

# 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