

China White

Poppa Doses

It's getting late, I'm coming home
I picked this rose for you
I've been away searching for oceans
With time to kill You better buy a gun
I've seen them watching you
The old man and his son
They have been studying your moves Why won't it rain they need the water
They'll die faster than you
I'm not in pain I've got my flowers
It's happening You better get your gun
I see them watching you
This pain has just begun
You will see me in the news I know you will And I don't understand why I sleep all day
And I start to complain when there is no rain I don't believe in miracles
I don't believe in miracles But I believe in you
I can't wait until I can sleep in late
Maybe I'll miss you then with no garden to tend
I can't wait until I can sleep in late
Maybe I'll miss you then with no garden to tend I am your gardener?
I am your gardener?
I am your gardener?
I am your gardener? I am your gardener?
I am your gardener?
I am your gardener?
I am your gardener? Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no

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