Children and Flowers

The Critters

You came a riding on a white doves wing
Wrapped in your beauty, you never felt the sting
of wanting, needing, cause you always had,
You think that nothing means, nothings ever bad
chorus
Here's to the Children and flowers who play by the hours and never have to win
Because when no one is choosing, then no one is losing
and everyone plays in the windAnd now you're feeling things you don't understand
Your tears are falling in the palms of your hands
Your little white dove, she is crying too.
She know's that you're in love and I'm in love with you.
chorus

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