

## Englishman J. "Flowers For Ophelia (A Suite For The Sweet)"

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You're the colour in my hair  
That just won't wash out  
The fragrance that triggers  
A memory of doubt  
You're the song  
That I hear  
That just brings me down  
You're the flavour that lingers  
Like ashes in my mouth

If you  
Build me up  
Let me hope  
Let me dream  
I tear you down  
Let you hurt  
Let you need

Well I'm not really sure  
But I think that I missed it  
Don't ask me how  
Cause I still don't quite get it  
You could blame it on fate  
Say I'm a victim of cupid  
But I took 24 years  
To get this stupid

If you  
Place your faith  
Give yourself  
Trust in me  
And I use you up  
Suck you dry  
Let you bleed  
Well I'll say that it ain't  
But I know that it's through  
If you try to blame me I can pin it on you  
I'll run from the truth  
Or pretend I don't see it  
And I'll say "I love you" and not really mean it

Well I'm not really sure

But I think that I missed it  
Don't ask me how cause I still don't quite get it  
But I'll push you for answers  
Just to see if you'll break  
So strike up you're band we'll waltz through it again  
Ya, I'll fight the battle  
If you fly the banner  
I'll hold the nails girl if you swing the hammer  
You could call me obsessed  
But I still wish I could see ya  
Sneakin into your backyard  
With these flowers for Ophelia

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