

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