

Chrysanthemum

The Thirty Years War

Yes, I hate the way I feel and it makes no sense
Five months gone and all I got
Pretty pink flowers on my chain link fence
And I don't like what it means
'Cause I know there's more to come
I can't go home without
Chrysanthemum
I walk around lost and I don't know why
I don't see the faces or the places
That I should recognize
It's like that dream where it feels like home
But it don't look right
Yes, I will look everywhere tonight
And I will not stop until I make things right
And I can't go home until I see the sun
I can't go home without
Chrysanthemum
No, I can't go home without
Chrysanthemum

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