

# New Radicals, Crying Like A Church On Monday

Our lives?

They're nine to seven

Why aren't things wild?

You said you was a flower child

I can respect your soul searching

But now's no time for questioning

I'm sure you've been misled before

And once you'd trust they'd slam the door

But I'm everything I claim to be

You just need vodka and honesty?

Do you know who i am

Do you know who i am

My love is real

As real as the flowers you smoke to get high

My love is real

As real as our god who has spoken on how we can fly

My love is real

As real as flowers

You're 22 why aren't you free?

You're mom and daddies victory

A soul that's lived a thousand lives

Don't hide behind a childs eyes

I'm sure you've been misled before

And once you'd trust they'd slam the door

But i'm everything i claimed to be

You just need vodka and LSD?

Do you know who I am

Do you know who I am

My love is real

As real as the flowers you smoke to get high

My love is real

As real as our god who has spoken on how we can fly

My love is real

As real as flowers

I love you you hate me

I took math class that ain't a fair exchange

I call you you hang up

Don't have to be a bitch and get your # changed I'm sorry forgive me

I never meant to call you those names

But I'm lonely so lonely please