

Dead Flowers

Miranda Lambert

I feel like the flowers in this vase
He just brought 'em home one day, "Ain't they beautiful?" he said
They been here in the kitchen and the waters turnin' gray
They're sittin' in the vase but now they're dead, dead flowers
I feel like this long string of lights
They lit up our whole house on Christmas Day
But now it's January and the bulbs are all burned out
But still they hang like dead flowers
He ain't feelin' anythin'
My love, my hurt or the sting of this rain
I'm livin' in a hurricane
All he can say is, 'Man ain't it such a nice day?'
Yeah, yeah

I feel like the tires on this car
You said they won't go far but we're still rollin'
I look in the rear view and I see dead flowers in the yard
And that string of lights and it ain't glowin'
Like dead flowers, like dead flowers
He ain't feelin' anythin'
My love, my hurt or the sting of this rain
I'm drivin' through a hurricane
All he can say is, "Man ain't it such a nice day?"
Hey, hey, I guess we'll just go to waste
Like dead flowers
Like dead flowers, dead flowers

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