

## Flowers Dead "The Garden"

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You might not like the look of my friend  
or the excuses you will hear her give  
hollow eyes and terrible skin would work if only she  
could fit in  
her and her boy like to lie under the calm of the eastern  
moon  
yeah her and her boy like to ride upon a needle, needle  
and spoon  
She's in the garden now and I run with it I run with it  
yeah  
a pretty garden made in mind  
and when she's cut she's cut and I run with it I run with  
it yeah  
when she's in the garden she's alright  
So you're finally here you look more dead than you do  
alive  
the reasons obviously clear but i wonder if you  
question why

their bodies are well educated on the poppies that keep  
then thin  
their love for each other is stated more than others  
could,  
more than others think  
She's in the garden now and I run with it I run with it  
yeah  
a pretty garden made in mind  
and when she's cut she's cut and I run with it I run with  
it yeah  
when she's in the garden she's alright

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