

Flower Grown Wild

Bryan Adams

She was a girl in the very front row
Always waitin', after the show
She was a queen of the Hollywood hills
Knew the stars and bars, the pimps and pills
Somebody's climbin' on a greyhound tonight
Too much lipstick and her dress real tight
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite
No, not quite
She's somebody's baby
Somebody's mother's child
She may look like a lady
But she's just a flower grown wild
They never knew you by your childhood name
They were drawn to you like moths to a flame
Nobody saw the tears in your silk 'n' lace
Or the scarred little kid behind your face
Just remember when you hold her tight
What you're holding in your arms tonight
She's no angel but that's alright
Ya, that's alright
She's somebody's baby
She's somebody's mother's child
She may look like a lady
But she's just a flower grown wild
Come on let's go, yeah
Just another little pretty thing
Another angel with a broken wing
Who fell to earth 'neath the Hollywood hills
Amid the stars and the bars, the pimps and pills
Just like the girl on the movie screen
She played it up 'til the very last scene
The picture faded and the day was done
Went home to nothin' but a loaded gun
Somebody's climbing on a greyhound tonight
A little angel flyin' out of sight
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite
No, not quite
She's somebody's baby
She's somebody's mother's child

She may look like a lady
But she's just a flower grown wild, yeah
A flower grown wild
She's somebody's baby
Looks like a lady
She's somebody's baby
Somebody's mother's child
She may look like a lady
But she's just a flower grown wild
Flower grown wild

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