

## **Kids In Glass Houses "The Florist"**

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Take a ticket and wait in the line outside  
In the sun we are nothing but food for the flies  
Then they tell us that the florist easily bores  
If we want we need weâ€™d better keep it short

I remember the day the music died and left me  
wanting more  
I remember the way my mother cried when daddy went  
to war  
Died that day, they came and took you away  
In between night and day

Otis - lost in the hiss of the stereoâ€™s mouth  
Motions us to a door, empties our pockets out  
In the blackest market that you will never see  
Give you all that you want if youâ€™re willing to please

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wanting more  
I remember the way my mother cried when daddy went  
to war  
Died that day, they came and took you away  
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