

## **Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass "Flowers On The Wall"**

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I keep hearin' your concern about my happiness  
All that thought you've given me is conscience I guess  
If I were walkin' in your shoes, I wouldn't worry none  
While you and your friends are worryin' 'bout me  
I'm havin' lots of fun

Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all  
Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one  
Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
Now don't tell me, I've nothin' to do

Last night I dressed in tails, pretended I was on the  
town  
As long as I can dream it's hard to slow this swinger  
down  
So please don't give a thought to me, I'm really doin'  
fine  
You can always find me here and havin' quite a time

Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all  
Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one  
Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
Now don't tell me, I've nothin' to do

It's good to see you, I must go, I know I look a fright  
Anyway, my eyes are not accustomed to this light  
And my shoes are not accustomed to this hard  
concrete  
So I must go back to my room and make my day  
complete

Countin' flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all  
Playin' solitaire 'til dawn with a deck of fifty one  
Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo  
Now don't tell me, I've nothin' to do  
Don't tell me, I've nothin' to do

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