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 enoughthey fill your heart with ancient mystery
and no one knows who to trust
its too late when you discover that
sometimes flowers aint enoughgive 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 enoughhunger, anger, propaganda
aint it time we all grew up
and we all got dreams but nobodys listening
sometimes flowers aint enoughgive 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 enoughdeath, starvation, exploitation
helpless, homeless, furious
mass confusion, disillusion
sometimes flowers aint enoughI 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 enoughgive 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 enoughgive 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 enoughwe all sing Thanks for the memories
sometimes flowers aint enough

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