

The Avett Brothers, Famous Flower Of Manhattan

I found a flower in a field
A field of cars and people, Rows of concrete, paint, and steel
Manhattan is where it grew

And I thought, to cut it from its stem
And take it from the cracks
Between bricks that it lay in
And save it from city strife
Away from the city life

Then someone, they whispered in my ear
A county girl can't be made out of anybody here
Don't touch it, it loves you not
Don't touch it, it loves you not

Cause blue birds, Don't fly without their wings
And when we put them in a cage
The world can't hear them sing
So selfish when greed sets in
Possession, the king of sin

And people don't ever let you down
Forever find a way to kill whatever love they've found
A heart beat and I want it too
Manhattan is where she grew

So I left and I let the flower be
And yesterday saw the flower on cable TV
Much prettier than here with me
For all of the world to see
Much prettier than here with me