

## Ryan Bingham

### "Flower Bomb"

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1, 2, 1, 2, 3, 4

In this world, we have gone  
Out on our own, all alone in stone  
Looking for time that passes us by  
You tired and old you may get left behind  
In this world we hope to see  
Invisible signs of our democracy so  
Maybe somehow we all can say  
That it's worth the blood that we leave on the stage

For in this world we make a stand  
For suffering minds of unknown lands  
But the water balloon are 2 left feet  
Can never rise above our political heat  
For in this world we voice and  
It's loud as hell if we have the choice  
Don't consume them best to fill your lives  
Then we feed our kids what we leave behind  
In this world we have to shake and

Man the hand that button breaks  
If we hesitate we not forget  
About the hard ticks written for last month's rent, mhm  
How in the hell can we progress  
If we're all out of work hooked on pills for stress  
They tell us, up in heaven there is food for eat  
But for now all we get is this shit on the street  
For in this world we just can't trust  
And food stamps filling our bellies up  
Homeless kids on forgotten roads  
Let's hope they can bear when the winter cold cause  
The spark within the youngest eye  
Can slowly fade with the whisper cry  
So lend your heart and all you know  
And relieve the pain so the good can grow  
Relieve the pain so the good can grow.

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