

# 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