

Automatic Flowers

Our Lady Peace

And Sara thinks she's died here once before
She's crazy
A pop-up book of flowers from grade four
Are driving her insane No-one knows why
She's sad tonight
No-one can help her find
Crying, she couldn't afford the view
Crying, these automatic flowers won't do Another brick
Another window frames the confusion
Her garden blooms but Sara can't see straight
She's drinking herself blind No-one knows why
She's stares outside
No-one can help her find
Crying, she couldn't afford the view
Crying, these automatic flowers won't do
These automatic flowers won't do

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