

Flowers In Your Dustbin

Boston Manor

I'm a victim of an old regime
I was promised gold by a silver screen
I can't continue, I'm running on fumes
I'm done with the drugs
I'm sick of this room

If I'm a flower in your dustbin
Then you're the pesticide on me
If I'm a flower in your dustbin
With no mouth you can't breathe
You can't breathe

There's a puddle and a missing tooth
I threw up blood in the fountain of youth
I don't have a place, I don't have a home
I take my meds, I live through my phone

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If I'm a flower in your dustbin
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You can't breathe

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You can't breathe

Shoot them all, let me sort them out
Let me sort them out

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