

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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