

# The Wallflowers, Ashes To Ashes

Well, you could walk like a stranger head back into here,  
Bringing gifts while you act so sincere,  
Bringing gifts for a boy who's five years,  
Looking for rocks and training wheels.

I don't remember you from any of those books,  
Ashes to ashes and six feet under, face down in a box.  
Where did you ever learn to treat me like that?

You don't seem to have any of that family stuff,  
You know the hardwood floors and all that penniless rough.  
Your bad luck follows you like a heart attack,  
Twist your fingers, soon as break your back.

I don't remember you from any of those books,  
Ashes to ashes and six feet under, face down in a box.  
Where did you ever learn to treat me like that that that?

It's coming from another with a mother who's just like yours,  
Givin' you headaches and all those mental scores.  
Give a little, have a little, take some for yourself,  
Like the needy and the greedy always seem by themselves,  
Well, you must be, have to be one of these,

Hidin' in the shade under your family tree  
Think I met you once in a liquor store,  
No think I saw you hanging by the stage door  
Handing out programs to the family theater  
Devised a role so you don't mistreat her.

Take it wild, take it fast,  
You never gave yourself a chance.

I don't remember you from any of those books,  
Ashes to ashes and six feet under, face down in a box.  
Where did you ever learn to treat me like that, that, that, that?