Shut Up and Listen

Hothouse Flowers

Shut up and listen to what you've been given
Hold on listen, while the blood is waitingThere's a clock on the mantle watches
As time rolls by
Saying there's mountains to climb and the sky
If we're willing to aim high
For the rest of your lifeThe man who told me this story
Is long dead
But I hear his music alive in my head
Spent his whole life giving
As best he can
Saying help me believe in the
Things I believe inThe clock on the mantel watches as time
Rolls by
Saying there's mountains to climb and
The sky if we are willing to aim high
We are just children at heart
If not in our minds
For the rest of our lives

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