The Florist

Kids In Glass Houses

Take a ticket and wait in the line outside
In the sun we are nothing but food for the flies
Then they tell us that the florist easily bores
If we want we need we?d better keep it short
I remember the day the music died and left me wanting more
I remember the way my mother cried when daddy went to war
Died that day, they came and took you away
In between night and day

Otis - lost in the hiss of the stereo?s mouth
Motions us to a door, empties our pockets out
In the blackest market that you will never see
Give you all that you want if you?re willing to please
I remember the day the music died and left me wanting more
I remember the way my mother cried when daddy went to war
Died that day, they came and took you away
In between night and day

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