

Lisa Hannigan

"Flowers"

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Hey, I heard what you said
In sun and in showers,
We all must be fed.
All must be fed.

You wear yourself so steadily,
You're ready for a fight
But in hell and high water
It helps to be right.
Helps to be right.

I don't know the rules of this game,
And I don't think I want to play.
I've seen your cards, and mine are the same
And if I come back, I won't stay

I burned all your letters
I buried all your stones
The curses and the raptures,
I kept them for my own

Oh say, how 'bout this instead?
Come by with some flowers and stay 'til they're dead
Stay 'til they're dead.

I don't know the rules of this game,
And I don't think I want to play.
I've seen your cards, and mine are the same
And if I come back, I won't stay

Come by with some flowers,
And stay til they're dead.
Come by with some flowers,
And stay 'til they're dead.
Stay 'til they're dead.
Stay 'til they're dead.
Stay 'til they're dead.

