

## Jethro Tull "The Little Flower Girl"

Visit "[The Little Flower Girl](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Down at the church the flower girl sits. legs innocent,  
apart.  
I make the picture puzzle fit to start your heart.  
Painted sister stopped beside. a word upon her saintly  
lip.  
Perhaps admonishing the child inside the open slip.

I don't know where she might go when she runs home  
at night.  
It's for the best: I wouldn't rest when I turned out the  
light.  
No little flower girl singing in my troubled dream----  
Just an old man's model in a pose from a magazine.

I have touched that face a dozen times before. and I  
have let my pencil run.  
Laid down washes on a foreign shore, under a hot and  
foreign sun.  
My best sable brushes drift the soft inside of her arm.  
Her chin I tilt, her breasts I lift. I mean no harm.

I close the door. she is no more until the next appointed  
hour.  
Northeastern light push back the night: painted  
promises in store.  
No little flower girl singing in my troubled dream----  
Just an old man's model in a pose from a magazine.

Down at the church my flower girl sits. legs innocent,  
apart.  
I make the picture puzzle fit to start your heart.  
My golden sable brushes drift the soft inside of her  
arm.  
Her chin I tilt, her breasts I lift. I mean no harm.  
I mean no harm. I mean  
Ã,ÂiÃ,ÃÃ,ÂiÃ,ÃÃ,ÂiÃ,ÃÃ,ÂiÃ,Ã-  
Ã,ÂiÃ,Ã.

Visit [Jethro Tull](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.