

# Soundgarden "Flower"

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Lyrics by chris cornell  
Music by kim thayil

All of seventeen  
Eyes a purple green  
Treated like a queen, she was  
On borrowed self esteem

She would do a dance  
A painful masquerade  
Spinning you into her web  
Along her vain parade

In her uniform

Studded brass and steel  
Kissing lipstick, napkin stains  
And smearing sincerity

Along her vain parade  
Along her veins

Time crept up on her  
She's early gray  
Her reflection looks concerned  
As flowers hit her grave

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