

Flower Grown Wild

Bryan Adams

She was the girl in the very front row
Always waitin' after the show
She was the queen of the hollywood hills
Knew the stars, the bars, the pimps and pills
Somebody's climbin' on a greyhound tonight
Too much lipstick and her dress real tight
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite
No, not quite

She's somebody's baby
She's somebody's mother's child
She may look like a lady
But she's just a flower grown wild

They never knew you by your childhood name
But they were drawn to you like moths to a flame
Nobody saw the tears in your silk n' lace
Or the scarred little kid behind your face
Just remember when you hold her tight
What you're holding in your arms tonight
She's no angel, but that's alright
Ya that's alright

She's somebody's baby
She's somebody's mother's child
She may look like a lady
But she's just a flower grown wild

Just another little pretty thing
Another angel with a broken wing
Who fell to earth 'neath the hollywood hills
Amid the stars and the bars, the pimps and pills

Just like the girl on the movie screen
She played it up until the very last scene
The picture faded and the day was done
Went home to nothin but a loaded gun

Somebody's climbing on a greyhound tonight
A little angel flyin' out of sight
Looks like a woman but she ain't quite
No, not quite