

# Ben Christophers, Flowers Drink Upon the Ground

Flowers drink upon the ground  
In the story of nature  
Queer as folk they think there's gold  
In those rugged streams  
But it's been dry for years

And they sway like empty clothes  
In soulless avenues  
And they wind on like the roads  
Until the rains became their eyes

The boy who belonged to no one else but himself  
And those darling beasts became your friend  
So bless the girl who took me away  
It's those diamond eyes  
It's all I could take

She smokes a smile like nothing I've seen  
Makes the wind wind over all the dark days  
Blow down the secret ship of despair  
For all to find a place to believe in  
Everyone's missing someone  
Everyone's missing something

And still I don't know why a bee stings and dies  
And yet it's wasps I hate  
Why does money matter so  
And people look for ufo's

The books are dying from disbelief  
They are the poses at the road side  
Love is sabotage you tasted blood  
You had it coming for years  
And years

And you sway like empty clothes  
In soulless avenues  
And it winds on like the roads  
Until the rains become their eyes  
For all of time

Lord I've been foolish forgive me  
Lord I fucked up forgive me  
Forgive me  
Lord I've been foolish forgive me