Count the Flowers

Drivin' N' Cryin'

Office workers 9 to 5
They just don't realize
That selling flowers on the corner
Ain't some kind of strange disorderCall me hippie, call me freak
But I gotta to keep this job to eat
Call me weirdo, call me punk
But I ain't got no clock to punchThis ain't no Hare Krishna
This ain't no moonie son
I'm not from Argentina
I just trying to sell some sunCount the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noon
Count the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noonTell me about your history
Tell me about hypocrisy
Tell me about his common law
He told me he had no lawI know that you haven't worried
I know that you haven't hurriedThis ain't no Hare Krishna
This ain't no moonie son
I'm not from Argentina
I just trying to sell some sunCount the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noon
Count the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noon

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