

# Say It with Flowers

[Russ Conway](#)

The Christmas cards and greetings are arriving  
Across the shifty sands to the war  
By the time I get to read them, she'll be rising  
To a fifty, fifty chance and nothing more  
Through the sleet and drizzle  
You can hear the sounds of soldiers  
The Kalashnikov and splutter  
On a sunny day  
From the east of middle  
To the north and south of nowhere  
People earn their bread and butter  
In some funny ways  
In the corridors of power  
Where the talks are in full swing  
If you can't say it with flowers  
Then don't say anything  
I want to see my children  
Grow up into healthy human beings  
I want to see them walking, running  
Playing, laughing and singing  
In the corridors of power  
Where the talks are in full swing  
If you can't say it with flowers  
Then don't say anything  
I'm just outside the home of Christmas, now  
And I'm dying, all across the shifty sand  
there's blood and guts  
By the time I get to Jesus, she'll still be crying  
I guess a fifty, fifty chance wasn't good enough

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