

Joe Henry, Mean Flower

How beautiful you've made yourself
How cruel you've become,
How so much like another
That it's no surprise
That I don't recognize you now so
Beautiful and cruel
You're the meanest flower
You raise me off the ground
To see how far there is to fall,
As if I don't remember
How we passed the time,
As if I don't remember how
Your face fell into mine
Oh, you're the meanest flower
Notice how I vanish
And your world remains,
You show your head above it
For spite, nothing more,
Like you thought just living
Was somehow its own reward
You're the meanest flower