

## **Drivin N Cryin**

# **"Count the Flowers"**

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Office workers 9 to 5  
They just don't realize  
That selling flowers on the corner  
Ain't some kind of strange disorder

Call me hippie, call me freak  
But I gotta to keep this job to eat  
Call me weirdo, call me punk  
But I ain't got no clock to punch

This ain't no Hare Krishna  
This ain't no moonie son  
I'm not from Argentina  
I just trying to sell some sun

Count the flowers  
Seven dozen buys me noon  
Count the flowers  
Seven dozen buys me noon

Tell me about your history  
Tell me about hypocrisy  
Tell me about his common law  
He told me he had no law

I know that you haven't worried  
I know that you haven't hurried

This ain't no Hare Krishna  
This ain't no moonie son  
I'm not from Argentina  
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