she says it's natural

I feel I've come of age

When she peeks I start to run

You can't swallow what I'm thinking

You can't swallow what I'm thinking

I run though the world thinking 'bout tomorrow

Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I run though the world thinking 'bout tomorrow

Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me on my birthday deathbed

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me, 'cause I'm dead & bloated

world thinking 'bout tomorrow

Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I run though the world thinking 'bout tomorrow

Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I run though the world thinking 'bout tomorrow

Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I run though the world thinking 'bout tomorrow

Thinking 'bout tomorrow

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me on my birthday deathbed

I am smellin' like a rose that somebody gave me

Somebody gave me

Somebody gave me, on my birthday deathbed