

Fatal Flowers, Second Chance

Here's another hippy in smoking
Thanking all his pimps and more
How he wished he was only joking
But he knows he's just another whore

He leans back in his limo
His hands caressing gold
Close your eyes and you won't know now
All the stories that are told

Close your eyes pretend your somewhere
Where there ain't nobody who knows your name
Deep blue skies and the sound of laughter
Listen closer and you'll hear em say:

Only once you get a second chance

Tomorrow he'll make the headlines
Tomorrow he'll make it big
Tomorrow it'll be just allright
Tonight he needs a fix

Comon say thanks to the love generation
This is where it's gotten you now
And there ain't no need for no explanation
No need for answers
Cause you know there's just one truth