

# The King of Carrot Flowers Pt. One

## Neutral Milk Hotel

When you were young  
You were the king of carrot flowers  
And how you built a tower tumbling through the trees  
In holy rattlesnakes that fell all around your feet  
And your mom would stick a fork right into daddy's shoulder  
And dad would throw the garbage all across the floor  
As we would lay and learn what each other's bodies were for  
And this is the room  
One afternoon I knew I could love you  
And from above you how I sank into your soul  
Into that secret place where no one dares to go  
And your mom would drink until she was no longer speaking  
And dad would dream of all the different ways to die  
Each one a little more than he could dare to try

Songwriters

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