

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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