Flower

Toadies

Lyrics by chris cornell
Music by kim thayil
All of seventeen
Eyes a purple green
Treated like a queen, she was
On borrowed self esteem
She would do a dance
A painful masquerade
Spinning you into her web
Along her vain parade

In her uniform
Studded brass and steel
Kissing lipstick, napkin stains
And smearing sincerity
Along her vain parade
Along her veins
Time crept up on her
She's early gray
Her reflection looks concerned
As flowers hit her grave

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