

# Disaster Flower Bloom

## The Oyster Murders

Turn to the centre line, and swerve  
This is not your day in turn  
To the place caught at your side  
No name

Oh no, this is not your day  
To say how you might feel  
Until  
Oh no, this is not your day

I dream you're here  
And we're all right  
Seeing city sights  
From an ambulance

Slow, disaster flower bloom  
Hold me till you wilt, slow  
To get yourself out  
Of the wreckage

Oh no, this is not your day  
To say how you might feel  
Until  
Oh no, this is not your day

I dream you're here  
And we're all right  
Seeing city sights  
From an ambulance

I dream you're here  
And we're all right  
Seeing city sights  
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