

Flowers In the Sand

The Atomic Fireballs

Let's whack that stoolie and
Crown me as a king
We've wasted so much time
Morning changes everything Don't look in the shower
Don't look for the kids
Every morning paper will know
Exactly what you did And all that guilt
Will make you wilt
Like a flower stuck in sand The backroom boys are praying
While you're asleep
Every tie that binds was born
Right here on the street If you want to be there when
The plans are laid
Use twenty dollars for
A haircut and a shave And all that guilt
Will make you wilt
Like a flower stuck in sand [Instrumental] Say how ya doin' baby
I ain't got much time
This is how the story ends
When you drop a dime The sweat on my forehead
The cramps and the pain
What the hell was I thinking
This liefestyle's insane And all that guilt
Will make you wilt
Like a flower stuck in sand With every drink
The glass is clean
And all that guilt
Will make you wilt
Like a flower stuck in sand Like a flower
Like a flower
Like a flower
Like a flower stuck in sand!

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