

Andrew Bird, Fatal Flower Garden

It rained it poured
It rained so hard
Rained so hard all day
'Till all the boys in our school
Came out to talk and play

They tossed the ball
Again so high
Then again so low
Till it fell into a flower garden
Where no one's allowed to go

When a tipsy Gypsy lady
Dressed in yellow and green
Says come here come here
My pretty little boy
And get your ball again

No I won't come in
I shan't come in
Without my playmates all
I'm gonna get my father and tell him all about it
And then the tears shall fall

First she offered an apple sweet
Then a tangerine
Then she offered a diamond
That seemed to do the trick that enticed him in

She took him by the lily-white hand
And led him through the hall
She took him to an upper room
Where no one could hear him call
No not a soul

Bury the bible at my feet
The testament at my head
If my dear father should call for me
Tell him that I am dead

Bury the bible at my head
The testament at my feet
If my dear mother should call for me
Tell her that I'm asleep