

J. Englishman

"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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