

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 disorder
Call 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 punch
This ain't no Hare Krishna
This ain't no moonie son
I'm not from Argentina
I just trying to sell some sun
Count the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noon
Count the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noon
Tell me about your history
Tell me about hypocrisy
Tell me about his common law
He told me he had no law
I know that you haven't worried
I know that you haven't hurried
This ain't no Hare Krishna
This ain't no moonie son
I'm not from Argentina
I just trying to sell some sun
Count the flowers
Seven dozen buys me noon
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