

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>