

# 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