

Flowers Grow Out of My Grave

Dead Man's Bones

I was floating above my bed,
Like a body in a river, in car.
And the only sound in my head
was a dying cricket in a jar.
And I saw little beams of light
come into the bedroom,
from underneath the door.
And they crawled under my sheets,
and they came out of every single pore. When I think about you, (oh oh oh!)
When I think about you, (oh oh!)
When I think about you,
flowers grow out of my grave, grave grave!
Grave, grave, grave!
Flowers grow out of my grave
When I think about you, (oh oh oh!)
When I think about you, (oh oh!)
When I think about you,
flowers grow out of my grave, grave grave!
Grave, grave, grave!
Flowers grow out of my grave
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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