

Flowers

William Singe

We were good, we were gold
Kinda dream that can't be sold
We were right 'til we weren't
Built a home and watched it burn

I didn't wanna leave you
Didn't wanna go
Used to cry but then remembered that I

I can buy myself flowers
Write my name in the sand
Talk to myself for hours
Say things you don't understand
And I can take myself dancing
And I can hold my own hand
I can love me better than you can

Can love me better
I can love me better
Can love me better
I can love me better, baby
Can love me better
I can love me better, baby
Can love me better
I can love me better, baby