

Flower - 1/1

Interprété par SoundGarden.

All of seventeen
Eyes a purple green
Treated like a Queen, she was
On borrowed self esteem

She would do a dance
A painful masquerade
Spinning you into her web
Along her vain parade

In her uniform
Studded brass and steel
Kissing lipstick, napkin stains
And smearing sincerity

Along her vain parade
Along her veins

Time crept up on her
She's early gray
Her reflection looks concerned
As flowers hit her grave