

flowers

Fousheé

Hold on, would you mind playing this one song?
Feels wrong, here's the bit we're all here for
Reducing pain to catchy songs
I made my life a sing-a-long
They build you up, then humble quickly

That's fine, so I'll take the love with salt grains
Won't cry about it, I'm so secure

I knew I shouldn't have taken flowers from you
You count the petals and make them collateral
Like pillars of sand, piles and piles
You can never fulfill the demand
I knew I shouldn't have taken flowers from you

Hold on, would you mind playing this one song?
Feels wrong, used, and disposed

I knew I shouldn't have taken flowers from you
You count the petals and make them collateral
Like pillars of sand, piles and piles
You can never fulfill the demand
I knew I shouldn't have taken flowers from you, ooh