She's not a flower

she isn't growing in your garden today

you couldn't cultivate her anyway

you're not a king bee

you like honey and you're packing a sting

but there really isn't such a thing

you're in flight, and she smells all right

but she's not a flower

She's not an ocean

that you're an island in the middle of

and there isn't any prison of love

you're not a freebird

hey you, up on that mountain peak

can't you hear what's coming out of your beak?

you can say you'll fly away

but you're not a freebird

Love's not a poison

you better find a better reason why

you feel like you want to die

a broke heart won't kill you

you might suffer till the end of your days

but that was gonna happen anyways

and even if the love you mourn

is equal to the love you scorn

and fortune mocks the love you gave

and someone lays her on your grave