

Ben Christophers, Flowers Drink Upon the Ground

Flowers drink upon the ground
In the story of nature
Queer as folk they think there's gold
In those rugged streams
But it's been dry for years

And they sway like empty clothes
In soulless avenues
And they wind on like the roads
Until the rains became their eyes

The boy who belonged to no one else but himself
And those darling beasts became your friend
So bless the girl who took me away
It's those diamond eyes
It's all I could take

She smokes a smile like nothing I've seen
Makes the wind wind over all the dark days
Blow down the secret ship of despair
For all to find a place to believe in
Everyone's missing someone
Everyone's missing something

And still I don't know why a bee stings and dies
And yet it's wasps I hate
Why does money matter so
And people look for ufo's

The books are dying from disbelief
They are the poses at the road side
Love is sabotage you tasted blood
You had it coming for years
And years

And you sway like empty clothes
In soulless avenues
And it winds on like the roads
Until the rains become their eyes
For all of time

Lord I've been foolish forgive me
Lord I fucked up forgive me
Forgive me
Lord I've been foolish forgive me