

# Fatal Flowers, Pleasure Ground

theres a bitter rain, an acid pain raging through my head  
and when I close my eyes theres too many fights  
too many questions asked, too much said

see the pretty little girl walkin down my street, spring in her eyes  
she looks my way, gives me a smile  
asks me for some money to buy some time  
she says: baby, dont you walk away, cmon and take my hand  
and youre pretty little grey grey world will turn to green and red

hand through my hair, voice in my ear, saying  
baby dont you wanna be my queen tonight?  
Im not here to make a living, not here to make new friends  
but I truly sympathize

dancin bodies on the floor, love it aint nothing more  
but just another tune to dance to  
next time around let me take you  
down to the pleasure ground