

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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