

# Bishop Allen, Shrinking Violet

Oh, my shrinking violet  
I left my basket of impatience at your door  
I brought my tulips for your two lips  
But the bulb don't burn anymore

Ain't it a shame just how much rain we got  
The April showers blot out the sun  
So much dear that your roots still rot  
And we're waiting til the kingdom come

Oh, my shrinking violet  
I left my basket of impatience at your door  
I brought my tulips for your two lips  
But, the bulb don't burn anymore

The night chain rain will fall on us  
The daffodil's struck down  
But, in the morning, glorious  
I will wait until the kingdom come  
I will wait until the kingdom come