

## **Tom Cochrane**

# **"Flowers In The Concrete"**

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Tilting at windmills on a downtown street  
O the big grey landscape has lost its sheep  
She wears a tight smile as she's walking the beat  
Looking for a little fame  
This ain't no oliver twist - no mister brownlow here  
She gathers enough spare change to get  
Something to eat  
She takes emeralds and ecstasy on a journey that's  
Miles and miles away from danger

She just wants to be happy now

CHORUS

She's living on the street  
Flowers in the concrete  
What a beautiful beat  
Flowers in the concrete

Walking on lines of poetry  
She's a shakespearean tragedy  
Between the beatniks the bums and the bohemians  
There's always somebody on the run  
Trying to get away from that danger  
She's just trying to get away from  
The stranger

CHORUS

She dances on the pavement  
Likes she's the only one  
Who's a stranger

In a cloudburst she starts to cry  
You have to do the weirdest things just to  
stay alive  
I'm going down to meet my fate at the  
Jesus saves sign  
Maybe get lucky- maybe find my smile yeah

CHORUS

