

Dead Flowers, The Garden

You might not like the look of my friend
or the excuses you will hear her give
hollow eyes and terrible skin would work if only she could fit in
her and her boy like to lie under the calm of the eastern moon
yeah her and her boy like to ride upon a needle, needle and spoon
She's in the garden now and I run with it I run with it yeah
a pretty garden made in mind
and when she's cut she's cut and I run with it I run with it yeah
when she's in the garden she's alright
So you're finally here you look more dead than you do alive
the reasons obviously clear but i wonder if you question why
their bodies are well educated on the poppies that keep then thin
their love for each other is stated more than others could,
more than others think
She's in the garden now and I run with it I run with it yeah
a pretty garden made in mind
and when she's cut she's cut and I run with it I run with it yeah
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