

## 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!  
(x2)