Bombed

In the Nursery

Love there are flowers, hangin' in the vine
So high you cannot see
Now my mind, must go on holiday
Torn from it's hook, a broken Valentine
I see the smoke from a revolver
Will I get hit? I hardly care
When I'm bombed, I stretch like bubblegum
(Gum)

And look too long, straight at the morning sun
Love there are flowers along the avenue
All things perfectly in place
I build a shrine, I set a monument
Because you're fire
Because you're a fire escape

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