

# The Psychedelic Furs, Flowers

Title - Flowers

see the people dead in cars  
see their bodies bleed  
i know he's so dead and gone  
i think that is free  
his body is upon the wall  
his teeth are sharp and white  
we cut his eyes with razorblades  
and out of him comes foul white light  
in the eastern carpet store  
he is made of dreams  
put his picture on the wall  
just where the mirror gleams  
his body is upon the wall  
his teeth are sharp and white  
we cut his face with razorblades  
and out of him comes foul white light  
his power's all around his feet  
there's flowers in his heart  
if you take the needles out  
his body falls apart  
his body is upon the wall  
his teeth are sharp and white  
we cut his hands with razorblades  
and out of him comes foul white light  
make a god of politics  
make a god of police  
worship it with automobiles  
worship it with screams  
his body is upon the wall  
his teeth are sharp and white  
he cuts his feet with razorblades  
and out of him comes foul white light  
make a god of useless drive  
sew it at the seams  
float it down the river  
where the sewage is the sea  
his body is upon the wall  
his teeth are sharp and white  
he cuts his teeth with razorblades  
and out of him came stupid light  
that's flowers