

# Swingin' Utters

## "Dead Flowers, Bottles, Bluegrass, And Bones"

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The first time I met you  
was up on the hill  
with tequilla on Tuesday  
and roses in well  
You gave me a kiss  
As strong as the winds  
That swirl through the lots  
of China basin

I stood and I stared  
At the brass of St. Mary  
Where the beggars  
are more likely wishing than praying  
Heard the gamblers  
Rushing the gates of bay meadows  
or was it the beating  
Of hearts in the ghettos

Give me your heart  
and take my ring, love  
Give me your heart  
And break this string, love  
I've plenty of room  
for improvement, you see  
and many a fool  
Fake this thing called love

I stood and I stared  
at the cemetary stones  
Dead flowers, bottles,  
Bluegrass and bones

Smelled the signs of the mourner  
the shit from the dogs  
the rains and the tears  
in the interment bogs

So I strolled through the day  
until boredom was dawn  
with the gulls  
in the garbage singing along  
where the boats in the harbor

have nothing to say  
about the fish and the shit  
that float in the bay

If I see you again  
It will be up on the hill  
with tequilla on Tuesday  
and roaches to kill  
We'll be crying and drunk  
or laughing and stoned  
For Dead Flowers, Bottles,  
Bluegrass and bones

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