

Bombed

Mark Lanegan

Love there are flowers hanging in the vine
So high you cannot see
Now my mind must go on holiday, torn from it's hook, a broken v
alentine
I see the smoke from a revolver, will I get hit, I hardly care
When I'm bombed I stretch like bubblegum
And look too long straight at the morning sun
Love there are flowers along the avenue, all things perfectly i
n place
I build a shrine
I set a monument
Because you're fire
Because you're a fire escape