

The Flowers

Nits

She is walking through the snowflakes
On the churchyard
With a small bunch of flowers in her hand
She's putting it on a gravestone
Of a young soldier
Who died on the desert sand

And it hurts
And it hurts
The song in her head
Where the flowers are gone
And the young men are dead
And the girls are alone
With the hours

Life is floating away in a small red river
On the desert sand
A river of pictures
A movie of 20 years is flowing
Through his head

The flowers
Where are the flowers
She was picking alone in a meadow
A summer a long time ago
Life was endless
A desert
An ocean

The host of a talk show is laughing
And laughing
And people talk about the interior of their houses
And how they
How they want to change it

And it hurts
And it hurts
The song in her head
Where the flowers are gone
And the young men are dead
And the girls are alone
With the hours

The Apache wandered lonely as a cloud
O'er vales and hills
When all at once he saw a crowd
A host of red poppies in a field

And the flowers
Where are the flowers
She was picking alone in a meadow
A summer a long time ago
Life was endless
A desert
An ocean

The flowers

Where are the flowers
The hours
The years
Where are the flowers

Sometimes you dream
The desert is an ocean
You dive deeper and deeper
You cannot find him