

Flowers

Brad Paisley

Long stem things of beauty
Created by the good Lord
Cut down in the prime of their lives
Boxed up, wrapped in paper
Delivered to your front door
Just to wind up in your garbage can outside

Tell me how many flowers have to die
Before you give this love another try
I've asked you to forgive me at least 9 dozen times
Tell me how many flowers have to die

I'm crazy and I'm desperate
I had you and I blew it
And right now I've got nothing left to lose
I've got a Visa in my wallet
And I'm not afraid to use it
How long the needless violence lasts
Is really up to you

Tell me how many flowers have to die
Before you give this love another try
I've asked you to forgive me at least 9 dozen times
Tell me how many flowers have to die

Stop the senseless killing
Can't you hear the roses cry
Baby, how many flowers have to die
Tell me how many flowers have to die