Flower Bomb

Ryan Bingham

One, two, one, two, three, fourIn this world, we have gone
Out on our own, all alone in stone
Looking for time that passes us by
You tired and old you may get left behind
In this world we hope to see
Invisible signs of our democracy so
Maybe somehow we all can say
That it's worth the blood that we leave on the stageFor in this world we make a stand
For suffering minds of unknown lands
But the water balloon are 2 left feet
Can never rise above our political heat
For in this world we voice and
It's lout as hell if we have the choice
Don't consume them best to fill your lives
Then we feed our kids what we leave behind
In this world we have to shake andMan the hand that button breaks
If we hesitate we not forget
About the hard ticks written for last month's rent, mhm
How in the hell can we progress
If we're all out of work hooked on pills for stress
They tell us, up in heaven there is food for eat
But for now all we get is this shit on the streetFor in this world we just can't trust
And food stamps filling our bellies up
Homeless kids on forgotten roads
Let's hope they can bear when the winter cold cause
The spark within the youngest eye
Can slowly fade with the whisper cry
So lend your heart and all you know
And relieve the pain so the good can grow
Relieve the pain so the good can grow

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