

# Flowers For My Brain

## Dear and the Headlights

We're just whistling past the graveyard  
Laughing in backseats and restaurants  
Don't know ourselves well but so what  
We know each other  
Floating down from all my mixed up meditations  
Trying to straighten out my spine  
It's been folding in the moments that I need it  
I'm obsessing over finish lines  
Asked you why you're smiling every time you see me  
Said I remind you of a joke  
I think you might actually me on to something  
There's no point in trying to take ourselves so seriously  
We're swaying in subconscious subways so insane  
But your thoughts still bring flowers for my brain  
And I still pull my hands past your ribcage  
Hoping my movements might find their place at your side  
For as long as you'd like  
And we will weave in and out of sanity unnoticed  
Swirling in blissfully restless visions of all our bleary progress  
Glowing in radiant madness  
Certain of all we're become  
Now we're sneaking out the backdoor of our American minds  
Gonna leave a couple hundred years of bad tradition behind  
Done with swimming in the sea of agitated animal doubt  
Gonna make up our own meanings till the final blackout [x2]

Lyrics provided by

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