

The Cult, A Flower In The Desert

Wait a minute, my friend
Don't pass me up for dead
As Babylon crumbles to sand
Oh sweet flower blossom in my hands
Another day is ending for them
Another day will end

I am alive, see my rivers flowing
I don't wanna be like , I don't wanna be like you
There are no others in here, no
There are no others in here, no way

And a voice of the people cries
As it drones on in monotone
Here is the news, it's all so sad
Ooh, and the black and white
The diluted truth of you
Put the pennies in a collection plate
Come on
Come on
Come on

Wait a minute, my friend
Don't pass me up for dead
As Babylon crumbles to sand
Oh sweet flower blossom in my hand
Another day is ending for them
Another day will end

While I'm alive, you see my rivers flowing
I don't wanna be like , I don't wanna be like you
There are no others in here, no
There are no others in here, no
We're burning up in here
I'm burning up in here
Oh no, Oh no

Step a little closer
I wonder if you can
Remember me in this way