Flower Lady

Phil Ochs

Millionaires and paupers walk the hungry street
Rich and poor companions of the restless beat
Strangers in a foreign land, strike a match with a trembling hand
Learn too much to ever understandBut nobody's buying flowers from the flower ladyLover's quarrel, snarl away their happiness
Kisses crumble in a web of loneliness
It's written by the poison pen, voices break before they bend
The door is slammed, it's over once againBut nobody's buying flowers from the flower ladyPoets agonize they cannot find the words
And the stone stares at the sculptor asks "Are you absurd?"
The painter paints his brushes back, through the canvas runs a crack
Portrait of the pain never answers backBut nobody's buying flowers from the flower ladySoldiers disillusioned to come home from the war
Sarcastic students tell them not to fight no more
And they argue through the night, black is black and white is white
Walk away both knowing they are alrightBut nobody's buying flowers from the flower ladySmoke dreams of escaping souls are drifting by
Dull the pain of living as they slowly die
Smiles change into a sneer washed away by whiskey tears
In the quicksand of their mind they disappearStill nobody's buying flowers from the flower ladyFeeble, aged a-people almost to their knees
Complain about the present using memories
Never found their pot of gold, wrinkled hands pound weary holes
Each line screams out you're old, you're old, you're oldBut nobody's buying flowers from the flower ladyAnd the flower lady hobbles home without a sale
Tattered shreds of petals leave a fading trail
Not a pause to hold the rose, even she no longer knows
The lamp goes out the evening now is closedAnd nobody's buying flowers from the flower lady

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