

Bryan Adams, Flower Grown Wild

She was the girl in the very front row,
Always waitin after the show,
She was the queen of the Hollywood Hills,
Knew the stars, the bars, the pimps and pills.

Somebodys climbin on a Greyhound tonight,
Too much lipstick and her dress real tight,
Looks like a woman but she aint quite,
No, not quite.

Shes somebodys baby,
Shes somebodys mothers child,
She may look like a lady,
But shes just a flower grown wild.

They never knew you by your childhood name,
But they were drawn to you like moths to a flame,
Nobody saw the tears in your silk n' lace,
Or the scarred little kid behind your face,
Just remember when you hold her tight,
What youre holding in your arms tonight,
Shes no angel, but thats alright,
Yeah that's alright.

Shes somebodys baby,
Shes somebodys mothers child,
She may look like a lady,
But shes just a flower grown wild,
(C'mon lets go, hey.)

Just another little pretty thing,
Another angel with a broken wing,
Who fell to earth neath the Hollywood Hills,
Amid the stars and the bars, the pimps and pills.

Just like the girl on the movie screen,
She played it up until the very last scene,
The picture faded and the day was done,
Went home to nothin' but a loaded gun.

Somebody's climbing on a Greyhound tonight,
A little angel flyin' out of sight,
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite,
No, not quite.

Shes somebodys baby,
Shes somebodys mothers child,
She may look like a lady,
But shes just a flower grown wild - Yeah,
A flower grown wild,
She's somebody's baby - Looks like a lady.

Shes somebodys baby,
Shes somebodys mothers child,
She may look like a lady,
But shes just a flower grown wild.