

Camper Van Beethoven, Flowers

Flowers growing
By the drunken river
Flowers growing
By the burning bridges
Flowers growing
Out of my bones
On the toppled towers flowers growing
On an island above flowers growing
Behind a mirror, behind a door
Flowers growing
Drifting fires of orange flowers
Roll down the stair, down from a star
Where they lie so long, beneath the seasons
Dead among the
On the toppled towers flowers growing
By the drunken river flowers growing
On an island above flowers growing
Out of my bones
Drifting carpets of orange flowers
Roll down the stairs, down from a star
Where they lie so long, beneath the seasons
Dead among the
Drifting fires of orange flowers
Lift from your eyes, out with a breath
Where they lie so long, beneath the seasons
Dead among the flowers growing