Flowers

Jason Rubero

In flames....

Monday morn
Out the door
The clock says eight times, maybe more
And if you think that I'm
Running out of time
Well baby, you know that's for sure

Tuesday morn
I salut
The multi-colored rows of new recruits
And it you think flowers
Beguile me for hours
Well honey, you know that it's true

Wednesday morning
The new suns starts to shine
Creation whispers in my ear
Everything'll be fine
Life's a tumble
But everything's going to be
Just fine

Wednesday morning
The new suns starts to shine
Creation whispers in my ear
Everything'll be fine
Life's a tumble
But everything's going to be
Just fine?

Thursday morn
Hear the chimes
The crickets shout your name in double time
And if you ask me
What I'm going to be
Well baby, I'll be right on time

Friday morn

Feel the breeze
Dizzy pinwheels wink at waving trees
And the big blue sky
Whispers all the while
"Sugar, you are the bee's knees"

But everything's going to be just fine.

Lyrics Submitted by Andrew Bird

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