

Flowers Of Romance

John Lydon

Now in the summer
I could be happy or in distress
Depending on the
company
On the veranda
Talk of the future or reminisce
Behind the
dialouge
We're in a mess
Whatever I intended
I sent you flowers
You
wanted chocolates instead
The flowers of romance
The flowers of
romance

I've got binoculars
On top of boxhill
I could be
Nero
Fly the eagle
Start all over again
I can't depend on these
so-called friends
It's a pity you need to bend
I'll take the
furniture
Start all over again.