

I do like flowers but I don't like Mr. Rose
If Mr. Rose was a flower I'd put a bullet up his nose
If Louie was a writer he would read his books for me
And if Iggy was a popcorn I could eat all night for
free
Nevermind that Rotten Johnny Thunders New York doll
In too much too soon too late he knew he had to fall
And poor young little Sidy he didn't look that
goddamn pretty
But sure he had a lot of faith back in 1978
Shut up you fuck
Shut up you fuck
Shut up you suck
You don't need to tell me
`Cause I don't want to hear
Don't talk to me
You're fakin' I can see
Don't stare at me
I can see misery
Coming out of you, who?
Yes, it's you
She's a knockout
Shut up you fuck
Shut up you fuck
Shut up you suck
You don't need to tell me
`Cause I don't want to hear
Shut up you fuck
Shut up you fuck
Shut up you suck
You don't need to tell me
`Cause I don't want to hear
No, no, no, no, no, no, no
I do like flowers but I don't like Mr. Rose