

The Florist

Kids in Glass Houses

Take a ticket and wait in the line outside
In the sun we are nothing but food for the flies
Then they tell us that the florist easily bores
If we want we need wed better keep it shortI remember the day the music died and left me wanting more
I remember the way my mother cried when daddy went to war
Died that day, they came and took you away
In between night and dayOtis - lost in the hiss of the stereos mouth
Motions us to a door, empties our pockets out
In the blackest market that you will never see
Give you all that you want if youre willing to pleaseI remember the day the music died and left me wanting more
I remember the way my mother cried when daddy went to war
Died that day, they came and took you away
In between night and day

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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