

# Chris Isaak, Black Flowers

Children lieing in there beds.  
Just remember what your mother said.  
Don't you worry, don't you cry.  
Little black flowers grow, in the sky.  
In the sky.

Make a promise, cross your heart.  
Kings vow that we'll never part.  
Sign in blood and hope to die.  
Little black flowers grow, in the sky.  
In the sky.

And I believed you.  
I believed you when you said you would be mine.

Tell me mother, will I die.  
Yes my child and so shall I.  
And never know the reason why,  
little black flowers grow, in the sky.  
In the sky.

And I believed you.  
I believed you when you said you'd cried,  
believed you when you said you'd try,  
believed you when you said you loved me too.

I believed you.