

Tom Wehrle

"No More Flowers"

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No More Flowers

Mary lost her perfect world
Grew up to fast for sure
No one cared, or so she'd swear
About no more flowers

Mary had a way with words
But all her lines were always blurred
So she stayed, always in Rahway
To find no more flowers

Mary had her way with men
Always got what she wanted from them
But love & time, for that she'd die
To find one more flower

The morning cries with the bee's that fly
Cause there's no more flowers

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