

Emily Picha

"Flamingos"

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The wires were wrapped
Around the tips of his fingers
But the pencil was working like brand new
And the storm was thickening
but his eyes were still glittering
and the aftermath he saw was you

Come on he said, take one of my pictures
You're from the West,
You can take me home
To your land of milk
And of honey
You can take me home.

And you were sitting right there
At the edge of a forest fire
Feverish golden hands
Touching tiny copper coins
And one by one as they passed by
You heard a whisper that sounded like a cry

Chorus

The memory is already five days old
You've got the picture
Held tight in a book
And you've got every intention
As to taking it home
You've got every intention,
Every intention

But nobody's listening at the corner store
And nobody's listening at the curb
You've got a firefighter
Drawing pictures of flamingos
Hoping they'll land somewhere else
On this earth

Chorus

