

Phil Ochs, Flower Lady

G C G C G G C G
Millionaires and paupers walk the hungry streets

C G D
Rich and poor companions of the restless beat
Bm C

Strangers in a foreign land

Bm C
Strike a match with trembling hand

Bm Em C
Learn too much to ever understand

D C D G C G
But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Lover's quarrel, snarl away their happiness

Kissed crumble in a web of loneliness

It's written by the poison pen

Voices break before they bend

The door is slammed

It's over, once again

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Poets agonize, they cannot find the words

And the stone stares at the sculptor asks "are you absurd?"

The painter paints his brushes back

Through the canvas runs a crack

Portrait of the pain never answers back

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Soldiers, disillusioned, come home from the war

Sarcastic students tell them not to fight no more

And they argue through the night

Black is black and white is white

Walk away both knowing they are right

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Smoke dreams of escaping souls are drifting by

Dull the pain of living as they slowly die

Smiles change into a sneer

washed away by whiskey tears

In the quicksand of their mind they disappear

Still nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

Feeble, aged, people almost to their knees

Complain about the present using memories

Never found their pot of gold

Wrinkled hands pound weary holes

Each line screams out you're old, you're old, you're old

But nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

And the flower lady hobbles home without a sale

Tattered shreds of petals leave a fading trail

Not a pause to hold a rose

Even she no longer knows

The lamp goes out the evening now is closed

And nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady