

# 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 wind And 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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