

Silje Nergaard, You Send Me Flowers

Listen boy you met your match
I've closed my heart, secured the latch
I'll keep it locked should you decide it's time
To help me swallow foolish pride
And to take me for yet another ride
Into that carousel you climbed
Without a word you leave me there
Just hanging in the air

Then you send me flowers
Your flesh is willing, your mind is weak,
these flowers speak
Send more bouquets
Now won't you try to change your ways
And you send me flowers
Your way of winning time and favour
Hope I'll waiver
Send more bouquets
Won't you try to change your ways

Listen
I'll disprove your hunch
That sending flowers by the bunch
Is gonna help you win me back this time
Not every door that sorrow closes
Can be open by your roses
Or let their fragrance cloud my mind
You must learn that tender care
Means all in a love affair