Black Flowers

Kevin Morby

Oh no
There goes
There goes my head
There goes my
HeadThrow ten
On in
In the swear jar
In the swear
JarOutside
Storms cry
Inside now
Not much better gonna be weather
I am
Writing
A song book
On a mountainIn the garden where we built a home
Black flowersIn the stories the lies that they wrote
Escape meAnd the winged horses that we once rode
Have stopped breathingIn the garden where we built a home
Black flowersone.two.three... fourIn the garden where we built a home
In the stories the lies that they wrote
And the winged horses that we once rode
Are all strung out and spun out you know
In the garden where we built a home
And the roads that we built off the road
In the garden where we built a home
Once river they see they will know
and the black flowers grow all around
and the angels are died by sound?Now nothing will come of this now
For nothing can grow from the ground
And no one you know now will save us
Like no one we know would try
Like everything was is now over
Just as everything once has diedIn the garden where we built a home
And all those we cared????
The weblo with his tiny piano
The little wave who his singing soft
The druid with the cast iron hammer
With the ivy the cruit and the lawIn the garden where we built a home

it was dark inside the tower
In the garden where we built a homeBlack flowersblack flowersblack flowersblack flowersflowersBlack flowersblack flowersblack flowersblack flowers
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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