

# Flowers

Brad Paisley

Long stem things of beauty  
Created by the good Lord  
Cut down in the prime of their lives  
Boxed up, wrapped in paper  
Delivered to your front door  
Just to wind up in your garbage can outside

Tell me how many flowers have to die  
Before you give this love another try  
I've asked you to forgive me at least 9 dozen times  
Tell me how many flowers have to die

I'm crazy and I'm desperate  
I had you and I blew it  
And right now I've got nothing left to lose  
I've got a Visa in my wallet  
And I'm not afraid to use it  
How long the needless violence lasts  
Is really up to you

Tell me how many flowers have to die  
Before you give this love another try  
I've asked you to forgive me at least 9 dozen times  
Tell me how many flowers have to die

Stop the senseless killing  
Can't you hear the roses cry  
Baby, how many flowers have to die  
Tell me how many flowers have to die