

## **Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire "Fatal Flower Garden"**

Visit "[Fatal Flower Garden](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

It rained, it poured, rained so hard  
Rained so hard all day  
Till all the boys in our school  
They came out to talk and play

And they tossed the ball  
Again so high, then again so low  
Till it fell into a flower garden  
No one's allowed to go

When a tipsy gypsy lady  
All dressed in yellow and green  
Says, "Come here, come here  
My pretty little boy and get your ball again?"

"No, I won't come in and I say ain't coming  
Without my playmates all  
I'm gonna get my father and tell him about it  
And then the tears shall fall?"

Well, first she offered an apple sweet  
And then a tangerine  
Then she offered him a diamond  
That seemed to do the trick  
That enticed him in

Well, she took him by his lilly-white hand  
And she led him through the hall  
She took him to an upper room  
Where no one could hear him call  
No, not a soul

Bury the Bible at my feet  
The testament at my head  
If my dear father should call for me  
Won't you tell him that I am dead

Bury the Bible at my head  
And the testament at my feet  
If my dear mother should call for me  
Won't you tell her that I'm asleep

Visit [Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.