

**Hb****"China White II"**Visit ["China White II"](#) on MotoLyrics.com

Daughter: "Mother, father, where did you go?  
I hear the flowers as they speak below  
Someone help me, I'm so afraid  
The shape in the distance is coming my way"

"Oh, please come hold me," said the woman all  
covered in leaves  
"He's come again: the man with the roses that grow  
from his hands"

I'm your gardener

"Mother, your poor hands  
The better to hold yours again  
And where did he go"  
I am him, my love  
Watch my garden grow

Little girl, standing there with your daddy's skin and  
your mamma's hair  
I'll have you know I will feed them to my roses and  
you're next

I am the noises that you hear when you're in bed  
And I'll be the last face that you see before you're dead  
With your father gone and your mom in chains  
I have time to sleep in late

Your mother never looked so good  
Your daddy should have brought his gun

Now sleep child, just sleep  
And when you wake you will grow at my feet  
Yes, when you wake you'll be beautiful again

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