## New Radicals "Flowers"

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It's nine to seven, why aren't things wild? You said you was a flower child I can respect your soul searching But now's no time for questioning

I'm sure you've been misled before And once you'd trust they'd slam the door But I'm everything I've claimed to be You just need vodka and honesty?

Do you know who I am? Do you know who I am, am?

My love is real, as real as the flowers You smoke to get high My love is real, as real as our God Who has spoken on how we can fly My love is real, as real as the flowers Flowers, flowers, flowers

You're twenty-two, why aren't you free? You're mom and daddy's victory A soul that's lived a thousand lives Don't hide behind a child's eyes

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I love you, you hate me I took math class that ain't a fair exchange I call you, you hang up
Don't [Incomprehensible] number changed
I'm sorry, forgive me
I never meant to call you those names
But I'm lonely, so lonely, please

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