

## ROSES FOR THE DAMNED

JANIS IAN

ONE TOO MANY GONE, ONE TOO MANY DIED  
ALL MY HEROES HAVE BEEN SILENCED  
ALL THE YOUNG MEN MARCHING OFF IN TWO-FOUR TIME  
DANCE TO THAT RIGHTEOUS KILLER'S CADENCE

ONE TOO MANY GONE, LAYING WASTED IN THE SAND  
DEATH'S GOT NO FEELING FOR THE BRAVE  
CRAZED MEN HUSTLING SELLING GUNS AND AMMUNITION  
BEAR YOUR RIFLE, BEAR YOUR BURDEN, SAVE YOUR CHILDREN

MOTHERS RAISE THEIR SONS FOR THE SACRIFICE  
BABIES CARRY GUNS AND DREAM OF PARADISE  
NECTAR AND ROSES AND SOFT DARK ARABIAN NIGHTS  
DYING FOR WATER, AND NO OASIS IN SIGHT

NO MEAN DAY DREAM BRIDAL MAGAZINE  
PROMISES TO WAVE A MAGIC WAND  
ADVERTISING CONFIDENCE, FOURTEEN LESSON ELOQUENCE  
WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO LIVE BESIDE THE BOMB

HIGH SCHOOL FOOLS RULE, FOAM FROM THE MOUTH  
KEEP YOU 'TIL YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO BUY  
TEACHERS TALK OF TEMPERANCE, ALLEGIANCE TO COINCIDENCE  
AND DOCUMENTS TO RECOMPENSE YOUR PRIDE

NO ONE CALLS ON YOU TO LIVE, NO ONE CALLS YOU TO DIE  
NO ONE SENDS ROSES TO CRAZY OLD LADIES WHO LIE  
IN DARK DUSTY ROOMS THE SIZE OF A SMALL FOREIGN CAR  
SOMETIMES YOU WONDER WHERE ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE ARE

STRANGERS WALK THE STREETS IN THE SUMMER HEAT  
TEMPERS SHORTER THAN A BABY'S DRYNESS  
STEPPING ON YOUR SHOES, LEAVING MIND AND BODY BRUISED  
AIN'T IT EASY NOW TO KILL SOMEONE FOR KINDNESS

IT'D MAKE A MAN OF ANY MAN WHO'S OLD ENOUGH TO CRY  
SURELY MAKE A LOSER FEEL AT HOME  
BLESSINGS ON THE CHILDREN OF THE CITY WHEN THEY DIE  
ONE MORE OVERPOPULATION GONE

YOU CANNOT WALK THE STREETS NO MORE,  
OR LIVE IN TOWN  
I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE'D BE SOMEWHERE TO CRAWL  
WHEN THE SKY FELL DOWN  
I'M WATCHING MY HORIZON EXPLODING  
LIKE A SPRING TOO TIGHTLY WOUND  
SILENCE IS THE ONLY SOUND