

Flowers Dead

"I Don't See Anyone At All"

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Out by my corner winter has fallen
under the gin you'll find me forever faking
all types of clashes mixed up romances
spacing around the guilt
of whatever happened
I don't see anyone at all
the rest is feeling fine
It means so much to feel this small
except for the most time
I sway where I want to fall when I got to
I pick myself up to let you know that I
need none of your loving, giving or caring
perhaps I believe they're nothing to do with me

I don't see anyone
I fall down drunk each time I try at all
Back at the corner the rain is falling again
somedays seem to last as long as ten
take me, to the station, and put me in
I don;t want to pass through here again
Maybe a gutter maybe a lover
maybe a life of cheap wine and Bukowski
bars and blisters, cocky sisters
I don't even know what they mean to me

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