

# Roxette, Why Don't You Bring Me Flowers

Tell me why don't you bring me flowers?  
Tell me why don't you notice me?  
Another stranger on a train, a tip rock in the rain,  
In the rain, in the cold, cold rain

I will throw the past on the fire  
I will sing you to sleep when you're tired  
When the summer is turning small  
I'll buy you a sweater for the fall  
Really soft, like the Moonlight

But the now we part into reveal  
The truth when we gathered living soul  
Teach me how to breathe

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