

Flowers

Nancy Sinatra

Flowers, I lie quietly
Watching you arranged them
Didn't know they're selling spring flowers now
Always loved something tiny, shiny and golden

The door's been unlocked for hours
For you and your wandering
For you and whatever dark hour you attach to home

Don't you dare lie down, cause it's much too late
While you've been learning to love, I've been learning to hate
You think your silly little flowers will hide the smell of old
hallways
Well take your silly little flowers and go to hell
Your wrong like always

Come lie down beside me
It's not too late
You need me now, the rest can wait

Warm your hands on me
Warm your hands on me