

Shrinking Violet

Bishop Allen

Oh, my shrinking violet
I left my basket of impatience at your door
I brought my tulips for your two lips
But the bulb don't burn anymore

Ain't it a shame just how much rain we got
The April showers blot out the sun
So much dear that your roots still rot
And we're waiting til the kingdom come

Oh, my shrinking violet
I left my basket of impatience at your door
I brought my tulips for your two lips
But, the bulb don't burn anymore

The night chain rain will fall on us
The daffodil's struck down
But, in the morning, glorious
I will wait until the kingdom come
I will wait until the kingdom come