

## Flowers

Goth Babe

I'll pick you up at five [?] and we will find something to do  
And I never found the only thing I did thinking I was you  
Your lipstick already smeared across my baby face  
And I hope to God you'll give me a shot before [?] race

And I'm feeling you and you don't have a clue  
That my heart's so glued, so glued to you  
And I'm feeling you, I - I'm feeling your heart

After this I tell my night I left feeling out of my [?]  
I had no idea that's going through me through so much [?]  
I knew you like the back of my hand, I knew you more than me  
And I gotta tell you something before you decide to leave

And I'm feeling you and you don't have a clue  
That my heart's so glued, so glued to you  
And I'm feeling you, I - I'm feeling your heart

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That my heart's so glued, so glued to you  
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