

# Flowers

Ian hunter

danger lurks in every alleyway  
the top two percent out of touch  
no one learns from the lessons of history  
sometimes flowers aint enough they fill your heart with ancient mystery  
and no one knows who to trust  
its too late when you discover that  
sometimes flowers aint enough give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
why dont you give it up  
sometimes flowers aint enough hunger, anger, propaganda  
aint it time we all grew up  
and we all got dreams but nobodys listening  
sometimes flowers aint enough give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
why dont you give it up  
sometimes flowers aint enough death, starvation, exploitation  
helpless, homeless, furious  
mass confusion, disillusion  
sometimes flowers aint enough I cant see God, the trees are in the way  
I cant see hope, cant find love  
every man killed is an insult to any faith  
sometimes flowers aint enough give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
why dont you give it up  
sometimes flowers aint enough give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
give it up (give it up)  
why dont you give it up  
sometimes flowers aint enough we all sing Thanks for the memories  
sometimes flowers aint enough

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