

## Crocketts "Flower Girl"

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I watch her as she walks.  
She pulls the flowers from the stalks.  
She puts them in her hair.  
They're happy there.  
She glitters like a glitterball,  
Hanging from the ceiling of a discobar.  
She likes to breathe. she likes to be.  
Flowergirl (x4)  
I know you like to kiss, like to blister your lips.  
Flowergirl (x4)  
You head on the world with your pretty little fists.

She hasn't got a head,  
She's got a neck that slowly spreads. onto the forest  
floor,  
Where the bluebells and the daffodils,  
Are sucking at her blood,  
She decorates the mud. with her sweet scent,  
With her soft skin.

Flowergirl (x4)  
I know you like to kiss, like to blister your lips,  
Flowergirl (x4)  
You head on the world with your pretty little fists.

I would like to (x7)  
Cut your head off!

She's easy to detect,  
There's flesh above the footsteps,  
She's singing like an angel. sitting on a spire,  
She wears a chain of daisies,  
To hide the skin and bones,  
And marches towards a hill and cross. to join the other  
jesus clones

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