

Flower

Soundgarden

Lyrics by chris cornell
Music by kim thayilAll of seventeen
Eyes a purple green
Treated like a queen, she was
On borrowed self esteemShe would do a dance
A painful masquerade
Spinning you into her web
Along her vain paradeIn her uniform
Studded brass and steel
Kissing lipstick, napkin stains
And smearing sincerityAlong her vain parade
Along her veinsTime crept up on her
She's early gray
Her reflection looks concerned
As flowers hit her grave

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>