

Fatal Flower Garden

Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire

It rained, it poured, rained so hard
Rained so hard all day
Till all the boys in our school
They came out to talk and play And they tossed the ball
Again so high, then again so low
Till it fell into a flower garden
No ones allowed to go When a tipsy gypsy lady
All dressed in yellow and green
Says, Come here, come here
My pretty little boy and get your ball again No, I wont come in and I say ain't coming
Without my playmates all
Im gonna get my father and tell him about it
And then the tears shall fall Well, first she offered an apple sweet
And then a tangerine
Then she offered him a diamond
That seemed to do the trick
That enticed him in Well, she took him by his lilly-white hand
And she led him through the hall
She took him to an upper room
Where no one could hear him call
No, not a soul Bury the Bible at my feet
The testament at my head
If my dear father should call for me
Won't you tell him that I am dead Bury the Bible at my head
And the testament at my feet
If my dear mother should call for me
Won't you tell her that Im asleep

Songwriters

Andrew Wegman Bird Published by

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