Treaty Oak Revival, Tattooed Roses

Well she takes her last drag
And the thought of what she had
Of her last cigarette
She thought enough of him
To get his name drawn on her skin
And it's all permanent

There's a rose or so I'm told
Where that old name used to go
That says good riddance

She thinks another drink
Will drown it out, without a doubt
And keep things hidden

Well there ain't enough ink in her arm
To cover up the charm, of the man that she wants
But in a week she probably won't
Tattooed roses they don't cover up the pain
Well they just cover up his name
And a poor decision stain, that once was love
She thought it once was love
She thought, she thought wrong

There's a tattoo on her arm
That's the outline of a heart
That still ain't finished
She wants to fill it in
But she don't have the time to spend on bad decisions
There's a rose or so I'm told
Where that old name used to go
That says good riddance

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