

Bryan Adams

"Flower Grown Wild"

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She was the girl
In the very front row
Always waitin'
After the show
She was the queen
Of the hollywood hills
Knew the stars, the bars
The pimps and pills
Somebody's climbin' on
A greyhound tonight
Too much lipstick
And her dress real tight
Looks like a woman
But she ain't quite
No, not quite

She's somebody's baby
She's somebody's
Mother's child
She may look like a lady
But she's just
A flower grown wild

They never knew you
By your childhood name
But they were drawn to you
Like moths to a flame
Nobody saw the tears
In your silk n' lace
Or the scarred little kid
Behind your face
Just remember
When you hold her tight
What you're holding
In your arms tonight
She's no angel
But that's alright
Ya, that's alright

She's somebody's baby
She's somebody's
Mother's child

She may look like a lady
But she's just
A flower grown wild

Just another
Little pretty thing
Another angel
With a broken wing
Who fell to earth
'Neath the Hollywood hills
Amid the stars and the bars
The pimps and pills

Just like the girl
On the movie screen
She played it up
Until the very last scene
The picture faded
And the day was done
Went home to nothin'
But a loaded gun

Somebody's climbing
On a greyhound tonight
A little angel
Flyin' out of sight
Looks like a woman
But she ain't quite
No, not quite

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