

# Sellers of Flowers

Regina Spektor

The sellers of flowers buy up old roses  
They pull off dead petals, like old heads of lettuce  
And sell 'em as new ones, for cheaper and fairer  
But they die by the morning, so who is the winner  
Not the roses, not the buyers, not the sellers, maybe  
winter'Cause winters coming, soon after summer  
It runs faster, faster, chasing off autumn  
We go from a warm sun to only a white sun  
We go from a large sun to only a small one  
When I was a small girl, I walked through the market  
Holding my dad's hand, mitten-gloved hand  
That night there were roses, lit up in glass boxes  
The heat lamps would keep them from freezing in winter  
We never bought them but somebody must have  
Maybe they made it or maybe they froze up  
Before any person had put them in water  
And hoped that they'd still be alive by the morning  
Who's the winner  
Not the roses, not the buyers, not the sellers,  
Not the tellers, of the stories,  
Not the fathers, not their children,  
Not those walking on a dark night,  
Through a memory they're forgetting,  
Who's the winner, who's the winner  
Maybe winter, maybe winter  
Somebody steps on a light through a tunnel  
They're holding a piece of their mind in the rubble  
Hold on, I won't let go, I want to know  
But no one lives long enough to see the outcome  
To know any answers, to know what the point is  
To know if the winter ever came closer  
Than on that night when I walked with my father  
A small piece of ice, lodged in my mind  
Lodged in my thoughts, lodged in my eyes  
Cold all around, cold all around  
Warm from inside, warm from inside  
Who's the winner  
Not the roses, not the buyers, not the sellers,  
Not the tellers, of the stories,  
Not the fathers, not their children,  
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Not the roses, not the buyers, not the sellers,  
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Songwriters

REGINA SPEKTORPublished by

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