

I do like flowers but I don't like Mr. Rose  
If Mr. Rose was a flower I'd put a bullet up his nose  
If Louie was a writer he would read his books for me  
And if Iggy was a popcorn I could eat all night for  
free  
Nevermind that Rotten Johnny Thunders New York doll  
In too much too soon too late he knew he had to fall  
And poor young little Sidy he didn't look that  
goddamn pretty  
But sure he had a lot of faith back in 1978  
Shut up you fuck  
Shut up you fuck  
Shut up you suck  
You don't need to tell me  
'Cause I don't want to hear  
Don't talk to me  
You're fakin' I can see  
Don't stare at me  
I can see misery  
Coming out of you, who?  
Yes, it's you  
She's a knockout  
Shut up you fuck  
Shut up you fuck  
Shut up you suck  
You don't need to tell me  
'Cause I don't want to hear  
Shut up you fuck  
Shut up you fuck  
Shut up you suck  
You don't need to tell me  
'Cause I don't want to hear  
No, no, no, no, no, no, no  
I do like flowers but I don't like Mr. Rose