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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.

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