

Dead Flowers

The Walls

everybody's glued to the papers
the killer got what he deserved
the judge sighed, his sister cried
when the man in the dock found out he got life
(the jury finds you guilty)
alone, alone with the truth and knowing that the truth be known
(the days will slowly pass)
what goes around is gonna come around

that summer I remember
a saturday in a wet july
through a sea of bent umbrellas
duck down low better watch your eye
(those eyes are always on you)
and then I felt a hand at my back
somebody trying to take my stash
(they're always on the make)
a pickpocket, a pickpocket with his hand on my wallet

is nothing sacred in this goddamn town
they'll steal anything if it's not tied down
what goes around is gonna come around
there's nothing left in this dirty old town
that makes me wanna try and stick around
what goes around is gonna come around

I saw a dead man floating past
with eyes of cloudy broken glass
and all the things that caused him pain
like always forgetting his kid's birthday are gone, gone,
(I always meant to call you)
all that really matters is what is left to pawn
(how much for this guitar?)

did nobody tell youdid you miss it somehow?
it's not astounding and it's not profound
what goes around is gonna come around

there's nothing left in this dirty old town
that makes me wanna try and stick around
what goes around is gonna come around