

# The Magnetic Fields, The Flowers She Sent And

I saw you standing at the airport  
With your chihuahua in your hand  
Crying on the moving sidewalk  
On your way to Disneyland

And the flowers she sent and the flowers she said she sent  
Are all equally dead  
You don't care anymore, she said  
And the books she read and the books that she said she read  
Are all spread on the floor  
You don't care about them anymore

I saw you closing your antique shop  
With a boa 'round your throat  
And you tremble like an ostrich  
In your ostrich feather coat

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