

The World / Inferno Friendship Society "Hothouse Flowers"

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Hothouse flowers grow lush and bright
In tiny little towns across this big night
Hothouse flowers all kissing for fun
Slipping into stores then out in a run

Singing, laments and rowdy songs, hymns about sin
High lives and reels, a tarantell? violin
People's apartments and couches and clothes
Young again, lost again, here we are, here we go

Hothouse flowers growing up so strange
Falling asleep with your boots on and waking aged
Hothouse flowers all missing their friends
Calling up late at night and hanging up on them

Screaming, laments and rowdy songs, hymns about sin
High lives and reels, your tarantell? violin
Other people's apartments and couches and clothes
Young again, lost again, here we are, here we go

Oh, screaming, laments and rowdy songs, hymns
about sin
High lives and reels, your tarantell? violin
Other people's apartments and couches and clothes
Young again, lost again, here we are, here we go

Hothouse flowers crushed flat to the glass
You get hit pretty hard moving so damn fast
Hothouse flowers struggling past first bloom
You grow pretty damn twitchy never leaving your own
room

I think those lights down there are the lights from little
towns
I think those lights down there are the lights from little
towns

Hothouse flowers grow lush and bright
In tiny little towns across this big night
Hothouse flowers all kissing for luck
Stepping out all dressed, returning all fucked up

Hothouse flowers grow lush and bright
In tiny little towns across this big night
Hothouse flowers happens all the time
Tiny little towns living great big lives

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