

# Martha Wainwright, These Flowers

These flowers are coming up wild  
They're coming up, they're coming up  
They're coming up wild

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They're coming up, they're coming up  
They're coming up wild

They are like those children  
Go off to school and don't come back  
And I am like their mother  
Waiting around about to crack  
Crack  
Crack  
I want them back  
Crack  
Crack  
I want them back  
Back  
Back  
Back

You are like a flower  
You rise and rise to the sun  
You do not look back at where you came from  
I wanna be like that  
That  
That  
That

And the boys they run faster  
And they throw harder  
And they get stronger  
And they are gone, they are gone, they are gone  
I wanna be like that  
That  
That  
That

And the girls they are pretty  
And they get silly  
When they get giddy  
And they are gone, they are gone, they are gone  
I wanna be like that  
That

I'm on my knees in the corner  
Wiping my floor, wiping my floor, yeah  
And they are gone, they are gone, they are gone  
I wanna be like that  
That  
That  
That

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