

# 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 wed better keep it shortI 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 dayOtis - lost in the hiss of the stereos 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 youre willing to pleaseI 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

Lyrics provided by

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