

# 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'r 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